

# THE CRITIC, LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI.—No. 396.

OCTOBER 1, 1857.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

Price 6d.

Stamp for posting, if required, 1d.

**EDUCATION for YOUNG LADIES,**  
No. 2, STANLEY CRESCENT, NOTTING HILL,  
London (W.). Conducted by Mrs. J. BAKEWELL, Author of  
"The Mother's Practical Guide," &c. &c. Professors attend  
regularly for the accomplishments and the Continental Lan-  
guages. References to parents of pupils. In consequence of  
mistakes which have occurred Mrs. Bakewell feels it necessary  
to state that her establishment has never been advertised  
anonymously.

**MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE,**  
LONDON.—Prof. J. PENNANT, F.G.S., will com-  
mence a COURSE of LECTURES on MINERALOGY, with  
a view to facilitate the study of GEOLOGY and of the applica-  
tion of mineral substances in the ARTS. The lecture will  
be illustrated by a collection of 3000 specimens, and will begin  
on Wednesday morning, October 7, at 9 o'clock. They will be  
continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the  
same hour. Fee 2s. 6d. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE,**  
BIRMINGHAM.

The SESSION of 1857-8 will commence on FRIDAY, the 2nd  
of OCTOBER, when the INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will  
be delivered by the Principal, J. R. BOOTH, Esq., M.D., at  
Two o'clock.

The LECTURES upon the various branches of Medical  
Science are as follows:—

## THE WINTER SESSION.

Surgical Anatomy—Prof. Sands Cox, F.R.S., Fellow of the  
Royal College of Surgeons of England, Senior Surgeon to the  
Queen's Hospital.

Descriptive Anatomy—Prof. Bolton, Fellow of the Royal Col-  
lege of Surgeons of England, Surgeon to the General Hospi-  
tal.

General Anatomy and Physiology—Prof. Heslop, M.D., Physi-  
cian to the Queen's Hospital.

Practical Anatomy, with Superintendence of Dissections.—Mr.  
Oliver Pemberton, M.R.C.S., Surgeon to the General Hospi-  
tal, and Mr. T. F. Jordan, M.R.C.S.

Chemistry—Prof. George Shaw, F.R.S., Fellow of the Geological  
Society.

Principles and Practice of Medicine—Prof. James Johnstone,  
M.D. (Cantab.), Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of  
London; Senior Physician to the General Hospital.

Principles and Practice of Surgery—Prof. Sands Cox, F.R.S.,  
Senior Surgeon of the Queen's Hospital.

Comparative Anatomy and Zoology—Prof. R. C. R. Jordan,  
M.D., M.R.C.S.

## THE SUMMER SESSION.

Materia Medica and Therapeutics—Prof. Alexander Fleming,  
M.D. (Edin.), Physician to the Queen's Hospital. Prof.  
Knowles, F.L.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of  
England; Senior Physician to the Queen's Hospital.

Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children—Prof. Samuel  
Berry, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons; Surgeon to the  
Magdalen Asylum.

Forensic Medicine—Prof. John Birt Davies, M.D. (Edin.),  
Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London  
(Extra-urban); Senior Physician to the Queen's Hospital.

Botany and Vegetable Physiology—Prof. Knowles, F.L.S. The  
Students have, under certain regulations, access to the  
Botanical Gardens.

Practical Chemistry—Prof. Shaw, F.G.S.

Histology, Supplement to the Course of Physiology—Prof.  
Heslop, M.D., Physician to the Queen's Hospital.

A MEDICAL TUTOR resides in College, and it is his espe-  
cial province to prepare the Junior Students, non-resident as  
well as resident, for the Matriculation Examination of the  
University of London; to devote daily a certain number of  
hours to the Senior Students, non-resident as well as resident,  
in the dissecting-room, and to examine them from time to time  
upon the subjects of the various Lectures.

**CLINICAL LECTURES.**—Clinical lectures will be de-  
livered weekly by the Professors attached to the Hospitals.

The WARNEFORD SCHOLARSHIPS.—Four Scholar-  
ships have been founded by the Rev. Dr. Warneford, of 101,  
each, to be held for two years; to be conferred upon the  
Students who have resided in the College at least twelve  
months, who have been distinguished for their diligence and  
good conduct, who have been regular in their attendance on  
living service, and whose attendance at the theological  
lectures has been regular.

The WARNEFORD GOLD MEDALS.—The interest of  
1000*l.* is applied for the institution of two Prizes, either in  
equal or unequal amounts. The essays written for these  
Prizes are to be of a religious, as well as scientific nature.

Subject, "The Anatomy and Physiology of Respiration."

The WEBSTER PRIZE.—Five Guineas offered by the late  
Joseph Webster, Esq., for the Student who may pass the best  
Examination in the French Language, continued by Baron D.  
Webster, Esq. Candidates will be required to translate some  
portion of an English author into French, as well as French  
into English. Three candidates must compete for this Prize,  
or it will not be given.

The PERCY PRIZE.—Books of the value of Five Guineas  
are offered by John Percy, M.D., to the Student who may pass  
the best Examination in three German Works. There must be  
not less than two competitors.

SURGICAL CLINICAL PRIZE.—Prof. Sands Cox offers a  
Prize of Five Guineas (Books), for the best reported Surgical  
Cases under his care at the Queen's Hospital.

The RATCLIFF PRIZE.—Ten Guineas (Books) are offered  
by Charles Ratcliff, Esq., for the best Essay "On the use of  
Anesthetics."

The CLAY PRIZE.—Five Guineas (Books), are offered by  
John Clay, Esq., a former Student, for the best Essay "On  
the various Positions of the Fœtus, and the causes which  
determine them."

MUSEUMS.—Connected with the College are Museums of  
Human, Comparative, and Pathological Anatomy, and  
Natural History, in all its branches, containing upwards of  
three thousand preparations, to which the Students will be  
admitted under certain regulations, without any additional fee.

The Library contains upwards of two thousand volumes.  
There are two Laboratories in the College, fitted up with  
every convenience for the attainment of Practical Chemistry,  
and for the prosecution of Scientific researches.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, as at the Universities, will  
be held at the end of each Term in the respective Classes, at  
which every student will be required to present himself.

The College is situated midway between the Queen's  
Hospital, in Bath-row, and the Birmingham General Hospi-  
tal, in Summer-lane.

For information in the respective Departments, application  
may be made to Mr. Sands Cox, Dean of the Faculty, 24,  
Temple-row; or to Mr. Oliver Pemberton, Honorary Secre-  
tary to the Professors, 11, Temple-row.

Further information in reference to the Medical Depart-  
ments, and respecting the Departments of Arts, Engineering,  
and Theology, may be obtained on application to the  
Warden.

MR. GRIFFITH prepares for Universities  
and general pursuits.—Redland, Bristol.

**PERTH CATHEDRAL GRAMMAR**  
SCHOOL.

Rector—Rev. J. A. SELLAR, M.A.  
Terms—Thirty-two Guineas per annum.  
Apply to Rev. J. A. SELLAR, Stormont House, Perth.

**UPPER CANADA COLLEGE,**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

The Senate of the University of Toronto having established  
a MASTERSHIP in Upper Canada College, with a special  
view to instruction in the highest branches of the ENGLISH  
LANGUAGE and its LITERATURE. Candidates are in-  
vited to forward their testimonials to the Provincial Secretary,  
Toronto, on or before the 1st of December next.

The emoluments are as follows:—Salary, 900*l.* Halifax cur-  
rency, with his share of the fees, amounting at present to about  
60*l.*, and a free house. 50*l.* currency will be allowed for pas-  
sage and outfit.

Toronto, 27th August, 1857.

**UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH**

The SESSION will be PUBLICLY OPENED on MON-  
DAY, NOVEMBER 2, at Two o'clock p.m., when an AD-  
DRESS to the STUDENTS will be delivered by the Very  
Rev. JOHN LEE, D.D., Principal.

The CLASSES for the different Branches of STUDY will  
be opened as follows:—

I. LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Classes. Days & Hours of Attendance. Professors.

Junior Humanity ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 12 & 2 ..... Mr. Pillans.

Senior Humanity ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 9, & 30 ..... Mr. Pillans.

First Greek ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 10 & 1 ..... Mr. Blackie.

Second Greek ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 11 ..... Mr. Blackie.

Third Greek ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 2 ..... Mr. Blackie.

First Mathematical ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 12 ..... Mr. Keiland.

Second Mathematical ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 12 ..... Mr. Keiland.

Third Mathematical ..... Fr. Nov. 17, 9 ..... Mr. Fraser.

Logic and Metaphysics ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 1 ..... Mr. Fraser.

Moral Philosophy ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 12 ..... Mr. Macdougall.

Natural Philosophy ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 11 ..... Mr. Forbes.

Rhetoric & Belles Lettres ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 4 ..... Mr. Aytoun.

Practical Astronomy ..... Tu. Nov. 10, 12 ..... Mr. Smyth.

Agriculture ..... Th. Nov. 5, 3 ..... Mr. J. Wilson.

Universal History ..... Tu. Nov. 10, 2 ..... Mr. James.

Theory of Music ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 10 & 12 ..... Mr. Donaldson.

Technology ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 12 ..... Mr. Geo. Wilson.

II. THEOLOGY.

Hebrew Junior Class ..... Th. Nov. 12, 9 ..... Rev. D. Liston.

Advanced Class—Hebrew ..... Th. Nov. 12, 10 ..... Rev. D. Liston.

Divinity ..... Th. Nov. 12, 11 ..... Principal Lee.

Divinity and Church Hist. ..... Th. Nov. 12, 12 ..... Dr. Robertson.

Biblical Criticism and Bib-  
lical Antiquities ..... Th. Nov. 12, 11 ..... Dr. B. Lee.

III. LAW.

Medical—Jurisprudence ..... Tu. Dec. 1, 2 ..... Dr. Trail.

Civil Law ..... Th. Nov. 12, 3 ..... Mr. Swinton.

Law of Scotland ..... Th. Nov. 12, 3 ..... Mr. More.

Conveyancing ..... Th. Nov. 12, 4 ..... Mr. Montgo-  
merie Bell.

IV. MEDICINE.

Dietetics, Materia Med-  
ica, and Pharmacy ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 9 ..... Dr. Christison.

Chemistry ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 10 ..... Dr. Gregory.

Surgery ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 10 ..... Dr. Miller.

Institutes of Medicine ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 11 ..... Dr. Bennett.

Midwifery and Diseases ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 11 ..... Dr. Simpson.

Clinical Surgery (Mo. & Ch.) ..... Th. Nov. 5, 12 to 2 Mrs. Syme.

Clinical Medicine, (Tu. & Fr.) ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 12 ..... Dr. Bennett and  
Fr. Nov. 6, 12 ..... Laycock.

Anatomy ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 1 ..... Mr. Goodsir.

General Pathology ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 2 ..... Dr. Henderson.

Natural History ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 1 ..... Mr. Allan.

Practice of Physic ..... Tu. Nov. 3, 3 ..... Dr. Laycock.

Dr. LAYCOCK will lecture on the Nature and Treatment  
of INSANITY, and other Diseases of the Nervous System,  
so as to constitute this part of his subject a distinct COURSE  
of PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY, which will be open to  
students in the evening of the library.

ROYAL EXERCISE, at Noon, daily.

PRACTICAL ANATOMY, under the Superintendence of Mr.  
Goodsir.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY, under the Superintendence of  
Dr. Gregory.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY, under the Superintendence of  
Dr. Gregory.

N.B.—Information relative to the Curricula of Study for  
Degrees, Examinations, &c., may be obtained, on application  
to the Secretary, at the College.

A Table of Fees may be seen in the Matriculation Office,  
and in the reading-room of the library.

By Authority of the Viceroy of the University,  
Sept. 1, 1857. ALEX. SMITH, Secy to the University.

**MUSICAL LECTURES.**—For terms and  
particulars address "Ereoc" (No. 395), 29, Essex-  
street, Strand (W.C.).

**DR. BALBIRNIE'S WATER-CURE**  
ESTABLISHMENT for CONSUMPTIVE INVALIDS,  
TORQUAY, DEVON.—Board, Lodging, Medical Attendance,  
and Baths, and all the comforts of a first-class Hotel, 2*l.* 2*s.* per  
week. Consultation fee, 10*s.* to 2*l.* Bath attendant, 3*s.* to 4*s.*

**BANK of DEPOSIT, 3, Pall Mall East,**  
London. Established A.D. 1844. Parties desirous of  
INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the plan of  
this institution, by which a high rate of interest may be ob-  
tained with perfect security.

The interest is payable in January and July, either at the  
head office in London, or at the various branches throughout  
the country.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospectuses and forms for opening accounts sent free on  
application.

**HOUSEHOLDERS' MORTGAGE AND**  
INVESTMENT COMPANY (Limited).

Preliminary Capital, 50,000*l.*, in 10,000 shares of 5*l.* each.

The objects of the Company are the Purchase of Reversions  
and the Granting of Loans, for long or short periods, on the  
mortgage of real or household property, bank, railway, and  
other shares, to be repaid by periodical instalments. Its  
operations will be restricted to advances on positive securities  
only, by which all risk of loss will be avoided.

The advantage to the public of borrowing on gradually re-  
deeming mortgages has been proved to be extremely accept-  
able, in preference to borrowing upon mortgage returnable in  
one sum, because the borrower, who can easily pay interest,  
and a portion of the principal, if allowed, is seldom or never  
able to accumulate the full amount borrowed. A system,  
therefore, which admits of the gradual liquidation of a mort-  
gage is obviously desirable.

The investments of the Company are calculated to pay a  
dividend of at least 5 per cent.

The liability of shareholders is limited to the amount of their  
shares, and all the advantages of the recent changes in the law  
of partnership are made available.

The Company offers, as a guarantee, the investment of its  
funds upon securities of the first order only, and that no direc-  
tor nor officer of the Company shall become a borrower.

A half-yearly statement will be issued of money received  
(specifying sources)—money invested (specifying securities)—  
general summary of business to date, and profit and loss to  
date of statement.

Application for shares to be made to  
RICHARD HODSON, Secretary.

15 and 16, Adam-street, Adelphi.

**THE AQUARIUM.—Living Marine and**  
Fresh-Water ANIMALS and PLANTS, Sea Water,  
Tanks, Glasses, and every other requisite, ON SALE. An  
illustrated, priced, and descriptive list on application. The  
tanks, by Sanders and Woolcott, at their prices.

W. ALFORD LLOYD, 19 and 20, Portland-road, Regent's-park,  
London (W.).

**HEAL and SON'S NEW ILLUSTRATED**  
CATALOGUE contains Designs and Prices of 150 differ-  
ent articles of BEDROOM FURNITURE, as well as of  
100 Bedsteads, and prices of every description of Bedding.  
Sent free by post.—HEAL and SON, Bedstead, Bedding, and  
Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 180, Tottenham-court-  
road (W.).

**NEWSPAPERS.**—The Times or Post  
posted on the evening of publication, for 2*s.* a quarter;  
Herald, 2*s.*; Chronicle, Daily News, or Advertiser, 2*s.*;  
Times (Second Edition), Sun, Globe, or Standard, 3*s.*; Times  
(second Day), 1*s.* 6*d.* Answers required, and orders must be  
prepaid.—JAMES BARKER, 10, Throgmorton-street, Bank.

Money-orders payable at chief office, London.

**PARTRIDGE and COZENS', No. 1,**  
Chancery-lane, Fleet-street end, is the CHEAPEST  
HOUSE for PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c. Useful Cream-laid  
Note, 5 quires for 6*d.*; Super Thick ditto, 5 quires for 1*s.*;  
Superfine Cream-laid Adhesive Envelopes, 6*d.* per 100; Large  
Blue Office Envelopes, 4*s.* 6*d.* per 1000; Letter Paper 4*s.* 6*d.* per  
ream. Partridge and Cozens' New Paper made from Straw,  
2*s.* 9*d.* per ream. The Correspondence Steel Pen (as flexible  
as a Quill), 1*s.* 3*d.* per gross. Catalogues post free. Orders  
over 2*s.* carriage paid. Observers.—PARTRIDGE and COZENS,  
Manufacturing Stationers, 1, Chancery-lane.

**EDWARDS'S SMOKE-CONSUMING**  
KITCHEN RANGE for all classes, from 3 feet 6 to  
12 feet wide. This is the most complete and economical range  
made, and the only one for which a First-class Medal was  
awarded at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. To be seen in daily  
operation at F. EDWARDS, SON, and Co.'s, 42, Poland-street,  
Oxford-street (W.). An illustrated prospectus forwarded on  
application.—Manufacturers of Dr. Arnott's Smoke-Consuming  
Fire-grate.

Published monthly, price 3*d.*

**THE BRITISH MOTHER'S JOURNAL.**

Edited by Mrs. J. BAKEWELL.

London: J. SNOW, and may be obtained by order from all  
Booksellers.

NEW POEMS.

Just published, in fcp. 8vo. price 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

**THE TRAVELS of PRINCE LEGION,**  
and other Poems. By JOHN LE GAY BRERETON.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co.

**THE CRUISE of the MISSION YACHT**  
ALLEN GARDINER.

Just published, in 2 vols. post 8vo. with three coloured Charts  
and six illustrations in tinted lithography, price 2*l.* 4*s.* cloth.

**A TWO YEARS' CRUISE off TIERRA**  
DEL FUEGO, the FALKLAND ISLANDS, PATA-  
GONIA, and the RIVER PLATE: a Narrative of Life in the  
Southern Seas. By W. PARKER SNOW, late Commander  
of the mission yacht Allen Gardiner, Author of "Voyage of  
the Prince Albert in Search of Sir John Franklin."

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co.

Just published, in post 8vo. price 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

**THE STORY of MY GIRLHOOD.** By  
Mrs. HENRY LYNCH.

"Pleasant little pictures of  
domestic life."—*Examiner*.

"It is elegantly written, and  
in a manner worthy of herself.  
The Story of My Girlhood has  
our cordial recommendation."  
—*Leader*.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co., Paternoster-row.

**EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCXVI.**

October, 1857.—ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded to the publishers immediately. Advertisements and Bills cannot be received later than Saturday, Oct. 10th.

London: LONGMAN and Co., 39, Paternoster-row.

**LIVING CELEBRITIES.—A Series of PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS, by MAULL and POLYBLANK. The Number for OCTOBER contains PROFESSOR FARADAY, with Memoir.**

MAULL and POLYBLANK, 55, Gracechurch-street, and 187A, Piccadilly; and W. KENT and Co., Fleet-street.

**THE ILLUSTRATED INVENTOR.**

This Journal will be a record of progress in the various mechanical and chemical arts, industrial manufactures, agriculture, engineering patents, inventions, &c.; will include all scientific novelties, as well as the most humble domestic improvement. Early orders should be given to all booksellers and newsmen. To be published on Saturday, Oct. 31. Price 6d.; stamped, 6d. Office, 289, Strand (W.C.).

Ready October 1, 1857, price 5s., by post 5s. 6d.

**THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XXVII, Vol. VII.**

CONTENTS.—Art. 1. Odd Phases in Literature; Fifth Paper. 2. The Decline of Portuguese Poetry; First Paper. 3. The Rev. Arthur O'Leary. 4. Murderers and Hangmen. 5. Oysters. 6. McCarthy's Poem. 7. The Hair. 8. Dr. Madden's Phantasmata. 9. The Manchester Exhibition. 10. The University of London, and its proposed amended Charter. 11. Rome and its Ruler. 12. Quarterly Record of the Progress of Reformatory Schools and of Prison Discipline. Dublin: W. B. KELLY, 8, Grafton-street. London: SHIPKES, MARSHALL, and Co., and all Booksellers.

**THE JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE. Edited by FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon.**

CONTENTS.  
1. The Mission of the Psychologist.  
2. Insanity of Early Life.  
3. Moral Liberty.  
4. Philosophical Progress.  
5. Foreign Psychological Literature.  
6. The Faculties of Order and Memory.  
7. State of Lunacy in Ireland.  
8. Psychology of Wolf.  
9. The Asylums of Italy, &c.  
10. Proceedings of the Association of Medical Officers of Asylums for the Insane.  
11. State of Lunacy in England.  
12. Abstract of the Scotch Lunacy Act.  
London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

**PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.**

With 113 Illustrations on Wood, and a copious Index. Two volumes, crown 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
The Subjects are sold separately,—viz.  
No. 1. The AIR we BREATHE, and the WATER we DRINK. 6d.  
" 2. The SOIL we CULTIVATE, and the PLANT we REAR. 6d.  
" 3. The BEER we EAT, and the BEEF we COOK. 8d.  
" 4. The BEVERAGES we INFUSE. 10d.  
" 5. The SWEETS we EXTRACT. 6d.  
" 6. The LIQUORS we FERMENT. 8d.  
" 7, 8, 9. The NARCOTICS we INDULGE IN. 2s. 1d.  
" 10. The POISONS we SELECT, and the ODOURS we ENJOY. 8d.  
" 11. The SMELLS we DISLIKE. 6d.  
" 12. WHAT we BREATHE and BREATHE FOR. 8d.  
" 13. WHAT, HOW, and WHY we DIGEST; and the BODY we CHERISH. 6d.  
" 14. THE CIRCULATION of MATTER, a RECAPITULATION. 10d.  
"The amount of knowledge contained in these volumes upon matters of hourly import to all classes of readers, without exception, is both novel and startling."—*Tait's Magazine*.  
"A book for the people. There is hardly a fact or a principle that it would not be for the benefit of the richest as well as the poorest to know."—*Athenaeum*.  
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

**ESMOND, a Story of Queen Anne's Reign, by W. M. THACKERAY,**  
*will be published shortly (uniform with his "Miscellanies"), in one volume, price 6s. cloth. A few Copies of the Library Edition, in 3 vols., remain on hand, 15s. cloth.*

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 65, Cornhill.

Just published, New Work by the Author of "Blenham," price 5s.

**LABOUR AND LIVE: A STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLENHAM."**

London: Published by WILLIAM FREEMAN, 69, Fleet-street.

"An excellent story with an excellent purpose; it leaves a cheerful, pleasant, bracing influence on the reader."—*Athenaeum*.

By the same Author,

**BLENHAM: A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.**

Price 6s.

London: Published by W. and F. G. CASH, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without.

**THE BOOK OF THE THAMES. BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.****THE ROYAL PICTURES in the ART JOURNAL for OCTOBER**

(price 2s. 6d.) are—

"The Prison Group," after Bouvy, and "The Birth of Belphegor and Amoret," after Leitch. The Sculpture is "The Hunter," by T. Crawford.

THE LITERARY CONTENTS INCLUDE:—

Tintoretto at Venice, and Mr. Ruskin.  
Engravings and Armour in the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition.  
British Artists—No. XXIX, George Lance, illustrated.  
Monumental Commemorations.  
The Picture Gallery of J. Arden, Esq.

Talk of Pictures and the Painters.  
Collodion and Photography, by R. Hunt, F.R.S.  
Thomas Uwins, R.A.  
The Book of the Thames, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, illustrated.  
Church Architecture, by Dr. F. Kugler, &c. &c.

VIRTUE and CO., 25, Paternoster-row, London; and all Booksellers.

**THE NEW NOVELS.**

Just published by

**HURST AND BLACKETT**

(SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN),

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

**THE SQUIRE OF BEECHWOOD.**

By "SCRUTATOR." Dedicated to the Duke of Beaufort. 3 vols.

"There is a fresh and hearty truthfulness about 'The Squire of Beechwood' which makes his history what it is evidently designed to be, an illustration from actual life of the social and domestic adventure of an English gentleman of the present day."—*John Bull*.

"This is a very readable book. The interest is well preserved throughout, and the characters are natural."—*Observer*.

**THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By**

LORD WILLIAM LENNOR. 3 vols.

**TRUE TO NATURE. 2 vols. 21s.**

"A very delightful tale. The power displayed in delineating the various forms of human impulse, fully entitles the book to its name of 'True to Nature.'"—*John Bull*.

"The reader will be at no loss for amusement in perusing 'True to Nature.' It has to recommend it an agreeable style, and some striking events and exciting scenes that are replete with vigour and vivacity."—*Sun*.

**THE YOUNG BRIDE. By**

Mrs. BRISCOE. 3 vols.

"A very graceful and stirring novel. A more remarkable story appertaining to aristocratic society we have seldom read in the pages of modern romance."—*Post*.

"A work of considerable merit. Many of Mrs. Briscoe's tableaux from domestic life remind us of the magic pencil of Miss Austen."—*Literary Gazette*.

**LIFE AND ITS REALITIES.**

By LADY CHATTERTON. 3 vols.

"Lady Chatterton's clever novel."—*Examiner*.

"A novel of lofty moral purpose, of great descriptive power, and of admirable sentiment."—*Observer*.

**A WOMAN'S STORY. By Mrs.**

S. C. HALL. 3 vols.

"A Woman's Story" is interesting. It is well and carefully written, and is quite equal to any of Mrs. S. C. Hall's other works."—*Athenaeum*.

**NOTHING NEW. By the Author of**

"John Halifax, Gentleman." 2 vols. 21s.

"Two volumes displaying all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post*.

**JOHN HALIFAX, Gentleman.**

New and Cheaper Edition. Complete in 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

"A very good and a very interesting novel. It is conceived throughout in a high spirit and written with great ability—better than any former work, we think, of its deservedly successful author."—*Examiner*.

**COURT SECRETS. By Mrs.**

THOMSON, Author of "Anne Boleyn," &c. 3 vols. (Just ready.)

Now ready, in 2 vols. price 21s. cloth,

**HOWARD PLUNKETT; or, Adrift in Life: a Novel. By KINAHAN CORNWALLIS,**  
Author of "Yarra Yarra; or, the Wandering Aborigine," &c.  
London: WHITTAKER and Co., Ave Maria-lane.

Just published, gratis,

**A SELECTION of MODERN and APPROVED WORKS, for the Use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Tuition.**

WHITTAKER and Co., Ave Maria-lane, London.

**NEW VOLUMES OF THE BIBLIOTHECA CLASSICA.**

Just published, in 8vo. price 18s. cloth.

**THE COMEDIES OF TERENCE,** with English Notes, &c. By the Rev. E. ST. JOHN PARRY, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford.

Also, Vol. I. in 8vo. price 16s. cloth.

**THE TRAGEDIES OF EURIPIDES,** with an English Commentary, &c. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., Editor of "Æschylus," Ovid's "Fasti," &c.

And in 8vo. price 14s. cloth.

**JUVENAL and PERSIUS,** with an English Commentary, &c. By the Rev. ARTHUR J. MACLEANE, M.A., Editor of "Horace," &c.

Previously published,

**ÆSCHYLUS.** By F. A. PALEY, M.A. 18s.

**CICERO'S ORATIONS.** By GEORGE LONG, M.A. Vol. I. 16s.

**CICERO'S ORATIONS.** By GEORGE LONG, M.A. Vol. II. 14s.

**CICERO'S ORATIONS.** By GEORGE LONG, M.A. Vol. III. 16s.

**HORACE.** By the Rev. A. J. MACLEANE, M.A. 18s.

**HERODOTUS.** By the Rev. J. W. BLAKESLEY, B.D. 2 vols. 32s.

London: WHITTAKER and Co., and GEORGE BELL.

**ENGLISH SCHOOL LIFE.**

This day, Third Edition, in crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

**TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.** By an Old Boy.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

**NEW GAME RETURN BOOK.**—Just published, a NEW GAME RETURN BOOK, designed by the Editor of THE FIELD. Price 6s. Published at THE FIELD Office, Essex-street, Strand, London (W.C.).

**BEAUTIFUL POETRY; the Choicest of the Present and the Past, designed to preserve for future reading all that is worthy of preservation. A number on the 1st of each month. A volume completed yearly.**

Vols. I. to IV. may be had, 5s. 6d. each; or superbly bound for prizes and presents, 7s. 6d.

CRITIC Office, 23, Essex-street, Strand.

**CONTENTS.****LEADING ARTICLES:—**

The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings ..... 431

Eugene Sue ..... 432

**ENGLISH LITERATURE:—****The Arts:—**

The Elements of Drawing. By John Ruskin, M.A. .... 435

Felix O. C. Darley's Compositions in Outline. Engraved by Konrad Huber ..... 436

Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery. By Ralph N. Wornum ..... 436

**History:—**

The Conquests of British India. By J. H. Stoeckeler. 436

**Biography:—**

Memorials of Samuel Garney. By Mrs. T. Geldart ..... 436

**Religion:—**

New Publications ..... 437

**Voyages and Travels:—**

The North-West Coast: or, Three Years' Residence in the Washington Territory. By James G. Swan ..... 430

**Fiction:—**

The Squire of Beechwood. By "Scrutator" ..... 439

Kiana: a Tradition of Hawaii. By J. J. Jarvis ..... 439

The Quadroon. By Capt. Mayne Reid ..... 440

The White Chief. By Capt. Mayne Reid ..... 440

Notices of Small Books ..... 440

**Poetry and the Drama:—**

Leonilda. By Felix Meldred ..... 440

The Steam Engine. By T. Baker ..... 441

The New Dance of Death, &c. By C. Boner ..... 441

Proverbial and Moral Thoughts. By C. H. Hanger ..... 441

A Legend of Glencoe, &c. By Rev. John Anderson ..... 441

**FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c.:—**

The Critic Abroad ..... 442

**France:—**

Saint Dominic and the Dominicans. By E. Caro ..... 442

The Basque Provinces: their Population, &c. By F. Michel ..... 445

From our French Correspondent ..... 446

**SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.:—****Science and Inventions:—**

The Fortnight ..... 448

**Architecture:—**

Report on Architecture as a Fine Art ..... 448

**Art and Artists:—**

Marshall's Panoramic View of Delhi, at the Auction Mart, City ..... 449

Talk of the Studios ..... 449

**Music and Musicians:—**

Musical and Dramatic Chat-Chat ..... 449

**Literary News:—**

Drama, Public Amusements, &c. .... 450

Obituary ..... 450

Books Recently Published ..... 451

Advertisements ..... 459, 450, 451, 452



## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

### THE LITERARY WORLD :

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

We are beginning to see land on the other side of the unproductive season, and Paternoster-row is once more exhibiting signs of vitality. Not that the next is likely to be a very prolific season; for it is in time of peace only that the Muses flourish, and the quiet dream into which we had fallen after the lull of the Russian storm has been rudely broken by the agonised cry of our despairing sisters and the wail of their murdered babes far away in Bengal. Men are turning their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into bayonets; and their knit brows, heavy with vengeance, promise more of battle than of study. Until Delhi has been razed and sown with salt, until the last murderer in India has been hanged, and the last drop of innocent blood washed from the soil of Hindostan, India will occupy the first place in English minds. Again we are called upon to act history, just as we were quietly settling down to write it.

In one department, however, literature will doubtless exhibit great activity—in that connected with the matter in hand. Just as the outbreak of the Russian war was the signal for an inundation of original works and republications, which made people excessively learned about the Principalities and the Sulina m uths of the Danube, Simpheropol, and the Cimmeric Bosphorus, so may we expect a multitude of works about India and the Indians, their laws, history, religion, geography, manners, and customs—in fact everything about them, from the Holy Vedas down to a catalogue of things necessary for the kit of an officer proceeding to Calcutta by the overland route. Now is the time for "gentlemen of the press" who have made India their speciality, and have thoroughly exhausted the subject; now is Mr. STROQUELER great upon the subject in the columns of various cotemporaries, bringing to bear his thorough knowledge of these matters in an infinite variety of ways.

The only place where an acquaintance with Indian matters seems utterly lacking is the British House of Commons. To think that, with such things doing—with the hearts of men stirred to the very core at the terrible tragedy which is enacting—not one orator has arisen from among our representative body to a level with the occasion! Only to remember that BURKE could draw tears from his auditors at the mere recital of the inconveniences experienced by a couple of old native Princesses, and that we have no orator to plead the cause of murdered and violated Englishwomen. What were the BEGUMS to BURKE, or BURKE to the BEGUMS? Yet he could make strong men weep for sympathy. It may be that, when Parliament reassembles, if stout and valiant JOHN BRIGHT is happy once more himself, we shall have at least one man capable of giving words to such woes; otherwise we greatly fear that we must leave the matter to be dealt with between SIR RICHARD BETHELL, MR. AYTON, MR. VERNON SMITH, and the crowd of other honourable members of which these are the types.

Slender though the list may be, there are nevertheless some few of importance among the promised works for the coming season. MR. THACKERAY's new serial is looked forward to with great interest; and DR. LIVINGSTONE's long-expected work is to make its appearance from MR. MURRAY's press in November. *Apròpos* of DR. LIVINGSTONE's work, we observe that a certain literary gossip, who generally approaches Albemarle-street with notes of triumph and adulation, complains of DR. LIVINGSTONE that he is "airing himself a little too much upon the platform," and that BRUCE did not make his appearance before the public so often, yet his book sold. That a mind which is incapable of regarding a book in any other light than as a commercial speculation should consider that the frequent appearance of an author takes the freshness off his book is not surprising; but this digging up of BRUCE from beneath the hundred years under which he is buried is curious and malicious. What have DR. LIVINGSTONE and his travels to do with BRUCE? BRUCE was a Scotchman, a boaster, and did not adhere to the truth. His travels were inspired simply by curiosity. More-

over, he was a man of business and a man of property. When he returned to England he moved in fashionable life, married, went to Court, busied himself about the improvement of his property, and did not write his travels until sixteen years after his return—a fact which probably accounts for the many inaccuracies which they contain. What possible comparison can be instituted between DR. LIVINGSTONE and such a traveller as this?

The ungracious contradiction which the "Remembrance Committee" has received from the son of the late MR. JERROLD will probably be a lesson to those gentlemen how they exercise their benevolence for the future. Our readers will recall to mind that we never approved of this business in any form, and that we have always designated it as disgraceful to literature and a scandal upon its professors, that they should be deemed incapable of taking care of themselves and providing for their families—especially when (as in the case of MR. JERROLD) a very large income has been earned. At the same time, we have ever striven to draw a distinction between such a case as this and those of unfortunate men who, either by ill-luck, or it may be a want of competent ability, have failed to get a subsistence during their lives. A literary career has its ups and downs, exactly like, and perhaps a little more than, any other mode of life. We have known Quarterly Reviewers reduced to want, and influential editors who have been glad to borrow a crown, just as we have known men who have been merchants, and lawyers, and clergymen, in the same straits. The mind will fail, the health will give way, the fashion of a man passes, a bad habit is easily caught, and the world soon grows cold. When such cases arise, we would ever encourage, rather than stay the hand of charity. But MR. JERROLD's was no such a case; and "to pass round the hat, however gracefully," is, as his son has very justly observed, a reflection upon his memory. The only defect in MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD's logic is, as we have before pointed out, that he refuses the charity, but pockets the cash. When the money has been returned to MR. DICKENS and MR. ARTHUR SMITH, in order that it may be applied in relief of cases which really need it, he can perorate "in the Erebus vein" as much as he pleases. Until that is done, to say that the hat has not gone round is simply nonsense.

Some time ago we announced the advent of a new Biographical Dictionary of Authors by MR. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE of Philadelphia; and from what we hear, it may now be shortly expected to appear. We have had an opportunity of examining a portion of this Dictionary, and have no hesitation in saying that it will be a most valuable addition to bibliographical and biographical literature. If the article devoted to DR. JOHNSON be a fair sample of the work, nothing could be more complete and satisfactory. Every available authority has been consulted, and is quoted, and the whole mass of information is compressed into eleven pages of double-columned closely-printed matter. In the case of JOHNSON there is a convenient division of the subject into heads, according to the different literary forms which the "many-minded Doctor" assumed—as a poet, an essayist, a lexicographer, and a critic. This facilitates reference.

A very important document has lately appeared in Russia, which will probably make some noise in the world. We refer to the account of the accession of the Emperor NICHOLAS to the throne, drawn up by BARON KORFF, in obedience to the imperial command. An "authorised version" of this historical curiosity is announced by MR. MURRAY, and will appear in November; and we are given to understand that arrangements have been made in France and Germany for the appearance of similar editions *under authority*. Inasmuch, however, as the document is somewhat vague and ambiguous in parts, and as it is believed by the liberal party among the Russians to contain convincing evidence of the real weakness of the despotic system, some commentary will be needed, from some one who is competent to take the matter in hand, in order that the full bearing of the work shall be fully understood. This commentary, we understand, will be supplied by MR. HERZEN, to whose literary labours in the liberal cause we have before taken occasion to refer. If we are not misinformed, MR. HERZEN's notes will appear simultaneously with MR. MURRAY's authorised edition—in a separate volume and by a separate publisher, of course—

and they will no doubt aid very materially to the better understanding of BARON KORFF's labours.

THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN is employing the season of his retirement from political life in great literary labours. He has projected a scheme for making an immense and important addition to Biblical literature, which we hope he will live to carry out—a possibility which is doubtful when we remember that the distinguished statesman and scholar is now in his sixty-seventh year. The scheme is divided into three sections, and includes the issue of seven large volumes. The first section is a new edition of the Bible, revised by the most eminent scholars in Germany, under the supervision of M. BUNSEN. It is to be called "The People's Bible," and will contain the text, newly translated from the original languages, with grammatical, historical, and geographical notes, and a complete explanation of the Biblical meaning. The language and style will be strictly those of the authorised version. This is to consist of three volumes: the first containing the first half of the Old Testament, from Moses to Kings; the second containing the remainder of the Old Testament; and the third the New Testament, with the Apocrypha added as an appendix. The second section of the scheme projects three volumes of the Bible records, restored to their original chronological order and explained accordingly: the first volume to contain the Old Testament records, relating to the historical books; the second volume to contain the Old Testament records, relating to the prophetic and practical books; and the third volume to be devoted to the New Testament, the harmony of the four Gospels, and the history of the books which compose the New Testament. The third section is to consist of one volume, on the Life of Jesus. The basis of the plan is, to issue a revised edition of the Bible, and to apply the material for solving all questions which arise out of that sacred work. The whole work will form a unity, although the version of the Bible will be entirely independent, and will form a distinct work of itself. We understand that arrangements are now being made in order that versions of this work may appear in England and America simultaneously with the issue of the German edition.

Among other important announcements in the graver walks of literature is one which has not yet been made public. MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, the distinguished antiquarian *littérateur*, has prepared—at the instance and expense of MR. JOSEPH MAYER of Liverpool, one of the most liberal and public-spirited antiquarians in the country—a volume of Vocabularies, illustrating the condition and manners of our forefathers, as well as the history of the forms of elementary education, and of the language spoken in the island. The materials for this most interesting and recondite work have been collected from MSS. in private collections, and in the British Museum. We regret, however, to hear that only a limited number is to be printed, of which only a very small portion will be offered to the public.

We are sorry, though not surprised, to hear that the Manchester Exhibition must be, commercially speaking, a failure. When the scheme was first promulgated, we predicted this, and we believe that the public-spirited gentlemen who guaranteed the expenses expected no less. Indeed, we know of one who said that he should be very well satisfied if he had to write a cheque for half the amount of his guarantee. But it is only in a commercial sense that this admirable undertaking has failed. With the exception of some blunders in the arrangement, and the defects of the catalogue (all entirely attributable to some of the learned gentlemen from London who were engaged to carry out the details of the work) the grand idea of MR. DEANE has been carried out in a manner worthy of the most energetic and the most industrious city in the Kingdom. It was a great and logical idea, because it went to the very mainspring of things; and where the Great Exhibition of 1851 taught the buyers what they should buy, this Exhibition has carried the principles of taste and beauty to the very fountain of our manufactures, and has taught our workers what they should make. It is all very well for the polished men of the South to sneer at the Lancashire men, call them coarse, and ask scoffingly what they have to do with the Fine Arts. The answer rings loud and clear from the Palace at Old Trafford, and proclaims that Lancashire men are among the most liberal and the most intelligent patrons of the Arts.

Mr. MORRIS COLEMAN addresses us upon the subject of his little manual on "Stenography, or a brief and simple system of Short-hand," which was reviewed in our last impression, and complains that we did not institute a comparison between the manual and TAYLOR's Stenography. Mr. COLEMAN admits the superiority of the Phonetic system over all others. This is indeed nothing more than what we said: we admitted his manual to be an improvement upon TAYLOR, but declared PITMAN's system to be superior to both. We cannot agree with Mr. COLEMAN, when he grounds the superiority of Phonography upon its facility for adaptation to any language. It has another, and, for the English reporter, a greater claim to preference, in the superior speed which it admits of. We believe that it has been calculated that, if two reporters of equal skill work as fast as they can, the Phonographer will beat the Stenographer by some thirty words per minute. This surely is a very sufficient reason for preferring Phonography to Mr. TAYLOR's, Mr. COLEMAN's, or any other system, even though it must be acquired at the cost of a little extra trouble.

Lord CAMPBELL's Act is to be no dead letter after all. Last week there was a razzia in Holywell-street. Policeman A, turning literary for the nonce, and assuming the duties of a censor in obedience to the call of duty, ransacked that moral drain from one end to the other, and swept an immense amount of filth and garbage into Bow-street Police Court. This is all very well, very proper, and we highly approve of it; only we hope that Policeman A, in his zeal for catching small deer, will not let the "stags of ten" escape. We have before us the printed catalogue of one of the most respectable booksellers in London, and we venture to say that there is not a member of the House of Lords, or even an occupant of the Bench of Bishops, who does not occasionally receive a copy of that catalogue. Well, one of the choicest items offered for sale by this respectable bookseller to his respectable customers is the following: "POLIPHILE, Hypnerotomachie, ou Discours du Songe de Poliphile, with numerous beautiful and curious engravings, including "Le Sacrifice à Priape," "Procession of Leda," &c., and other similar subjects, folio, h.f. morocco, rare;"—and then follows the price, which is a good round sum. Now, we venture to say that in the course of his foray into Holywell-street, Policeman A did not light upon a fouler book than this, which is offered by a respectable bookseller to his respectable customers—and all in despite of my Lord CAMPBELL. L.

#### EUGÈNE SUE.

As one of the old Marshals of the Empire said when he heard that some of his old comrades had sunk into the tomb—"On bat le rappel en haut!" But a few weeks ago Béranger died, and now Eugène Sue has gone. Both of them great and remarkable men—Béranger as the poet of the people; Sue as the painter of their joys and sorrows, the novelist of their choice, who had the courage to proclaim their wrongs in the face of the world, and the constancy to adhere to the faith that was in him through evil report and good report, until he died, like a soldier at the breach, fighting valiantly against those whom he believed to be the enemies of the truth. For, oh! if there be any comparison to be instituted between these two men, how much more honourable was the career and the end of Eugène Sue. What a contrast between the poet of liberty, who consented to prolong a songless existence in a cage, because the bars were of gold and his food barley-sugar, and the noble soldier of freedom who sacrificed happiness, fortune, life, for the truth, and was too good a Frenchman either to live or die in France at this time.

Every writer must be regarded in two aspects, as a man and as an author. Often the two characters are contradictory, and thus it is that we find in the same person an admirable and virtuous author and a detestable man. Such men are living falsehoods—their lives are long acts of hypocrisy; they have the reason to know the evil from the good, but not the heart to choose the latter: their tongues are the tongues of angels, but their hands are the hands of devils. Such a man was not Eugène Sue. His life, on the contrary, is faithfully reflected in his works, every page of which may be taken for an exact daguerreotype, not only of the thought that was in his head, but of the feeling that was within his heart. And this is the cause of his condem-

nation by the thoughtless, and by those who have studied his works superficially. For, if he had been a hypocrite, he would have been more uniform; when his mind was passing through its vicious phase (and how few strong minds have not to wrestle with that sore trial!) he might have "assumed a virtue, though he had it not," and then perhaps he would have gained the favour and respect of those who value respectability beyond truth. But he was too brave, too truthful a man for that; when his mind was darkened, his works were of sombre hue; and then, as the sun of truth dispelled the clouds, the prospect cleared, brighter colours appeared upon his canvas, and he painted Nature in her beauty, because his mind had become purified, and had grown into an appreciative perception of the beautiful.

Let us first regard Sue as a man, and then, as our space will allow us, take a brief retrospective review of his works. He was born on the 1st of January 1804. His father, the Chevalier Jean-Joseph Sue, was officer of the Legion of Honour, Chevalier of Saint-Michel, Physician to the King, Member of the Académie, Professor of Anatomy at the Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts, and Chief Physician to the Military Household of the King. He died in 1830, leaving his son a fortune of about 800,000 francs. The mother of Eugène, Sophie-Marie Tison de Riley, had preceded her husband to the tomb in 1820. Eugène (or, as his full name was, Marie-Joseph-Eugène) was educated for the surgical profession, and when a very young man embarked in the capacity of surgeon in the French fleet. He was present and under fire at the battle of Navarino in 1827, and he has given an account of that combat in the collection of tales which he published under the title of "La Coucaratcha." After the death of his father, he returned to Paris, and appeared in the world in the character of a dandy. With a natural disposition to pleasure, and a very refined taste, he played the part to perfection. No one surpassed him in the splendour of his equipages. The harness and trappings of his horses were of solid silver. His entertainments exhibited a combination of luxury and good taste. Nor was he a mere Turcaret, who had nothing to recommend him but his wealth, and whose guests, when they had partaken of his feasts, had no other recourse but to laugh at his folly. On the contrary, the bright wit, the poetic fancy, were already apparent; and as his hereditary fortune melted away, as a natural consequence of all this unbounded expense, Sue was gathering around him the most cultivated men of the day as his friends, and was laying the foundation for a career which was to repair the follies of his youth.

His first regular work ("Plik et Plok" had already been published), "Atar-Gull," appeared in 1831, one year after the death of his father; and, in spite of the abominable principles upon which it was founded, it was recognised as the essay of a master. Who can be surprised that his mind was at that time in a fevered and unhealthy state? Thrown upon the world at the age of twenty-six, with a large fortune, and Youth and Passion for his guides, can it be wondered at that he went astray; that in the fever of his soul he mistook the distorted view which he took of things for truth; that he believed in the visions of his delirium as realities? From the publication of "Atar-Gull" down to the day of his death, his works followed each other in quick succession. He was one of the most industrious of writers. Gifted with a rare faculty for work, he was able to combine the contradictory pursuits of the dandy and the literary man. Of this phenomenon he has given some hint in another of the tales in "La Coucaratcha," which is called "Physiologie d'un Appartement." The morning was spent at his desk, the middle of the day in hunting (for he was a consummate horseman), the evening at the opera, and the night in society. His expensive mode of life soon dissipated the fortune which he inherited from his father; but happily, as his patrimony decreased, his literary fame was rising, and, thanks to the enormous prices which he soon obtained for his works, he was enabled to live in comfort, if not in luxury, to the end of his life, without getting into debt. Some very exaggerated notions are abroad respecting the prices which authors receive for their works: the following facts, however, may be relied upon, for we receive them from a sure and certain source. "Les Mystères de Paris," which originally appeared in the *feuilleton* of the *Journal*

*des Débats*, and was afterwards published in volumes and went through many editions, brought him 500,000 francs (20,000*l.*)—perhaps the largest sum ever produced by any single work not written by Charles Dickens. When the consequences of the *coup d'état* put a stop to the publication of "Les Mystères de Peuple" there were already 20,000 subscribers to that remarkable work, and the first volume only had appeared. The profits of his literary labour, therefore, amply sufficed for the gratification of every reasonable wish; and to his credit be it noted that, in proportion as his mind became purified, and as one by one he discarded the errors of his youth, his mode of life was purified also. To a certain extent he preserved his love of luxury to the last, but he superadded also the love of charity. He abandoned his splendid equipages; he no longer gave himself up to what is called society, the emptiness and heartlessness of which became ultimately insupportable to him; he passed his life in work and in the society of a few intimate friends whom he loved and respected. According to the testimony of one of those friends, who was then in constant intercourse with him, his mode of life at that time took the form of a monastic regularity. He lived in the country, and had only an apartment in Paris. His daily custom was to rise at seven o'clock. The correction of proofs and reading occupied him until ten, when he breakfasted upon two small cups of tea and a dry crust of bread. After this, he wrote until four or five o'clock, and then took severe exercise either on foot or horseback until dinner-time. At eight o'clock he dined copiously, and went to bed at ten o'clock. His sight became so enfeebled by work that he was unable to read or write in the evening during the last ten years of his life. Considering the laborious nature of this mode of life, we cannot feel surprised at the number and extent of the works which he produced during the twenty-five years of his literary career. The same friend informs us that he produced enormously, not because he produced quickly, but because he worked enormously. He composed with great rapidity; but he corrected his works with the greatest care and deliberation. This accounts for the extraordinary fullness and solidity of his style.

The change which took place in Eugène Sue's mind was mainly due to the studies in which he necessarily engaged when he was preparing "Les Mystères de Paris." Then, for the first time, he came to know the people; in visiting the workshops, the garrets, and the gaols of Paris, he learnt, for the first time, what were their joys and sorrows, their virtues and their vices, and with what courageous fortitude they bore up against adverse fate. The lessons which he then learnt made him a socialist, but a reasonable one; in the works which he produced he suggested (as we shall presently see) the wisest plans for reforming many social evils—many of which plans are either adopted in this country or are supported by the most earnest and conservative of our reformers. Only only needs to study that splendid masterpiece "Les Mystères de Paris," to see the gradual purification of his mind, and how he grew upwards from his former distorted views into a knowledge of the true and beautiful. As he has himself recorded and commented upon this change in his mind, we cannot do better than quote his own words:

A bitter and passionately unjust critic, after comparing my recent works with those which mark the opening of my career as a writer, has reproached me with having forsaken my former convictions. I confess it. In proportion as age, the knowledge of facts, of men, and of things, has ripened my understanding, I have gradually acquired ideas which I firmly believe to be the only ones which are really true, and to which, for many years, I have devoted myself heart and soul. I have forsaken my former errors. . . . My works reflect, simply and sincerely, the various phases of my mind during twenty years—for it is twenty years since I wrote *La Vie de Koat-Ven*. It would have been easy for me to suppress or extenuate the flagrant contradictions which exist between the theories of my former and latter works; but I did not wish to extenuate or to suppress anything, for when I was in error I was so honestly, and I confess it without shame. To deny, by calculation, advanced opinions for retrograde ones is really to apostatise; but to forsake retrograde for advanced ideas is to obey the eternal law of humanity, which is to go ONWARDS.

The Revolution of 1848 found Eugène Sue an earnest republican; and so universally was he recognised as such by the people that the labouring classes of Belgium sent him a golden pen,



which had been purchased out of the results of a subscription of one sou. He was elected to represent the people of Paris at the National Assembly, but, unlike Béranger, he did not desert his post. After the *coup d'état*, he retired to Annecy in Savoy, where, surrounded by a few friends, he lived a modest and laborious life, endearing himself to the neighbourhood by works of kindness and charity. Some of his most charming works were written in this retreat, and to the end of his life he continued to wield his strong and valiant pen against those whom he looked upon as the oppressors of his beloved France. The French Government, faithful to its principles, had, it is true, interdicted the publication of his writings in any portion of the French press, and to publish anything by Sue was to incur the certain vengeance of the censorship; but the Belgian press was open to him, and in it he continued to direct his whole strength against the two great despotisms of the soldier and the priest.

As for his personal character, we are informed by those who knew him best that he was so entirely free from vanity that he seemed scarcely aware of his great reputation. Excepting in the company of his most intimate friends he spoke little, and he never was guilty of posing himself in society as the great man, the distinguished author. This reserve on his part was carried to such an extreme that strangers, when they met him, could scarcely bring themselves to believe that they had seen the great Eugène Sue. With his friends, however, he was all gentleness, amiability, and good-humour.

One of them, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information respecting him, relates the following anecdote in illustration of the natural gentleness of his disposition:—

At the time when Sue was writing the most ferocious of his works, I went to spend a fortnight with him at his country-house. One day, after a very long ride, which we had prolonged much beyond the usual period, we returned quite overcome with fatigue. In the room which we happened to enter before dinner was served, there were two sofas, one of which was empty, into which I threw myself with infinite satisfaction. The other was occupied by a magnificent black greyhound, which, according to the aristocratic habits of that race, was reposing upon the sofa, with all the dignity of the Grand Turk. Sue, who was as fatigued as I was, looked at the dog and his comfortable position with an envious eye; he would have liked the place, but he threw himself upon the carpet rather than disturb his favourite.

The incident is a trifle; but (like the story of Mahomet and his cat) it is one of those trifles which make up the sum of a man's character.

The *Moniteur Savoisien* gives a detailed account of his death at Annecy. After an illness of about a week (his complaint was neuralgia, followed by a severe hemiplegia and paralysis of the left side), the final agony came upon him. With the exception of a slight and momentary attack of delirium, he preserved his reason to the last, and died in a composed frame of mind. His friend and brother in exile, Colonel Charras, was with him to the last. He lies buried at Annecy, until such time as the vaults of the Pantheon may worthily receive his ashes.

From the man let us now turn to his works. Unfortunately, we have not been able to lay hands upon them all, in order to refresh our memory of them, during the preparation of this memoir; and, as we have been unwilling to postpone the publication of it any longer, the reader who is intimately acquainted with the works of the author will find several omissions, which we have preferred to make rather than depend upon an imperfect recollection of the works in question. Enough, however, remains to give a sufficient illustration of Sue's literary career.

In embracing the career of a romancer, Sue determined to avail himself of the knowledge of maritime affairs which his service on board the fleet had enabled him to acquire. Accordingly he tells us that in "Kernok" he endeavoured to give a prototype of the pirate, in "El Gitano" of the smuggler, in "Atar-Gull" of the negro, and in "La Salamandre" of the marine officer of war. "Plik et Plok" is the eccentric name given to a volume which contains "Kernok" the pirate and "El Gitano" the smuggler. They are tales of the sea, somewhat rudely conceived, but offering no indications of the curious philosophy which the author attempted to support in the works which immediately followed them. This volume made its appearance in the early part of 1831.

"Atar-Gull" was published later on in 1831, and was dedicated to Fenimore Cooper, whom Sue hailed as "the creator of maritime romance." The idea upon which it is founded is developed more thoroughly in the works which followed it, "La Salamandre" and "La Vigie de Koat-Ven." It is the *impunity of vice*. Atar-Gull is the name of a negro, who avenges the wrongs of his slavery upon the whole white race, whenever opportunity occurs, without reference to the complicity of the victim in the infliction of those wrongs. Some of the scenes are revoltingly horrible; especially that in which the innocent Jenny, the daughter of the planter Wil, is killed by a serpent which Atar-Gull has lured to her chamber. To put a crowning point to the horror of this book, the author makes Atar-Gull, whose motto is "*Vengeance is a virtue*," die—a good Christian.

"La Salamandre," which appeared in the beginning of 1832, was designed with the amiable intention of exploding that which Sue called "the most immoral, the most false, and the most revolting of all paradoxes," that "a good action is never thrown away." To prove this, he depicts a man who spends his life in the performance of the bravest, the noblest, and the most disinterested actions, and who falls a victim to his very devotion to duty. By way of episode to this moral, and also of contrast to this excellent but misguided man, he puts upon the canvas the character of Szaffie, certainly one of the most horrible creations of a disordered mind. This man, to whom wealth, beauty, and position, have opened every human pleasure, is thoroughly exhausted and weary of his life, until he discovers a new sensation in hating everybody, and resolving to do the largest amount of ill possible to him. It is living corpse, a creature with a marble heart, a demon rather than a man. Perhaps the most horrible of all the horrible scenes in this horrible book is that upon the raft, where, animal necessity getting the better of every refined and noble passion, the father hates the child and the child the father; the maiden forgets her modesty, men forget humanity, and, after abandoning themselves to cannibal orgies with the wildest fury of enjoyment, die blaspheming the God that made them, and every good thing upon the earth.

But "La Vigie de Koat-Ven," which was published in 1833, is perhaps, morally speaking, the worst of all the works which our author produced during what may be termed the Disease Period of his mind. "La Salamandre" may surpass it in horror; but in "La Vigie" there is a cynicism, a disregard for every decency, an obstinate determination to see nothing in this fair earth but what is wicked and shameful, which positively appal one. Even the victim of the all-conquering Vice is, in this case, not virtuous; she inspires us with no pity for her fate; she is baffled in the attempt to avenge her wrongs by crimes still more heinous than those she has suffered from; and, when she and the accomplice of her wickedness are thrown into the sea, we feel relieved, as from the oppression of a hideous nightmare. According to the confession of the author, this work was intended to complete the trilogy, of which the two first portions were "Atar-Gull" and "La Salamandre;" and it must be confessed that the same moral, or rather want of morality, run through all. The idea upon which they are all founded is, that the leading feature in this materialist and positive century is a profound and bitter disenchantment of all illusory beliefs in goodness and virtue. This disenchantment was intimately connected, in the belief of the author, with Philosophy, Lutheranism, and Atheism, all of which were (still in the belief of Eugène Sue) nearly synonymous. His notion, then, was to push the theory of philosophy—which was synonymous with atheism—to extremes, and show how a man would act who, gifted with all the advantages of fortune, birth, beauty, power, and opportunity, could divest himself of all belief in a God and of a future state of rewards and punishments. Hence he came to the conclusion that philosophy made human life nothing better than a struggle of wild beasts or savages, in which the weakest must always succumb, and the strongest be ever victorious. The hero of the tale, the Count de Vaudrey, is as vile a character as it is possible to conceive; vicious to the backbone, animated by a selfishness which sinks before no crime that may facilitate the gratification of a passion, he is evidently a personage more fitted to illustrate a state of things which couples confession with absolute impunity, than that philosophy

which teaches men that (apart from the hope of reward hereafter) there is a present benefit in doing good, which arises from the good itself. And to this opinion Eugène Sue afterwards came at last.

At intervals between the appearance of "La Salamandre" and "La Vigie de Koatven" (that is to say, from 1832 to 1834), the collection of tales called "La Coucaratcha" appeared. The name is derived from a word which the Spanish maidens apply to a sort of chronic visitation (somewhat analogous to the English *fidgets*), which irresistibly impelled them to dance and sing. These little tales are pleasantly written, and are, generally speaking, free from the morbid ideas which pervaded the greater works which were passing from his mind at the same time. In the story of "Crão" the dwarf, however, we recognise a faint *replique* of "Atar-Gull."

In 1835, Sue commenced the publication of the first portion of his "Histoire de la Marine Française," a work which he had long projected, and upon the preparation of which he evidently bestowed much serious and conscientious labour. That it met with no very great encouragement may be presumed from the fact that this first portion was also the last, for he carried it no farther. His design was, by a series of historical novels, founded on fact, and grounded upon authentic justificative documents, which were sometimes interspersed throughout the text, and sometimes added as appendices to the different volumes, to produce a sort of historical gallery which should serve as a history of the French marine. The design was a good one; but Sue was probably too imaginative a romancer ever to succeed in the graver walk of history. It has been stated (we know not with what truth) that some officers of the French navy, in order to testify their appreciation of the work, sent him a testimonial in acknowledgment of the History of the Marine which he had *not* written. The first part, which was published, and which was intended to illustrate the history of the French navy during the latter part of the seventeenth century, was in the form of a memoir of the celebrated Jean Bart, who took part in all the great maritime actions which occurred during his time. In carrying out this plan, Sue attempted to confine himself entirely to facts, and to write a book which should be reliable as a work of reference, and be at the same time entertaining to the reader. He declares that his object in thus deserting fiction for fact, was to escape the fatal necessity by which he felt himself compelled to invent personages and events which, "by an unhappy but involuntary instinct, invariably moved in the same circle of fatality." He was uneasy, he confesses, of hearing himself accused "of systematic pessimism;" and, thinking that perhaps he had "pushed the sad consequences of a personal conviction into a paradox," he resolved to write this history. Here we have the first symptoms of the doubt which came upon his mind, and which afterwards ripened into certainty, that the false philosophy which he had adopted was not quite so conclusive as he had once believed it to be. The calm and healthy studies which the preparation of this history necessitated, doubtless had their effect in purifying his mind—a valuable result certainly, if no better came from it—and when he returned to that school of writing for which he was so eminently fitted, a salutary change became at once apparent. The fifth and last volume of the history was published in 1837.

The "Mystères de Paris" was the first fruits of his changed disposition. In our opinion it is his masterpiece. From the beginning to the end it inculcates the wisest and most philanthropic plans for the amelioration of the poor; and so skilfully are these lessons interwoven with the thrilling incidents of the story, that they appear to be rather natural deductions from the work than the fundamental ideas upon which the whole fabric rests. Unlike the miserable parodies of this admirable work which appeared in this country—parodies which have led many unthinking and ignorant people to confound the vile caricature with the artistic and dignified original; in a word, to rank "Les Mystères de Paris" side by side with the "Mysteries of London"—this work is based upon solid ideas, working their way logically and seriously to a beneficent end. The idea that riches and power may be beneficially employed in succouring the deserving poor, as individualised in Rodolphe, is a good idea; the reform of the criminal law by making breaches of trust punishable as felonies

is another good idea; the relaxation of the law of marriage, so as to give the poor an escape from an intolerable thrall, is another good idea; the reformation of criminals, by isolating them when in confinement and preventing them from festering in masses, is another good idea. To enforce these, and many others, is among the objects of "Les Mystères de Paris;" and it is not a little strange that at least three of these ideas are at present occupying the attention of our own Legislature. It is also a very curious fact that, when this work appeared, the red-tapists of the French Government rose *en masse* against Eugène Sue, and reproached him with exaggeration and the perversion of the truth, just as the officials in Downing-street and the *Edinburgh Review* are now reproaching Charles Dickens. They defended the actual state of things with all the zeal and more than the talent of the *Saturday Review*; and yet, mark the result. Most of Eugène Sue's proposed reforms are being actually carried out by ourselves.

"Le Juif Errant" was another powerful effort in the right direction, and perhaps it ranks higher than its predecessor in the estimation of the people of this country—a fact which it owes to the good fortune which it enjoyed in never having been parodied by the purveyors to Holywell-street. In the *Rennepont* testament we see a splendid illustration of the brightest but most impossible form of the Socialist theory; it is also aimed against the aggressive and acquisitive policy of the Jesuits, and is, perhaps, the severest blow which that conspiracy against the liberties of mankind has received since the days of Blaise Pascal. The "reverend fathers" never forgave Sue for writing that work; and their implacable enmity aroused against him more opponents than even the red-tapists had been able to summon. Fortunately, however, the power and knowledge of these enemies did not always equal their zeal. For instance, one of them, a certain Marancourt, who wrote a miserable pamphlet, called "Le Juif Errant à la Recherche des horreurs sociales," accused Eugène Sue of having stolen the charming characters of Rose and Blanche from the English author, "Sir Frances Trollope."

"Martin l'Enfant Trouvé, ou les Mémoires d'un Valet de Chambre," appeared in 1846. It is dedicated, in terms of affectionate esteem, to Count d'Orsay, of whose qualities Sue appears to have entertained an exaggerated opinion. This feeling was apparently inspired by the fact that the Count founded in London an institution for the relief of destitute Frenchmen—an act which seemed to connect him directly with the moral of this work, which is, that the best use of riches is to improve the condition of the poor and succour the unfortunate. Whatever may have been the motives which led the Count to relieve by one good act the otherwise unvaried monotony of a life wasted in fashionable follies we cannot now stop to inquire; it is sufficient to observe, that there are but few points of similarity between the noble act of repentance with which the Comte Duriveau atoned for a long life of pride and oppression, and the spasmodic charity of an insolvent beau. In "Martin" Eugène Sue developed some great-hearted and comprehensive schemes for the amelioration of the poorer peasantry and other unfortunate classes of the working population. The maxim of the excellent Doctor Just, that "no one has a right to superfluities so long as any one lacks necessities," may seem a little too sweeping for our notions, and not very easy to carry into practice; but that this work enforces in the most authoritative and persuasive manner

many grand and philanthropic ideas is undeniable. From among these we may cite the necessity for protecting children of tender age from the cruelties exercised upon them in order to teach them the business of acrobats and other dangerous trades; the necessity for considering the instructors of youth as public functionaries of higher importance than mere civil and military authorities,—seeing that he who teaches men to be learned and industrious does the best service to the commonwealth; the necessity for providing establishments where every honest man, momentarily thrown out of employ, may find work; the necessity for closing drinking-shops and other places, which have no other end than the encouragement of the worst passions. The character of Martin himself is based upon the moral, that "There is no position, how lowly soever, in which an honourable man may not comport himself with dignity."

About the same time he also published some minor tales, such as "Jean Cavalier," "Arthur," "Le Marquis de Letorière," "Kadaki," and "Arabian Godolphin." His next great work was "Les Mystères du Peuple," the longest and most sustained of his works, though perhaps not his best. Its design was, by recounting the history of a family which had suffered oppression in various forms for two thousand years, to develop the most extended principles of socialism. It was commenced in 1850, and he had put the final touch to the sixteenth volume shortly before his death.

"La Famille Jouffroy," which appeared in 1853, and was dedicated to M. Victor Schœlcher, was the first fruits of his exile, and was produced in Sue's retreat at Anney-le-Vieux. It is an admirable work, and is aimed against that false pride, that hankering after luxury and social advancement, which has destroyed so many families and been the downfall of so many reputations. The contrast between the honourable lives of the artist-jeweller Fortuné Sauval and his excellent wife Marianne, and the ambitious career and subsequent downfall of Aurelie, is the work of a master. "Gilbert et Gilberte" was published in the same year, and is one of the most charming of his works. It is not, we believe, yet translated into English, and we cannot understand the reason, for of all the works of the author none seems likely to be more popular than this. It is written with a freshness and a childlike simplicity which, but for the consummate skill displayed, give it the air rather of a first work than one of the latest. The moral is an old one but it presents this novel feature, that it brings a veritable fairy into the nineteenth century. Gilbert and Gilberte, a young married couple, happy and laborious children of Paris, become possessed of a certain fairy named Korrigan, who is bound to do their bidding until they confess themselves content. After trying the advantages of high birth, fame, and riches, of course they decide upon returning into their own identities, and the moral is that good hearts are better than sterling gold. An old moral, as we said; and yet the genius of this great painter of manners could so dress it up in new garments, so decorate it with the flowers of his fancy and his wit, that it comes to us as freshly as if it were never before spoken in the world. From this work, more than from any other, we can perceive the purifying influence to which Sue's mind was gradually submitting itself. It may be that the furnace of affliction had tried his heart, and like fine gold it had but parted with the dross. Here we have no dark pictures of life, no general denunciations of classes, no bitter repinings after the impossible.

If the necessities of the story compelled him to exhibit a picture of vice, he truthfully qualifies it by admitting that it is but an exception. In this work Sue approaches nearer to our own Charles Dickens than any French author with whom we are acquainted. And what is the result? Why, that after reading the "Mystères de Paris" or the "Juif Errant" we honour him for his genius; but after reading "Gilbert et Gilberte" we love him for his tender heart.

It would be impossible to enumerate the multitude of smaller works which Sue produced during his long literary career. The number of his minor political writings must be prodigious; and we have no doubt that some one of his friends who is competent to the task will undertake the duty of editing a selection of them. From time to time, he wrote several pieces for the stage, sometimes alone, and sometimes in collaboration with M. Dinaux. From among them we may select as about the best, "Le Morne au Diable," "Latréaumont," "Le Prétendant," "Les Pontons," "Pierre le noir," and "Mathilde," a dramatized version of one of his most popular novels. At the time of his death he was busily engaged in writing what he called "L'Histoire de mes Livres"—a work doubtless intended as an exposition of the change which had taken place in his own mind, and the causes which led to that change. One fragment only of that work has, however, appeared, and that is a Quixotic defence of the character of a lady rather than anything else. Here, we cannot help thinking, Sue abandoned his usual good sense; for he must have known that the most terrible attack which the good name of a virtuous woman can sustain is an energetic defence of it.

We believe that Eugène Sue never visited England, and we know that his ignorance of the English, their customs and language, was extreme. In "Crâo," one of the tales in the collection called "La Coucaratcha," he apostrophises Shakespeare as "Grand Williams," and was thereby possibly the cause of betraying his friend, M. Ponsard, into the very same blunder. But it is in the extraordinary story of "Arabian Godolphin" that he displays the full extent of his knowledge of England and the English. Here we are told how that the celebrated horse, after having been received in the household of a Quaker, and having excited the ill-will of Mistress Kokburn, the housekeeper, is handed over to the tender mercies of M. Rogers, the landlord of the *Crowned Lion*, a tavern which stood in the middle of Charing-cross; how that Agba, the faithful groom of the noble Arabian, attempts to enter the stable of M. Rogers, but is caught in the fact, taken before the "Scheriff," and immediately consigned to Newgate; here, however, he is visited by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, accompanied by her son-in-law, Lord Godolphin; and, in the sequel, Agba is liberated at the command of these puissant personages, and is transferred with his favourite horse to Lord Godolphin's stables at Gog-Magog, in the county of Cambridge. We believe that in the course of last winter Eugène Sue entertained the idea of visiting this country; and it is to be regretted that he was prevented from carrying it into effect. With a mind like his, it would have needed but a very short stay among us to correct the few prejudices which he entertained to our disfavour.

His place in the literature of France is side by side with Balzac. His knowledge of mankind was perhaps not so profound as that of his illustrious companion; but his poetic fancy was much brighter, and the philosophical tendency of his works is infinitely greater.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### THE ARTS.

*The Elements of Drawing: in Three Letters to Beginners.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. With Illustrations, drawn by the Author. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

In our opinion this book is rather an elucidation of the characteristics of the author's mental and physical condition, than an explanation of "the elements of drawing." Mr. Ruskin seems to us to reveal what he feels, rather than what he knows. In fact, his manual offers a singular development of psychological mystery, such as

we believe there has been no parallel since the days of Jean Jacques. It is pervaded by a large spirit of intolerance, arrogance, and proselytism—trusting obtrusively forward much learning and more pedantry. Upon art he is as dogmatic as Byron, and often as inconsequent. He is fond, too frequently, of trying the acrobatic feat of balancing himself on the rolling restless ball of analogy, and the result is frequently a fall. He will see comparisons between Monmouth and Macedon; the inherent propulsion of his vanity urging him to fling a stone at the window of your perception, rather than inducing him to knock

at the door of your understanding, in order to gain admission to your credence and faith. He seems to us like a sheet of paper held sideways to the window—light one side, dark on the other. There is *chiaro oscuro*, but in extremes; no rotundity, no genial admixture of gentle light and soft shadow; all is dogmatic, negative or assertive. He is rash in his postulates, insecure in deduction, immature in judgment, false in conclusion, cramped by prejudice, abounding in paradox.

This book should be in the hands of everybody except those to whom it is professedly addressed;

them n  
mislead  
are in d  
This he  
we wish  
able to  
have b  
than th  
ampl  
followi  
The a  
clean o  
Work  
so hard  
crumb  
drawing  
face of  
room a  
good br  
In so  
wishes  
he shel  
of "as  
ignores  
have h  
and lig  
on the  
consider  
The m  
of draw  
or other  
the stu  
pencil o  
derable  
rate arti  
rate com  
wards e  
manufa  
Shad  
and las  
Charles  
Mr. Rus  
part of  
some li  
greater  
benevol  
they kn  
such res  
of what  
able to  
But a  
this, tha  
line. .  
I do not  
So we  
toret w  
could no  
Again  
ties att  
Withi  
there is  
kind; f  
Let  
ere we  
of the t  
Are m  
them);  
cacies o  
there a  
hide its  
that, ex  
complete  
quaint c  
its direc  
indefina  
amount  
in faci  
to a tre  
mode of  
own var  
nature,  
Now  
find—  
You  
matters  
wherein  
Harding  
with m  
the grea  
falls—a  
cipal po  
individu  
fails, no  
of neces  
more im  
habit of  
leaf, and  
and suc  
will ent  
friend o  
his frien



them most assuredly it will only mystify and mislead, more especially as Mr. Ruskin's theories are in direct opposition to his practical knowledge. This hereafter we will proceed to show; but first we wish to point out that the matter really valuable to a tyro might, by a less self-conscious man, have been compressed into a space not greater than that occupied by the first letter. For example, can anything more unnecessary than the following be imagined?

The author is speaking of the best means to clean out or partially obliterate pencil-marks:

Work with a very soft pencil, and do not rub out so hard as to spoil the surface of your paper. Stale crumb of bread is better, if you are making a delicate drawing, than India-rubber, for it disturbs the surface of the paper less; but it crumbles about the room and makes a mess, and besides, you waste good bread, which is wrong!

In several passages of the book where he wishes to make "his wantonness his ignorance," he shelters himself under the equivocating shield of "as far as I know;" and the way in which he ignores the capabilities and intentions of all who have hitherto tried to mitigate the difficulties and lighten the burthens of those who travel on the road of Art is something marvellous to consider. Thus he writes:

The manuals at present published on the subject of drawing are all directed, as far as I know, to one or other of two objects—either they propose to give the student a power of dexterous sketching with pencil or water-colour, so as to emulate (at a considerable distance) the slighter work of our second-rate artists; or they propose to give him such accurate command of mathematical form as may afterwards enable him to design rapidly and cheaply for manufacturers.

Shades of Reynolds, Haydon, Flaxman, Fuseli, and last, though not least in our dear affection, Charles Hayter! There is hardly one page in Mr. Ruskin's book with regard to the practical part of the art that these, and other dead, with some living luminaries, have not shown forth with greater clearness, more apt illustration, and greater benevolence towards the pupil. What they knew, they knew, and told it. They never indulged in such reasoning as the following, where, speaking of what an artist ought or ought not to be able to achieve, he says:

But also, I believe, though I am not quite sure of this, that he never ought to be able to draw a straight line. . . . Prout could draw a straight line; but I do not believe Raphael could, nor Tintoret!

So we suppose, by inference, Raphael and Tintoret were greater than Prout only because they could not do what he could!

Again (at pp. 89, 90) he speaks of the difficulties attendant upon tree-delineation:

Within those sprays and in the heart of the tree there is a complexity of a much more embarrassing kind; for nearly all leaves have some lustre.

Let us clear up some mystery here apparent, ere we go further. He clearly intends the heart of the tree to mean masses of foliage; and all

Are more or less translucent (letting light through them); therefore, in any given leaf, besides the intricacies of its own proper shadows and foreshortenings, there are three series of circumstances which alter or hide its forms. . . . The consequence of all this is, that, except now and then by chance, the form of a complete leaf is never seen; but a marvellous and quaint confusion, very definite indeed in its evidence of its direction of growth and unity of action, but wholly indefinable and inextricable part by part, by any amount of patience. You cannot possibly work it out in facsimile, though you took a twelvemonth's time to a tree; and you must therefore try to discover some mode of execution which will more or less imitate, by its own variety and mystery, the variety and mystery of nature, without absolute delineation of detail.

Now turn we to pp. 169, 70, 71, where we find—

You will be able to understand, among other matters, wherein consist the excellence, and wherein the short-coming, of the tree-drawing of Harding. It is excellent, in so far as it fondly observes, with more truth than any other work of the kind, the great laws of growth and action in trees. It fails—and, observe, not in a minor, but in the principal point—because it cannot rightly render any one individual detail or incident of foliage; and in this it fails, not from mere carelessness or incompleteness, but of necessity, the true drawing of detail being for evermore impossible to a hand which has contracted a habit of execution. The noble draughtsman draws a leaf, and stops, and says calmly, "That leaf is of such and such a character. I will give him a friend who will entirely suit him." Then he considers what his friend ought to be, and, having determined, he draws his friend. . . . You may therefore study Harding's

drawing . . . but you must never copy it . . . he has given his life's toil to gain his dexterity; and you, I suppose, have other things to work at besides drawing.

We will now proceed to p. 338. Speaking of Samuel Prout, he says:

His somewhat mannered linear execution, though not to be imitated in your own sketches from nature, may be occasionally copied for discipline's sake . . . and to be able to sketch it fast you cannot do better than take Prout for your exclusive master.

From these quotations we gather first, that you can see now and then what is never seen, and that, when you do see it, no amount of patience will enable you to delineate it; but yet you must find some mode of execution to render it;—that Mr. Harding has discovered that mode, and it has taken him all his life to achieve it; but Mr. Harding, nevertheless, is not a "noble draughtsman," because your "noble draughtsman" would sit down to do that which is impossible, and what Mr. Harding has done he has only spent his life in acquiring as a generalisation—and so forth. "As you, I suppose, have something else to do," why, you had better (although he could, unfortunately, draw a straight line) begin by copying Prout, for discipline's sake, and making him exclusively your master; but as you regard your future welfare, do not you do one or the other with reference to Mr. Harding. We are afraid we are getting a little dazed, or we would go further. In the mean time let us quote Mr. Ruskin a little more:

You may look with trust in their being always right, at Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Giorgione, John Bellini, and Velasquez. . . . The greatest men have often many faults, and sometimes their faults are part of their greatness; but such men are not of course to be looked upon by the student with absolute implicitness of faith.

In the name of all that's Ruskinish, how can any one seeking information through implicitness of faith have trust in any painter being always right, when, almost in the same breath, we are told that those whom we are instructed to worship in the Religion of Art "have often many faults," and that "their faults are part of their greatness?" To our apprehension, never was there a writer so ill calculated to give advice to young minds as Mr. Ruskin; the very weight of his armour crushes him, for he is not content to wield the bright sword of Truth against the poor naked savage, Fallacy, but he must have guns and drums, cannons and penny-whistles. Fancy a master who desires a pupil to delineate an object addressing him thus, "Look your stone antagonist boldly in the face;" and then terminating his instruction with the following sentence:

So a stone may be round or angular, polished or rough, cracked all over like an ill-glazed teacup, or as united and broad as the breast of Hercules. It may be as flakey as a wafer, as powdery as a field puff-ball; it may be knotted like a ship's hawser, or kneaded like hammered iron, or knit like a Damascus sabre, or fused like a glass bottle, or crystallised like hoar frost, or veined like a forest leaf. Look at it, and don't try to remember how anybody told you to "do a stone."

No doubt there is much poetic richness in the above; but who can doubt that in nine cases out of ten the effect of it upon a youthful mind would be to convert the pupil into the stone he was desired to portray. At the same time, whilst we state our firm conviction that Mr. Ruskin is ill-calculated to give instruction, there are three classes of persons to whom he must prove invaluable, viz., the pseudo-writers on art, the amateurs, and, above all, that "mutual-admiration-Society," the Pre-Raphaelites. He is the very Spurgeon of those "noble draughtsmen." He has seductive charms of style, which the commonplace critic will make use of to the entire contentment of the ignorant. The amateur will no longer satisfy himself with lisping forth, in mellifluous accents, his opinion that "there is nothing of the colouring of Titian, the expression of Rubens, the grace of Raphael, the purity of Domenichino, 'the correggiosity of Correggio,' the learning of Poussin, the airs of Guido, the taste of the Caracci, or the grand contour of Angelo. They will sit up of nights till their memories have grasped the fact, from Ruskin, that—

First, you may look with trust in their being always right at Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Giorgione, John Bellini, and Velasquez. . . . Secondly, you may look with admiration, admitting, however, question of right or wrong, at Van Eyck, Holbein, Perugino, Francia, Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gains-

borough, Turner, and the modern Pre-Raphaelites.

It would be wasting our readers' patience and time to quote examples for proving that Mr. Ruskin's primary inducement in writing this book is to make the world believe "that there are no painters but the Pre-Raphaelites, and Ruskin is their prophet"—it glares through the whole book. Let it not be supposed for one moment that we have not a keen appreciation of many admirable qualities possessed and manifested by the P.R.B.s—for they have an intense perception and able rendering of colour, and work with a conscientiousness worthy of all praise; but, with the exception of Holman Hunt (in our estimation by far the greatest amongst them) there is not one of them who has yet proved to us that he can draw—and even Hunt is banded with the rest in an almost total want of refinement: in fact, for all that we could ever see, learn, or read, modern pre-Raphaelism seems to us a worship of the ugly—everything you receive from them or their Apostle must be received *cum grano salis*.

In spite of all we have said, we freely admit that, when and where Mr. Ruskin chooses to speak divested of prejudice, proselytism, and crotchets, no man can do it more poetically, clearly, instructively, or powerfully. Nothing can be more clear than this with regard to outline:

If we see rightly, and mean rightly, we shall get on, though the hand may stagger a little; but, if we mean wrongly or mean nothing, it does not matter how firm the hand is. . . . I have directed your attention early to foliage for two reasons—First, that it is always accessible as a study; and, secondly, that its modes of growth present simple examples of the importance of leading or governing lines. It is by seizing these leading lines, when we cannot seize all, that likeness and expression are given to a portrait, and grace and a kind of vital truth to the rendering of every natural form. I call it vital truth, because these chief lines are always expressive of the past history and present action of the thing. They show, in a mountain, first, how it was built or heaped up; and, secondly, how it is now being worn away, and from what quarter the wildest storms strike it. In a tree, they show what kind of fortune it has had to endure from its childhood; how troublesome trees have come in its way, and pushed it aside, and tried to strangle or starve it; where and when kind trees have sheltered it, and grown up lovingly together with it, bending as it bent; what winds torment it most; what boughs of it behave best, and bear most fruit, and so on. In a wave or cloud, these leading lines show the run of the tide and of the wind, and the sort of change which the water or vapour is at any moment enduring in its form, as it meets shore or counter-wave, or melting sunshine. Now, remember, nothing distinguishes great men from inferior men more than their always, whether in life or art, knowing the way things are going. Your dance thinks they are standing still, and draws them all fixed; your wise man sees the change or changing in them, and draws them so—the animal in its motion, the tree in its growth, the cloud in its course, the mountain in its wearing away. Try always, whenever you look at a form, to see the lines in it which have had power over its past fate, and will have power over its futurity. Those are its awful lines; see that you seize on those, whatever else you miss.

Then, with regard to shading:

The power of shading rightly depends mainly on lightness of hand and keenness of sight; but there are other qualities required in drawing, dependent not merely on lightness, but steadiness of hand; and the eye, to be perfect in its power, must be made accurate as well as keen, and not only see shrewdly but measure justly. . . . Always remember that a little bit perfected is worth more than many scrawls. As you get used to the brush and colour, you will gradually find out their ways for yourself, and get the management of them. Nothing but practice will do this perfectly; but you will often save yourself much discouragement by remembering what I have so oft asserted—that if anything goes wrong, it is nearly sure to be refinement that is wanting, not force; and connection, not alteration. If you dislike the state your drawing is in, do not lose patience with it, nor dash at it, nor alter its plan, nor rub it desperately out at the place you think wrong; but look if there are no shadows you can graduate more perfectly; no little gaps and rents you can fill; no forms you can more delicately define—and do not rush at any of the errors or incompleteness thus discerned, but efface or supply slowly, and you will soon find your drawing take another look.

Nothing more powerfully instructive than the following was ever penned:

Never force yourself to admire anything when you are not in the humour, but never force yourself away from what you feel to be lovely, in search of anything better; and gradually the deeper scenes of the natural

world will unfold themselves to you in still increasing fullness of passionate power, and your difficulty will be no more to seek or to compose subjects, but only to choose one from among the multitude of melodious thoughts with which you will be haunted; thoughts which will of course be noble or original in proportion to your own depth of character and general power of mind. For it is not so much by the consideration you give to any single drawing, as by the previous discipline of your powers of thought, that the character of your composition will be determined. Simplicity of life will make you sensitive to the refinement and modesty of scenery, just as inordinate excitement and pomp of daily life will make you enjoy coarse colours and affected forms. Habits of patient comparison and accurate judgment will make your art precious, as they will make your actions wise, and every increase of noble enthusiasm in your living spirit will be measured by the reflection of its light upon the work of your hands.

Intuition has its best spirit revealed by such writing as the foregoing.

And yet, with all this clearness and power, what nonsense he will talk. In an extremely involved argument about translucency and lustre, he tells us that one of his best painter friends tried to persuade him that lustre was ignobleness in anything, and then he lies forth, "it was only the fear of treason to lady's eyes, &c. which kept me from yielding the point to him." In another place he ambles round Mr. Coventry Patmore, and tells us that this poet has produced the "most finished piece of writing and the sweetest analysis we possess." Again, he jigs before Mrs. Browning, cross-gartered, and tells us that her "Aurora Leigh" is, *as far as he knows*, the greatest poem which the century has produced in any language! He nicknames as "the Othellos of Art" men whose perceptions did not reach so far as the farthest, but who still worked, not in hate but all in honour; these men he calls "black slaves!" And whilst he endeavours to degrade such men as Vandyke and Gainsborough, by characterising their works as specimens of gentlemanly flimsiness, he still further encroaches upon our feelings by speaking of the gentle great-hearted Flaxman in terms which are shocking from lack of feeling, and impotent from want of power. But one or two more quotations and we have done. He writes:

I cannot, of course, suggest the choice of your library to you. Every several mind needs different books; but there are some books which we all need; and assuredly, if you read Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Herodotus, Dante, Shakspeare, and Spencer, as you ought, you will not require wide enlargement of shelves to right and left of them for purposes of perpetual study.

Thus far we agree with Mr. Ruskin; but he must permit us to add that he has left out one greater than all others, viz., the Bible. To resume quotation:

Then, in general, the more you can restrain your serious reading to reflections on lyric poetry, history, and natural history, *avoiding fiction and the drama*, the healthier your mind will become. Of modern poetry, keep to Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Crabbe, Tennyson, the two Brownings, Lowell, Longfellow...

The italics in the above are our own. There seems to us to be an involution of reasoning here; for, if you are to avoid fiction and the drama, what becomes of Æschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, and Homer? Moreover, if you curtail Mr. Browning of "Pippa Passes" and other dramatic works, you rob him of the brightest leaves among his laurels. Let us also note that Mr. Ruskin has made one grave omission in the above array of glorious names, namely, the benevolent, humorous, grave, satirical, genial, and immortal Tom Hood. Take our word for it, he is greater in every sense than Mrs. Browning and Mr. Coventry Patmore fused together.

Of reflective prose, read chiefly Bacon, Johnson, and Helps. Carlyle is hardly to be named as a writer for "beginners," because his teaching, though to some of us vitally necessary, may to others be hurtful. If you understand and like him, read him.

We wish to add two names to the above authors, because, if you add to Bacon and Johnson Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Brown, you will have no need of the barley and water to which Mr. Helps has filtered them. All this advice with regard to what books should be read is so obvious as to amount to a platitude, if one did not discover it was for the purpose of indulging in a sneer at two great names and elevating into notice two amiable young men, in contradistinction to Coleridge, whom you are told to "cast at once aside as sickly and useless, and Shelley, as shallow and verbose." But perhaps the most singular crotchet that Mr. Ruskin

favours us with is contained in the following paragraph: "Never read bad or common poetry, nor write any poetry yourself: there is perhaps rather too much than too little in the world already." So that, no matter what the impulse, no matter how strong the desire, if you have the genius of Shakspeare, the humour of Hood, the fire of Byron, the taste of Tennyson, the finished power of writing with the analytical sweetness of Mr. Coventry Patmore—if you can combine all the elements of all these in "lines pregnant with celestial fire"—you must never write poetry yourself! As a last *bonne bouche*, we must quote one more line of advice, which is, that you avoid all "Crustacean and Batrachian books." By all means, if only you know them when you see them.

*Compositions in Outline by FELIX O.C. DARLEY, from Judd's "Margaret."* Engraved by KONRAD HUBER. New York: Redfield. London: N. Trübner and Co.

*Margaret, a Tale of the Actual and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom*, is a story designed by the Rev. Sylvester Judd, to illustrate the possibility of mental and moral refinement existing in the midst of coarse actualities. Margaret is Virtue, and, what is more, Virtue outwardly attractive, in humble life. The story is cast between the close of the American war and the commencement of the present century, and the fact has been ingeniously seized hold of by Mr. Darley, to give a pretext for avoiding the unpicturesque costume of the present day. The scene is in a town of Western Massachusetts. Margaret is introduced as a child in a rude boorish household, surrounded by all the circumstances which belong to what is usually termed "low life." Through all the vileness of her surroundings, however, the purity of her soul shines like refined gold. She can no more amalgamate with common clay than can the purest of metals itself. Subsequent events prove her to be the child of a love match between a Hessian soldier and the daughter of a wealthy trader of New York. The gentle blood in her veins thus accounts for the superiority of her nature, and cannot be degraded by adverse circumstances. Her parents have died in poverty, and Margaret has been brought up in the household where we find her. The personages composing the household are well sketched by a few graphic touches. Pluck, the father, is a jolly drunken cobbler; his wife, Brown Moll, is a shrew; the children of these are Nimrod, a roving blade, Hash (an abbreviation of the scriptural name Maharshalah-hashbaz), and Chilion, a youth of a more refined nature than his kindred, and skilled upon the violin. There are other characters in the drama, such as Widow Wright, Obed, Mr. Bartholomew Elliman, lame little Job Luce, Rose, and Mr. Charles Evelyn. All these are well sketched. Some of the plates exhibit a boldness and refinement of outline worthy of Retsch himself. It is a charming volume for the drawing-room table, and highly creditable to the American school of art whence it proceeds.

*Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery. With Biographical Notices of the Painters (British School).* By RALPH N. WORNUM. Revised by Sir C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A. London: Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. Published by authority. 1857.

THIS portion of the *catalogue raisonné*, now being issued by the authorities at the National Gallery, is fairly executed, and will be of the greatest service to those who take the collection for anything better than an idle pastime. The pictures are arranged under the names of the different painters, of whom short but sufficient biographical sketches are given. The history of each picture, the date of its first public exhibition, and its exact measurement, are also given.

In a short preface Mr. Wornum gives a very imperfect history of the national collection itself. It was founded in 1824, during the administration of Lord Liverpool, by the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection of thirty-eight pictures, which comprised nine specimens of the British school. Although Mr. Wornum does not state this fact, the price paid by the nation for these pictures was 57,000*l.* This collection was first exhibited in Mr. Angerstein's house in Pall-mall. Subsequently it was increased by Sir George Beaumont's donation of sixteen pictures; the Rev. Holwell Carr's bequest of thirty-five pictures; King William the Fourth's gift of six pictures;

Colonel Olney's bequest of seventeen pictures; bequests of Mr. Simmons and Lord Farnborough of fourteen and fifteen pictures respectively; and, more lately, the munificent donation of Robert Vernon, Esq., and the bequest of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A. Purchases have also been made, under the direction of Government, with more or less of judgment; and the collection, illustrating the British school alone, now amounts to above three hundred pictures.

It must be clear to everybody that, until the national collection can be properly arranged in one commodious building, it must remain, as it is at present, almost useless for purposes of study. This, however, is a question which Mr. Wornum entirely blinks, and with which indeed, when we consider his official position, we could scarcely expect him to grapple.

## HISTORY.

*The Conquests of British India.* By J. H. STOCQUELER. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1857.

THIS volume looks very like a *réchauffé* of old matter, dished up to suit the exigencies of the times. Mr. Stocquer, however, knows a great deal about India, and his extensive practice as a writer enables him to communicate his knowledge in a familiar style. Within the space of an eighteen-penny volume he has contrived to compress an account of the history, geography, and present condition of India, the best way of getting there and what outfit is necessary, and a brief outline of the origin of the mutiny among the Bengal troops. We entertain no doubt that Mr. Stocquer's volume will be eagerly purchased, and we have no hesitation in saying that, so far as it goes, it is to be relied upon.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memorials of Samuel Gurney.* By Mrs. THOMAS

GELDART. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1857. CHANCE is sometimes jocular; and the same humorous hazard which brought about a partnership between Messrs. Flint and Steel, and made Mr. Whippy a sadler, has properly ordained that Messrs. Cash should publish the memorials of the great bill-broker. Having bestowed a smile upon this practical pun of Dame Fortune, let us observe that the life of Samuel Gurney, if impartially written, and with a full knowledge of the subject, would have gone far towards a history of the secret operations of our commerce during the past half-century. In many respects he was a remarkable man, and may certainly be taken as a very favourable type of his class. It has been often observed, that in this age we recognise two aristocracies, that of birth and that of wealth; and so firmly established and deeply rooted in our social system has the latter become, that even the former, jealous as it is of its privileges, inflated as it is with the pride of old prejudices, and supported as it is by ancient laws and time-honoured customs, does not refuse to recognise the plutocracy as an equal, and occasionally strives to support its own failing strength by means of matrimonial alliances with its heiresses. Of that plutocracy Samuel Gurney was certainly one of the most distinguished peers—nay more, he was a great statesman among his peers. None was better versed than he in the secrets of that commerce of which we are apt to boast that it is our chief strength; none knew its power and its weakness better than he; no one could have more philosophically explained (had he chosen to divulge the secrets of the prison-house) how it is that that fair structure of commercial probity, to which we have been accustomed to point with such pride, is now apparently giving way and crumbling to its very foundation. He could have told us, if he would, how the credit system has affected trade; how the creation of paper capital and the substitution of shadow for substance has tended to create a mass of imaginary wealth, which has lured business men into habits of luxury, until, on some sudden stoppage of the commercial wheel, the flimsiness of the whole system has become apparent, and ruin, disgrace, and bankruptcy, have swiftly avenged the outraged laws of common sense. Also he would have explained, very greatly to our edification, how the bill system has been abused and has been the cause of more fraud than forgery itself. All this he could have done, if he would, or a competent and fearless biographer might have



done it for him. But he has not done it; and Mrs. Geldart has not done it for him. Such a work, indeed, was not to be expected either from a lady or "a Friend." Instead of a complete analysis of Samuel Gurney, the bill-broker, and his commercial career, we have a fancy sketch of the benevolent Quaker in the pleasant aspects of his domestic life.

John Gurney, or Gournay, of Norwich, was the grandfather of Samuel Gurney. He was a contemporary of George Fox, and embraced Quakerism at the time of its foundation. His son, also named John, was married, in 1775, to Catherine Bell, the daughter of a London merchant, and descended on the maternal side from Robert Barclay, of Gordonstown, the author of "Truth Cleared of Calumnies," and other celebrated works defending the Society of Friends. Samuel Gurney was born at Earlham Hall, near Norwich, in 1786, and he was the second son and ninth child of a family of eleven. His sister, Mrs. Fry, was six years older than he. Sir Fowell Buxton married another of his sisters.

We pass over the anecdotes of Samuel's early days with which Mrs. Geldart has favoured us; one of the most important of which (and it is related upon his own authority) is that "he used to give sixpence to a half-witted boy on the premises to stand at the further end of the lawn, as a mark for him to shoot at in his favourite practice of archery," a proof that at that early age he knew something about the value of money. At seven years of age he was sent to school, "a matter (says Mrs. Geldart, somewhat enigmatically) of less surprise than regret." After some years spent in a preparatory school at Wandsworth, he was transferred to the care of the Rev. Henry Browne, at Hingham, Norfolk. Samuel did not, however, make much progress in his Latin and Greek; and at the age of fourteen his father removed him from school, and sent him up to London to learn the art of money-getting, under the able tuition of his sister's husband, Mr. Joseph Fry, who was then carrying on the double business of banker and tea-dealer. The following extract from the journal of his niece, Miss Fry, gives some notion of his early aptitude for business:

When at work, he was thoroughly industrious, although no one more enjoyed to break off from it for a drive into the country with my father, or to get up a game at cricket in the fields at Plashet; yet in the evening, on returning to town, he would cheerfully go down after supper into the counting-house and call over the books for an hour or two.

At Plashet, he met with his future wife, Elizabeth the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, of Ham House. The marriage took place in 1808, when Samuel was only twenty-two years old, and the young couple went to reside with the family of the bride. It was about this time also that the great firm of Overend and Gurney was established, with which, in after life, the name of Samuel became so thoroughly identified. The origin of this business is thus explained by Mrs. Geldart. Up to that time there had been nothing in the commercial world at all analogous to the present system of bill-broking. The Norwich Bank, which belonged to the Gurney family, was doing a very extensive business with a certain Mr. Joseph Smith, a member of the Society of Friends, who was then driving a very good trade as a woollen factor in London. This Mr. Smith had a clerk named John Overend, "a north-countryman of great perseverance and considerable acuteness and shrewdness," who, having made very good use of his brains during his period of servitude, had begun to perceive that money might be made by purchasing up bills, and finding commercial men in ready money, as old Trapbois would say, "for a con-sid-er-a-ti-on." This canny north-countryman began by making a proposition to his master that he should take him into partnership, and embark in this new line of business. For some reason or other, Mr. Smith refused this offer, and eventually Overend went into partnership with Mr. Thomas Richardson, late principal clerk in the house of Smith, Wright, and Gray. The firm was at first established under the name of Richardson and Overend, and, as of course it had no very extensive capital of its own at command, application was made to the Norwich Bank for assistance in carrying out the projected scheme; in reply to which the Gurneys (much keener than Mr. Joseph Smith in scenting a profit) agreed to furnish the required funds, and sent up one of their confidential clerks to assist in the formation of the business. Shortly afterwards Samuel was inducted into

the business, and continued to be its presiding genius down to the end of his life.

From this time Mrs. Geldart says very little about the firm of Overend and Gurney, but contents herself with assuring us that "the safety and success of that vast establishment was due to his (Samuel Gurney's) firm, clear, bold, business talents." She gives, indeed, a few anecdotes still current in the City; but they are rather illustrative of the man than the bill-broker. The rest of the book is made up of an account of her hero's various public labours, interspersed with slight sketches of his domestic life. Of the inner organisation of the bill-broking business,—that wonderful system of commercial espionage, which puts the broker in possession of every secret fact connected with his customers, she says nothing, and probably knows nothing. The consequence is, that her Samuel Gurney is not the shrewd, bargain-driving plutocrat of Lombard-street, but the genial, charitable Friend of Ham House,—and both characters are true.

There can be no doubt that in his public life Samuel Gurney did much good. Whenever any scheme of benevolence was to be carried out, his purse was ever open. He ably seconded the philanthropic labours of Mrs. Fry and Sir Fowell Buxton; he laboured hard for the suppression of the slave trade and the social elevation of the negroes; his connection with the colony of Liberia, and the princely manner in which he aided that experiment with his money, are well known; finally, his adherence to peace principles was founded upon the finest spirit of universal philanthropy. With all these excellent qualities, however, he was crochety, and, like most of his fellow-sectarians, was fond of setting up his own private judgment against the accepted laws of society. Thus, for example, his objection to capital punishment led him, upon more than one occasion, to fail grievously in his duty to his fellow-men. Mrs. Geldart relates one such fact as if it were creditable to him:

It was discovered that a certain individual had committed forgery on the firm at Lombard-street by which considerable loss was sustained. The culprit was discovered, the guilt clearly proved; and, strictly guarded, the man was conveyed to the house of business for further examination and the decision of the partners. The thoughts of Samuel Gurney, when he retired for solemn consideration of the course to be pursued, may well be imagined. The struggle was great between justice and mercy. The crime was one committed against society—not a personal injury alone; and should it go unpunished? Was it right and just to turn such a man, devoid of principle and conscience, loose on the world again, uncondemned and unrequited? Yet what was the alternative? To prosecute was to sign his death-warrant. He thought, and we may well believe he thought prayerfully, ere he came to the decision that he could not take the wretched man's life. Some hours passed away, and he spurned the thought of the "legal murder" of one who might yet repent and live. One can picture his stately form, one seems to hear his firm step, as he advanced to the room where the culprit awaited his doom. "We have thee under our power," were Mr. Gurney's words, as he bent his scrutinising look on the man. "By the law we must hang thee, but we will not do that; so"—opening the private door—"be off to the Continent, and beware of ever returning."

It will be observed that in this case Mr. Gurney not only took it upon himself to set at nought the law of England upon his own responsibility, but he most selfishly concluded that, by removing the scene of the malefactor's operations to a safe distance from Lombard-street, he had fulfilled every duty to humanity. "Be off to the Continent," meant simply this—"Go and forge as much as thou likest at Paris or Vienna, but make no more inroads upon *our* till." On another occasion, having satisfied himself that a silversmith, who was accused of forgery, was innocent of the crime which was laid to his charge, Mr. Gurney took a very extraordinary way of showing his opinion,—by presenting himself at the dock, side by side with the prisoner, and thus affording him his countenance during the whole of the trial. We take this fact upon the authority of Mrs. Geldart, and of her informant "an eminent London merchant;" but we should feel more satisfied if we knew the name of the judge who permitted such a flagrant and impudent attempt to impose upon public justice.

Mrs. Geldart (as is the invariable custom of memoir writers) seems to present it as an extraordinary fact that her hero could unbend from his graver avocations to the mild pleasures of domestic life: whereas the real wonder would be if he did not. "Little," says she, "did some

of the City men with whom he had so lately mingled imagine how anxious was Samuel Gurney to fulfil his home engagements,—the promised walk in winter with his dear girls before the dinner hour, or to join them in the survey of garden and park in the pleasant spring season."

We see him at the end of a long dining-table at Ham House, smiling brightly around, and, after seating his various guests, retaining one little fair-haired daughter by his side, and giving her the honour of cutting the tart or preparing the fruit. This same daughter, being his own special messenger, was always rewarded with sundry pence, and partaking so far of her parent's business turn of mind as actually to keep a bill against him with many curious items—how great a contrast to the Lombard-street bills over which the same eye had run an hour or two before!

Reading thirty pages, at 1d. ...	1	3
Peeling an apple .....	0	1
Lighting a fire .....	0	1 &c.

The notion of putting a money value upon the services of a "fair-haired" cherub is characteristic; but Samuel had a good Lombard-street opinion that the *quid* must always be given for the *quo* in this business-like world. One of his clerks has supplied Mrs. Geldart with the following anecdote, which may be taken as an illustration of this:

One afternoon, as Mr. Gurney was leaving Lombard-street, I saw him taking up a large hamper of game, to carry to his carriage. I immediately came forward and took it from him. He looked pleased, and in his powerful and hearty voice exclaimed, "Dost thou know H—'s, in Leadenhall-market?" I replied in the affirmative. "Then go there, and order thyself a right down good turkey, and put it down to my account."

Towards the latter end of 1855 Mr. Gurney's health began to fail him, and he was ordered by his physicians to travel abroad. From that time he relieved himself from the cares of business, and finally he died at Paris on the 5th of June 1856, having accomplished the full tale of three score years and ten.

It was our fortune to behold Samuel Gurney upon some three or four occasions, and one of these is deeply impressed upon our memory. We had entered the turtle-famed shop of Mr. Birch, of Cornhill, and were about to mount into the upper story, when we discerned through the gloom the figure of a member of the Society of Friends slowly descending the narrow staircase, which he entirely filled with his portly breadth. As we patiently awaited the opportunity to advance, we presently became aware that the obstacle in question was no less a personage than the great Samuel Gurney, the Lombard-street bill-broker. Slowly continuing to descend with heavy footfall, the magnate of the money-market surveyed us blandly from beneath his brim of ample breadth, and as he accomplished the last step he uttered this oracle: "Ah! friend; when thou art my age thou too may'st take a long time in coming down these stairs." And, so saying, he moved away with the dignity of an argosy whose sails were broadcloth, and whose freight was of solid gold. If Mrs. Geldart should take a fancy to this anecdote, she is heartily welcome to it for her second edition. It is quite as significant as many which she has already given in her book.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THERE is no book in the Bible, perhaps, that has given rise to more controversy than the "Song of Solomon." Some have wished to exclude it altogether from the canon of Scripture, looking upon it merely as an Eastern love-song of rather too voluptuous a character. The Jews, however, accepted it; and some of the Rabbins, in their way, treated it as an allegorical work, shadowing forth the fortunes and misfortunes of the Jewish nation. The more philosophical among them maintained that it represents "the union of the receptive or material intellect with the active intellect." The early Christian Fathers, for the most part, interpreted it as allegorical and typical of the intimate union between Christ and his Church. This last is the view of it that has generally prevailed among Protestants; but it presents so many difficulties that some contend we must leave allegory altogether out of the question, and be content with a literal interpretation—whatever that may be. Of this number is the author of the following:—*The Song of Songs: translated from the original Hebrew, with a Commen-*

world will unfold themselves to you in still increasing fullness of passionate power, and your difficulty will be no more to seek or to compose subjects, but only to choose one from among the multitude of melodious thoughts with which you will be haunted; thoughts which will of course be noble or original in proportion to your own depth of character and general power of mind. For it is not so much by the consideration you give to any single drawing, as by the previous discipline of your powers of thought, that the character of your composition will be determined. Simplicity of life will make you sensitive to the refinement and modesty of scenery, just as inordinate excitement and pomp of daily life will make you enjoy coarse colours and affected forms. Habits of patient comparison and accurate judgment will make your art precious, as they will make your actions wise, and every increase of noble enthusiasm in your living spirit will be measured by the reflection of its light upon the work of your hands.

Intuition has its best spirit revealed by such writing as the foregoing.

And yet, with all this clearness and power, what nonsense he will talk. In an extremely involved argument about translucency and lustre, he tells us that one of his best painter friends tried to persuade him that lustre was ignobleness in anything, and then he lips forth, "it was only the fear of treason to lady's eyes, &c. which kept me from yielding the point to him." In another place he ambles round Mr. Coventry Patmore, and tells us that this poet has produced the "most finished piece of writing and the sweetest analysis we possess." Again, he jigs before Mrs. Browning, cross-gartered, and tells us that her "Aurora Leigh" is, as far as he knows, the greatest poem which the century has produced in any language! He nicknames as "the Othellos of Art" men whose perceptions did not reach so far as the farthest, but who still worked, not in hate but all in honour; these men he calls "black slaves!" And whilst he endeavours to degrade such men as Vandyke and Gainsborough, by characterising their works as specimens of gentlemanly flimsiness, he still further encroaches upon our feelings by speaking of the gentle great-hearted Flaxman in terms which are shocking from lack of feeling, and impotent from want of power. But one or two more quotations and we have done. He writes:

I cannot, of course, suggest the choice of your library to you. Every several mind needs different books; but there are some books which we all need; and assuredly, if you read Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Herodotus, Dante, Shakspeare, and Spencer, as you ought, you will not require wide enlargement of shelves to right and left of them for purposes of perpetual study.

Thus far we agree with Mr. Ruskin; but he must permit us to add that he has left out one greater than all others, viz., the Bible. To resume quotation:

Then, in general, the more you can restrain your serious reading to reflections or lyric poetry, history, and natural history, avoiding fiction and the drama, the healthier your mind will become. Of modern poetry, keep to Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Crabbe, Tennyson, the two Brownings, Lowell, Longfellow...

The italics in the above are our own. There seems to us to be an involution of reasoning here; for, if you are to avoid fiction and the drama, what becomes of Æschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, and Homer? Moreover, if you curtail Mr. Browning of "Pippa Passes" and other dramatic works, you rob him of the brightest leaves among his laurels. Let us also note that Mr. Ruskin has made one grave omission in the above array of glorious names, namely, the benevolent, humorous, grave, satirical, genial, and immortal Tom Hood. Take our word for it, he is greater in every sense than Mrs. Browning and Mr. Coventry Patmore fused together.

Of reflective prose, read chiefly Bacon, Johnson, and Helps. Carlyle is hardly to be named as a writer for "beginners," because his teaching, though to some of us vitally necessary, may to others be hurtful. If you understand and like him, read him.

We wish to add two names to the above authors, because, if you add to Bacon and Johnson Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Brown, you will have no need of the barley and water to which Mr. Helps has filtered them. All this advice with regard to what books should be read is so obvious as to amount to a platitude, if one did not discover it was for the purpose of indulging in a sneer at two great names and elevating into notice two amiable young men, in contradistinction to Coleridge, whom you are told to "cast at once aside as sickly and useless, and Shelley, as shallow and verbose." But perhaps the most singular crotchet that Mr. Ruskin

favours us with is contained in the following paragraph: "Never read bad or common poetry, nor write any poetry yourself: there is perhaps rather too much than too little in the world already." So that, no matter what the impulse, no matter how strong the desire, if you have the genius of Shakspeare, the humour of Hood, the fire of Byron, the taste of Tennyson, the finished power of writing with the analytical sweetness of Mr. Coventry Patmore—if you can combine all the elements of all these in "lines pregnant with celestial fire"—you must never write poetry yourself! As a last *bonne bouche*, we must quote one more line of advice, which is, that you avoid all "Crustacean and Batrachian books." By all means, if only you know them when you see them.

Compositions in Outline by FELIX O.C. DARLEY, from Judd's "Margaret." Engraved by KONRAD HUBER. New York: Redfield. London: N. Trübner and Co.

*Margaret, a Tale of the Actual and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom*, is a story designed by the Rev. Sylvester Judd, to illustrate the possibility of mental and moral refinement existing in the midst of coarse actualities. Margaret is Virtue, and, what is more, Virtue outwardly attractive, in humble life. The story is cast between the close of the American war and the commencement of the present century, and the fact has been ingeniously seized hold of by Mr. Darley, to give a pretext for avoiding the unpicturesque costume of the present day. The scene is in a town of Western Massachusetts. Margaret is introduced as a child in a rude boorish household, surrounded by all the circumstances which belong to what is usually termed "low life." Through all the vileness of her surroundings, however, the purity of her soul shines like refined gold. She can no more amalgamate with common clay than can the purest of metals itself. Subsequent events prove her to be the child of a love match between a Hessian soldier and the daughter of a wealthy trader of New York. The gentle blood in her veins thus accounts for the superiority of her nature, and cannot be degraded by adverse circumstances. Her parents have died in poverty, and Margaret has been brought up in the household where we find her. The personages composing the household are well sketched by a few graphic touches. Pluck, the father, is a jolly drunken cobbler; his wife, Brown Moll, is a shrew; the children of these are Nimrod, a roving blade, Hash (an abbreviation of the scriptural name Maharshalahashbaz), and Chilion, a youth of a more refined nature than his kindred, and skilled upon the violin. There are other characters in the drama, such as Widow Wright, Obel, Mr. Bartholomew Elliman, lame little Job Luce, Rose, and Mr. Charles Evelyn. All these are well sketched. Some of the plates exhibit a boldness and refinement of outline worthy of Retzsch himself. It is a charming volume for the drawing-room table, and highly creditable to the American school of art whence it proceeds.

Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery. With Biographical Notices of the Painters (British School). By RALPH N. WORNUM. Revised by Sir C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A. London: Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. Published by authority. 1857.

THIS portion of the catalogue raisonnée, now being issued by the authorities at the National Gallery, is fairly executed, and will be of the greatest service to those who take the collection for anything better than an idle pastime. The pictures are arranged under the names of the different painters, of whom short but sufficient biographical sketches are given. The history of each picture, the date of its first public exhibition, and its exact measurement, are also given.

In a short preface Mr. Wornum gives a very imperfect history of the national collection itself. It was founded in 1824, during the administration of Lord Liverpool, by the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection of thirty-eight pictures, which comprised nine specimens of the British school. Although Mr. Wornum does not state this fact, the price paid by the nation for these pictures was 57,000*l*. This collection was first exhibited in Mr. Angerstein's house in Pall-mall. Subsequently it was increased by Sir George Beaumont's donation of sixteen pictures; the Rev. Holwell Carr's bequest of thirty-five pictures; King William the Fourth's gift of six pictures;

Colonel Olney's bequest of seventeen pictures; bequests of Mr. Simmons and Lord Farnborough of fourteen and fifteen pictures respectively; and, more lately, the munificent donation of Robert Vernon, Esq., and the bequest of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A. Purchases have also been made, under the direction of Government, with more or less of judgment; and the collection, illustrating the British school alone, now amounts to above three hundred pictures.

It must be clear to everybody that, until the national collection can be properly arranged in one commodious building, it must remain, as it is at present, almost useless for purposes of study. This, however, is a question which Mr. Wornum entirely blinks, and with which indeed, when we consider his official position, we could scarcely expect him to grapple.

## HISTORY.

*The Conquests of British India*. By J. H. STOCQUELER. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1857.

THIS volume looks very like a *réchauffé* of old matter, dished up to suit the exigencies of the times. Mr. Stocquer, however, knows a great deal about India, and his extensive practice as a writer enables him to communicate his knowledge in a familiar style. Within the space of an eighteen-penny volume he has contrived to compress an account of the history, geography, and present condition of India, the best way of getting there and what outfit is necessary, and a brief outline of the origin of the mutiny among the Bengal troops. We entertain no doubt that Mr. Stocquer's volume will be eagerly purchased, and we have no hesitation in saying that, so far as it goes, it is to be relied upon.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memorials of Samuel Gurney*. By Mrs. THOMAS GELDART. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1857. CHANCE is sometimes jocular; and the same humorous hazard which brought about a partnership between Messrs. Flint and Steel, and made Mr. Whippy a saddler, has properly ordained that Messrs. Cash should publish the memorials of the great bill-broker. Having bestowed a smile upon this practical pun of Dame Fortune, let us observe that the life of Samuel Gurney, if impartially written, and with a full knowledge of the subject, would have gone far towards a history of the secret operations of our commerce during the past half-century. In many respects he was a remarkable man, and may certainly be taken as a very favourable type of his class. It has been often observed, that in this age we recognise two aristocracies, that of birth and that of wealth; and so firmly established and deeply rooted in our social system has the latter become, that even the former, jealous as it is of its privileges, inflated as it is with the pride of old prejudices, and supported as it is by ancient laws and time-honoured customs, does not refuse to recognise the Plutocracy as an equal, and occasionally strives to support its own failing strength by means of matrimonial alliances with its heiresses. Of that plutocracy Samuel Gurney was certainly one of the most distinguished peers—nay more, he was a great statesman among his peers. None was better versed than he in the secrets of that commerce of which we are apt to boast that it is our chiefest strength; none knew its power and its weakness better than he; no one could have more philosophically explained (had he chosen to divulge the secrets of the prison-house) how it is that that fair structure of commercial probity, to which we have been accustomed to point with such pride, is now apparently giving way and crumbling to its very foundation. He could have told us, if he would, how the credit system has affected trade; how the creation of paper capital and the substitution of shadow for substance has tended to create a mass of imaginary wealth, which has lured business men into habits of luxury, until, on some sudden stoppage of the commercial wheel, the flimsiness of the whole system has become apparent, and ruin, disgrace, and bankruptcy, have swiftly avenged the outraged laws of common sense. Also he would have explained, very greatly to our edification, how the bill system has been abused and has been the cause of more fraud than forgery itself. All this he could have done, if he would, or a competent and fearless biographer might have



done it for him. But he has not done it; and Mrs. Geldart has not done it for him. Such a work, indeed, was not to be expected either from a lady or "a Friend." Instead of a complete analysis of Samuel Gurney, the bill-broker, and his commercial career, we have a fancy sketch of the benevolent Quaker in the pleasant aspects of his domestic life.

John Gurney, or Gournay, of Norwich, was the grandfather of Samuel Gurney. He was a contemporary of George Fox, and embraced Quakerism at the time of its foundation. His son, also named John, was married, in 1775, to Catherine Bell, the daughter of a London merchant, and descended on the maternal side from Robert Barclay, of Gordonstown, the author of "Truth Cleared of Calumnies," and other celebrated works defending the Society of Friends. Samuel Gurney was born at Earlham Hall, near Norwich, in 1786, and he was the second son and ninth child of a family of eleven. His sister, Mrs. Fry, was six years older than he. Sir Fowell Buxton married another of his sisters.

We pass over the anecdotes of Samuel's early days with which Mrs. Geldart has favoured us; one of the most important of which (and it is related upon his own authority) is that "he used to give sumpence to a half-witted boy on the premises to stand at the further end of the lawn, as a mark for him to shoot at in his favourite practice of archery," a proof that at that early age he knew something about the value of money. At seven years of age he was sent to school, "a matter (says Mrs. Geldart, somewhat enigmatically) of less surprise than regret." After some years spent in a preparatory school at Wandsworth, he was transferred to the care of the Rev. Henry Browne, at Hingham, Norfolk. Samuel did not, however, make much progress in his Latin and Greek; and at the age of fourteen his father removed him from school, and sent him up to London to learn the art of money-getting, under the able tuition of his sister's husband, Mr. Joseph Fry, who was then carrying on the double business of banker and tea-dealer. The following extract from the journal of his niece, Miss Fry, gives some notion of his early aptitude for business:

When at work, he was thoroughly industrious, although no one more enjoyed to break off from it for a drive into the country with my father, or to get up a game at cricket in the fields at Plashet; yet in the evening, on returning to town, he would cheerfully go down after supper into the counting-house and call over the books for an hour or two.

At Plashet, he met with his future wife, Elizabeth the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, of Ham House. The marriage took place in 1808, when Samuel was only twenty-two years old, and the young couple went to reside with the family of the bride. It was about this time also that the great firm of Overend and Gurney was established, with which, in after life, the name of Samuel became so thoroughly identified. The origin of this business is thus explained by Mrs. Geldart. Up to that time there had been nothing in the commercial world at all analogous to the present system of bill-broking. The Norwich Bank, which belonged to the Gurney family, was doing a very extensive business with a certain Mr. Joseph Smith, a member of the Society of Friends, who was then driving a very good trade as a woollen factor in London. This Mr. Smith had a clerk named John Overend, "a north-countryman of great perseverance and considerable acuteness and shrewdness," who, having made very good use of his brains during his period of servitude, had begun to perceive that money might be made by purchasing up bills, and finding commercial men in ready money, as old Trapbois would say, "for a con-sid-e-ra-tion." This canny north-countryman began by making a proposition to his master that he should take him into partnership, and embark in this new line of business. For some reason or other, Mr. Smith refused this offer, and eventually Overend went into partnership with Mr. Thomas Richardson, late principal clerk in the house of Smith, Wright, and Gray. The firm was at first established under the name of Richardson and Overend, and, as of course it had no very extensive capital of its own at command, application was made to the Norwich Bank for assistance in carrying out the projected scheme; in reply to which the Gurneys (much keener than Mr. Joseph Smith in scenting a profit) agreed to furnish the required funds, and sent up one of their confidential clerks to assist in the formation of the business. Shortly afterwards Samuel was inducted into

the business, and continued to be its presiding genius down to the end of his life.

From this time Mrs. Geldart says very little about the firm of Overend and Gurney, but contents herself with assuring us that "the safety and success of that vast establishment was due to his (Samuel Gurney's) firm, clear, bold, business talents." She gives, indeed, a few anecdotes still current in the City; but they are rather illustrative of the man than the bill-broker. The rest of the book is made up of an account of her hero's various public labours, interspersed with slight sketches of his domestic life. Of the inner organisation of the bill-broking business,—that wonderful system of commercial espionage, which puts the broker in possession of every secret fact connected with his customers, she says nothing, and probably knows nothing. The consequence is, that her Samuel Gurney is not the shrewd, bargain-driving plutocrat of Lombard-street, but the genial, charitable Friend of Ham House,—and both characters are true.

There can be no doubt that in his public life Samuel Gurney did much good. Whenever any scheme of benevolence was to be carried out, his purse was ever open. He ably seconded the philanthropic labours of Mrs. Fry and Sir Fowell Buxton; he laboured hard for the suppression of the slave trade and the social elevation of the negroes; his connection with the colony of Liberia, and the princely manner in which he aided that experiment with his money, are well known; finally, his adherence to peace principles was founded upon the finest spirit of universal philanthropy. With all these excellent qualities, however, he was crochety, and, like most of his fellow-sectarians, was fond of setting up his own private judgment against the accepted laws of society. Thus, for example, his objection to capital punishment led him, upon more than one occasion, to fail grievously in his duty to his fellow-men. Mrs. Geldart relates one such fact as if it were creditable to him:

It was discovered that a certain individual had committed forgery on the firm at Lombard-street by which considerable loss was sustained. The culprit was discovered, the guilt clearly proved; and, strictly guarded, the man was conveyed to the house of business for further examination and the decision of the partners. The thoughts of Samuel Gurney, when he retired for solemn consideration of the course to be pursued, may well be imagined. The struggle was great between justice and mercy. The crime was one committed against society—not a personal injury alone; and should it go unpunished? Was it right and just to turn such a man, devoid of principle and conscience, loose on the world again, uncondemned and unrequited? Yet what was the alternative? To prosecute was to sign his death-warrant. He thought, and we may well believe he thought prayerfully, ere he came to the decision that he could not take the wretched man's life. Some hours passed away, and he spurned the thought of the "legal murder" of one who might yet repent and live. One can picture his stately form, one seems to hear his firm step, as he advanced to the room where the culprit awaited his doom. "We have thee under our power," were Mr. Gurney's words, as he bent his scrutinising look on the man. "By the law we must hang thee, but we will not do that; so"—opening the private door—"be off to the Continent, and beware of ever returning."

It will be observed that in this case Mr. Gurney not only took it upon himself to set at nought the law of England upon his own responsibility, but he most selfishly concluded that, by removing the scene of the malefactor's operations to a safe distance from Lombard-street, he had fulfilled every duty to humanity. "Be off to the Continent," meant simply this—"Go and forge as much as thou likest at Paris or Vienna, but make no more inroads upon our till." On another occasion, having satisfied himself that a silversmith, who was accused of forgery, was innocent of the crime which was laid to his charge, Mr. Gurney took a very extraordinary way of showing his opinion,—by presenting himself at the dock, side by side with the prisoner, and thus affording him his countenance during the whole of the trial. We take this fact upon the authority of Mrs. Geldart, and of her informant "an eminent London merchant;" but we should feel more satisfied if we knew the name of the judge who permitted such a flagrant and impudent attempt to impose upon public justice.

Mrs. Geldart (as is the invariable custom of memoir writers) seems to present it as an extraordinary fact that her hero could unbend from his graver avocations to the mild pleasures of domestic life: whereas the real wonder would be if he did not. "Little," says she, "did some

of the City men with whom he had so lately mingled imagine how anxious was Samuel Gurney to fulfil his home engagements,—the promised walk in winter with his dear girls before the dinner hour, or to join them in the survey of garden and park in the pleasant spring season."

We see him at the end of a long dining-table at Ham House, smiling brightly around, and, after seating his various guests, retaining one little fair-haired daughter by his side, and giving her the honour of cutting the tart or preparing the fruit. This same daughter, being his own special messenger, was always rewarded with sundry pence, and partaking so far of her parent's business turn of mind as actually to keep a bill against him with many curious items—how great a contrast to the Lombard-street bills over which the same eye had run an hour or two before!

Reading thirty pages, at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ....	s. d.
Peeling an apple .....	1 3
Lighting a fire .....	0 1
	&c.

The notion of putting a money value upon the services of a "fair-haired" cherub is characteristic; but Samuel had a good Lombard-street opinion that the *quid* must always be given for the *quo* in this business-like world. One of his clerks has supplied Mrs. Geldart with the following anecdote, which may be taken as an illustration of this:

One afternoon, as Mr. Gurney was leaving Lombard-street, I saw him taking up a large hamper of game, to carry to his carriage. I immediately came forward and took it from him. He looked pleased, and in his powerful and hearty voice exclaimed, "Dost thou know H——'s, in Leadenhall-market?" I replied in the affirmative. "Then go there, and order thyself a right down good turkey, and put it down to my account."

Towards the latter end of 1855 Mr. Gurney's health began to fail him, and he was ordered by his physicians to travel abroad. From that time he relieved himself from the cares of business, and finally he died at Paris on the 5th of June 1856, having accomplished the full tale of three score years and ten.

It was our fortune to behold Samuel Gurney upon some three or four occasions, and one of these is deeply impressed upon our memory. We had entered the turtle-famed shop of Mr. Birch, of Cornhill, and were about to mount into the upper story, when we discerned through the gloom the figure of a member of the Society of Friends slowly descending the narrow staircase, which he entirely filled with his portly breadth. As we patiently awaited the opportunity to advance, we presently became aware that the obstacle in question was no less a personage than the great Samuel Gurney, the Lombard-street bill-broker. Slowly continuing to descend with heavy footfall, the magnate of the money-market surveyed us blandly from beneath his brim of ample breadth, and as he accomplished the last step he uttered this oracle: "Ah! friend; when thou art my age thou too may'st take a long time in coming down these stairs." And, so saying, he moved away with the dignity of an argosy whose sails were broadcloth, and whose freight was of solid gold. If Mrs. Geldart should take a fancy to this anecdote, she is heartily welcome to it for her second edition. It is quite as significant as many which she has already given in her book.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THERE is no book in the Bible, perhaps, that has given rise to more controversy than the "Song of Solomon." Some have wished to exclude it altogether from the canon of Scripture, looking upon it merely as an Eastern love-song of rather too voluptuous a character. The Jews, however, accepted it; and some of the Rabbins, in their way, treated it as an allegorical work, shadowing forth the fortunes and misfortunes of the Jewish nation. The more philosophical among them maintained that it represents "the union of the receptive or material intellect with the active intellect." The early Christian Fathers, for the most part, interpreted it as allegorical and typical of the intimate union between Christ and his Church. This last is the view of it that has generally prevailed among Protestants; but it presents so many difficulties that some contend we must leave allegory altogether out of the question, and be content with a literal interpretation—whatever that may be. Of this number is the author of the following:—*The Song of Songs: translated from the original Hebrew, with a Commen-*

*tary, Historical and Critical.* By CHRISTIAN D. GINSBURG (London: Longmans.)—In a copious introduction the writer enumerates and examines the many and varying theories of preceding commentators, out of which he selects the following as that to which he is himself content to subscribe: "It is here maintained," he says, "that upon careful examination it will be found to record an example of virtue in a young woman who encountered and conquered the greatest temptations, and was eventually rewarded. This young female, who was very beautiful, lived at Shulem with her widowed mother and several brothers, who were farmers or shepherds." The latter were very proud of their sister, and took her under their especial protection. Without consulting them, however, she fell in love with, and espoused herself to, a graceful shepherd youth. One morning in the spring, this youth invited her to go with him into the fields; but the brothers overhearing it, and careful of her reputation, sent her to take care of the vineyards. Consequently, she had now but few opportunities of meeting her beloved. At this crisis King Solomon, who happened to visit that neighbourhood, caught a sight of her and was immediately allured by her charms. She was conducted to the royal tent, and the King sought by every means to win her affections, being aided in his design by the flatteries and artifices of the ladies of his court. All, however, was to no effect. In vain also was she taken to Jerusalem itself, lodged in the King's palace, and surrounded with all the luxury and splendour usually supposed to render life happy. "The King even promised to elevate her to the highest rank, and to raise her above all his concubines and queens, if she would comply with his wishes; but, faithful to her espousals, she refused all his overtures, on the plea that her affections were engaged to another." Upon this the King, seeing all his endeavours to be fruitless, and scorning (it may be presumed) to use force, permits the shepherd damsel to return to her native place, which she does in company with her beloved, who had contrived to track her to Jerusalem. "On their way home they visited the tree under which they had first met, and there renewed their vows of fidelity to each other. On her arrival in safety at her home, her brothers rewarded her greatly for her virtuous conduct." Such is briefly the explanation given of this portion of Scripture by Mr. Ginsburg. In propounding it, he lays no claim to the merit of originality. Several German writers, as Hirzel, Meier, Hitzig, and others, had previously set it forth. The present writer only adopts and defends it. The lesson it teaches is, he contends, one in every way worthy of Divine inspiration, and which, although to be received primarily in its literal acceptance, may likewise have a spiritual meaning—as thus: "The Shulamite, espoused to her shepherd, is tempted by a mighty potentate with riches and pleasures to transfer her affections; but, strengthened by the power of Divine love, she resists all temptations, remains faithful to her beloved, and is ultimately rewarded. The people of God, espoused to 'the Shepherd and Bishop of their Souls,' are tempted by the prince of this world to forsake their Lord, but, strengthened by grace divine, they resist all allurements, and eventually receive the crown of glory." As to the age and authorship of the "Song of Songs," Mr. Ginsburg is decidedly of opinion that it was not written by Solomon, but by some one who lived during his reign or immediately afterwards, and who was acquainted by actual experience with the royal court, the horses of Pharaoh, the tower of David, the tower of Solomon, the pools of Heshbon, and other circumstances and localities introduced into the poem. We cannot conclude without expressing our sense of the complete and scholarlike manner in which Mr. Ginsburg has executed his task, both as translator and commentator.

*Revision of the Authorised Version: The English Bible, and our duty with regard to it. With an Appendix, containing a Concordance of the most important terms in the New Testament compared with the original Greek, adapted to the English reader.* By PHILAETHES. (Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.)—The revision question has found a powerful supporter in Philaethes, who shows not only the reasonableness, but the absolute duty incumbent upon us, of making such a revision of our English Bible as will bring it up to the standard of our present scholarship. Who shall say that we do not in our time possess a greater share of learning, both in Greek and Hebrew, than the revisers of 1611? And shall the bulk

of the nation be deprived of the benefits of that learning? Or, at best, are we to be left to the tender mercies of the pulpit—to such chance emendations as the preacher may sometimes condescend to dole out to us? That preacher, too, himself often a man of inferior ability, not qualified to decide whether a newly-suggested rendering be for the better or the worse! Of the opponents of revision Philaethes remarks: "Had these obstructive counsels prevailed heretofore, we should now have been reading a version of a Latin translation of the Greek Testament and Septuagint." In a similar spirit to that of some writers at the present day, Saint Augustine sought to discourage Jerome from prosecuting his version from the Hebrew; but Jerome manfully persevered in his noble but hazardous work. "His detractors affirmed that he wished to flout the LXX. by making new currency in lieu of the old, judging, says he, of intellect as of wine; while he protested that he did but make an offering to the best of his power in the tabernacle of God. In every book he is obliged to defend himself against the railing of his adversaries; yet he declares, with the help of Christ, he will never be silent." In spite of detraction, and in spite of opposition, whether from open foes or lukewarm friends, he continued his work, and before his death had the satisfaction to find it almost universally accepted. "A revision of the English Bible," says Philaethes, which should remove all unnecessary difficulties, correct such errors as have been pointed out, and put the English reader, as far as can be, in possession of the very words of the inspired writers, and which should do this without impairing the beauty of the English Bible, would be a glorious work. It is marvellous that in a Protestant, a Bible-loving, Bible-diffusing country, such a work needs to be defended. It is natural, doubtless, that men who are not familiar with the processes and results of criticism should feel alarm about operations of which they know nothing, carried on by persons in whom they have no confidence. But that those who ought to be better informed should denounce all attempts to make the people's Bible a more perfect substitute for the original, seems quite unaccountable. I would earnestly call upon them to consider the question solemnly as one of positive duty." We heartily concur in this appeal to all whom it may concern to show themselves Christians worthy of the present age, instead of rivalling the monk of the fifteenth century, "who told his hearers that two new languages, Hebrew and Greek, had been invented, and that every one who learned them became either a Jew or a Pagan."

*Of the Light of Nature: a Discourse,* by NATHANIEL CULVERWEL, M.A. Edited by JOHN BROWN, D.D., Edinburgh. *With a Critical Essay on the Discourse,* by JOHN CAIRNS, M.A. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.—Dr. Brown in republishing this discourse has disinterred a rare treasure. Of the author scarcely anything is known, further than that he was a Puritan divine and scholar, of the former half of the seventeenth century; born of a family of preachers; educated at Cambridge, where he became a pensioner of Emmanuel College in 1633, a B.A. in 1636, and M.A. in 1640; he afterwards became a fellow of the same college, and died at a comparatively early age in 1651 or 1652. The work before us was written in 1646, but not published until after his death in 1652, when it was edited, together with some other works of the writer, by his friend Dr. William Dillingham. There was another edition in 1654, a third in 1661, and a fourth in 1669. From that time to the present day the work has strangely lain unnoticed by all those writers within whose province it might reasonably have been supposed to come. There is no word about it either in Baxter, or Fuller, or Calamy, or Doddridge, or Brook, or Bogue and Bennett, or Dugald Stewart, or Sir James Mackintosh, or Hallam. Not even in any biographical dictionary that the present editor has consulted, does the author's name occur. The Rev. Henry More, in his work called the "Evangelist," is the only writer of our time, besides the present editor, that has taken notice of this remarkable work. "The causes," says Dr. Brown, "why a book so instinct with literary life—a book which, if the world were but aware of its worth, they certainly would 'not willingly let die'—should have run so obvious a risk of being forgotten, are not, however, far to seek. There was but little taste for such disquisitions among the body of theologians

with whom Culverwel's Calvinism, Puritanism, and deep spiritual religion connected him. Among the great men of that party, I do not know of more than Howe, and perhaps Bates, who could completely sympathise with him. Among their *Dii Minorum Gentium*, I can think only of Trueman, and still more of Shaw (whose *Immanuel* breathes a spirit very like John Smith's, only more thoroughly baptised into the name of Christ), as men who would have found in Culverwel's peculiarities a recommendation of his writings." The nature of the work may in some slight degree be explained in the words of the original editor thus:—"The design of the Discourse of the Light of Nature was, on the one hand, to vindicate the use of reason in matters of religion from the aspersions and prejudices of some weaker ones in those times, who, having entertained erroneous opinions, which they were no way able to defend, were taught by their more cunning seducers to wink hard, and except against all offensive weapons; so, on the other hand, to chastise the sauciness of Socinus and his followers, who dare set Hagar above her mistress, and make faith wait at the elbow of corrupt and distorted reason—to 'take off the head of that uncircumcised Philistine with his own sword,' but better sharpened, and then to lay it up behind the ephod in the sanctuary." The reader who wishes to know more of this "Discourse" will do well to peruse the admirable critical essay upon it by Mr. Cairns, when he will, perhaps, be induced to read the "Discourse" itself.

*Geology and Genesis; or, the Two Teachings Contrasted.* By "C." To which is appended the *Controversy between Dr. Baylee and "C."* on the *Harmony between Genesis and Geology.* (London: Whittaker and Co.)—It has always appeared to us to be a great error in writers on geology to mix up theological discussion with scientific inquiry. Why cannot they leave the Bible alone, and reason upon scientific facts alone? Some of them will answer us, perhaps, that they are not in fault—that they are not the attacking party, but the attacked—and that it behoves them to stand upon the defensive. This is to a great extent true; but we still think that it would be a great deal better, and certainly more dignified, to decline the combat with religious bigotry. Sensible theologians, we believe, now generally agree that the Mosaic narrative of the cosmogony cannot be received as *literally* true—that the days in the first chapter of Genesis, for instance, are not to be interpreted *literally* as meaning our day of twenty-four hours' duration. Geology has long ago set that matter at rest. Even the Archbishop of Canterbury has said that "the expressions of Moses are evidently accommodated to the first and familiar notions derived from the sensible appearance of the earth and heavens;" also, that "no rational theologian will direct his hostility against any theory which, acknowledging the agency of the Creator, only attempts to point out the secondary instruments he has employed." Dr. Baylee, however, goes for nothing less than the literal and ordinary acceptance of the Mosaic days, as indeed might be expected from one who believes in the verbal inspiration of the entire Bible. He is at issue, therefore, not only with "C.," but with our venerable primate and other most esteemed theologians of our time. In the present discussion, we must say that each of the champions has borne himself rather haughtily. Consequently, we are not at all surprised at its unfriendly issue.

*Lithographs representing Photographs of the "Church of the Firstborn," as uncovered by the "Sun of Righteousness" to St. John in the Island of Patmos, that he might show to the "Children of Light" Things which must shortly come to pass on the Opening of the Seals of the Covenant, &c.* By HENRY LILLEY SMITH, Surgeon, Southam. (London: Longmans.)—This is a folio work, of which only the first number has yet appeared, the production of a benevolent enthusiast, who thinks that he has found arguments in the Apocalypse in favour of "self-supporting dispensaries and hospitals." All we can say of it is, that his interpretations of the Seven Seals are quite as rational as others that have come before us, and far more charitable.

The subject of the Indian mutinies and massacres has called forth a little tract, entitled *What can we do for our Fellow-Subjects in India?* By the Rev. W. H. RIDLEY, M.A. (London: Mozleys.)—To this question the writer, after dwelling upon the fearful disasters that have

taken  
and the  
station-  
fellow-  
to reli-  
trymen  
and m  
tion S  
view  
bless  
"speci  
much  
else ju  
a long  
assassi  
  
The N  
in W  
Lon  
BETW  
river l  
explor  
sufficie  
than a  
Conc  
as wel  
the ter  
acquai  
has bee  
stores  
rative  
engrav  
plate a  
read w  
will pr  
by ext  
and o  
tents b  
Amo  
  
Whil  
what w  
covered  
of these  
the mo  
which,  
air, and  
On tur  
small c  
comple  
mummy  
two chi  
and oth  
ments,  
This m  
nearly  
ward it  
discove  
where i  
quidnu  
tations  
Americ  
ing bo  
that th  
with pi  
the ma  
ated, a  
always  
and thi  
summe  
very pu  
where i  
dries.  
Indians  
knew o  
did, th  
preserv  
abound  
petrifa  
of grea  
mains  
young  
by his  
buried  
when i  
and on  
perfect  
that sp  
wizeme  
puzzled  
This  
  
The  
in the  
along  
feet, h  
can re  
jerk, a  
cess is  
are pic  
canoe.



taken place, the murder of our fellow-subjects, and the destruction of the different mission stations, replies as follows:—"We can help our fellow-subjects in India, first, by sending gifts to relieve the necessities of our suffering countrymen; and, secondly, by contributing prayers and money to the special fund (of the Propagation Society), which has been opened with the view of teaching these blinded savages the blessed truths of the Gospel of Love." This "special fund" will scarcely, we think, meet with much favour at present. There is something else just now uppermost in men's minds, namely, a longing for just vengeance upon the dastardly assassins of our women and children.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*The North West Coast: or, Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory.* By JAMES G. SWAN. London: Low and Son.

BETWEEN the Straits of Fuca and the Columbia river lies a coast which has never attracted the explorers and navigators of the North-west sufficiently to induce them to give to it more than a passing remark.

Conceiving that this would now be interesting as well as useful, the author, who has lived in the territory for a long time, and is intimately acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, has been induced to give to the world the ample stores of information he thus acquired. His narrative is copious and plentifully illustrated with engravings. It is a book which all who contemplate a journey through the region described will read with eagerness; to the general reader it will probably appear more interesting, exhibited by extracts, than it will be found on perusal, and only by extract can its miscellaneous contents be introduced to the public.

Among other curiosities he found

#### AN INDIAN MUMMY.

While thus engaged, we attempted to clamber over what we supposed to be a small mound, which was covered with wild currant bushes. As we took hold of these to aid us, they gave way, and we discovered the mound to be an old canoe of large dimensions, which, years before, had fallen from its perch in the air, and had been overgrown by moss and bushes. On turning the canoe over, we discovered under it a small canoe containing the body of an Indian in a complete state of preservation. It looked like a dried mummy. In the canoe, also, were the skeletons of two children, and a lot of beads, brass wrist-rings, and other trinkets. We took out some of the ornaments, and covered the whole up as we had found it. This mummy was afterward visited by every man nearly in the Bay, and several months or a year afterward it was boxed up by Russell, who claimed to have discovered it, and shipped by him to San Francisco, where it excited the wonder and admiration of the quidnuncs, and learned opinions and lengthy dissertations were delivered to show that the North American Indians understood the process of embalming bodies; and one writer went so far as to assert that the veins of this specimen had been injected with pitch. Now, my own opinion is simply this: the man, at the time of his death, was much emaciated, and being placed in a current of pure air, that is always fresh at Stony Point, had simply dried up; and this opinion is based on the fact that, during the summer months, all along the Pacific coast the air is very pure and dry. Meat, when placed in the open air where there is a good circulation, does not putrify, but dries. I have also made diligent inquiry among the Indians, who have invariably assured me that they knew of no preserving process, and they thought as I did, that the body had dried. There is a peculiarly preservative quality in the land round the Bay. It abounds in silex, which is held in solution, forming petrifications of various kinds. Agates and corallians of great beauty are common, and many fossil remains are to be met with. Some time after this, a young Indian died near my residence, and was placed by his relatives in a large camphor-wood chest, and buried in the sand, where the body remained one year, when it was taken up to be reburied across the Bay, and on opening the chest, the corpse was found as perfect as the day it was buried. Now, if I had sent that specimen to San Francisco without comment, the wise men and philosophers would have been as badly puzzled as they were by the mummy.

This is a

#### NOVEL MODE OF FISHING.

The turbot and flounders are caught while wading in the water by means of the "cet." The Indian wades along slowly, and, as soon as he feels a fish with his feet, he steps quickly on it and holds it firmly till he can reach hold of it with his hand, when he gives it a jerk, and away it flies far into the flats. This process is repeated till enough fish are caught, when they are picked up, put in a basket, and carried to the canoe. The turbot are much like the English turbot,

but smaller; the largest I have ever seen weighed twenty pounds. The flounders are similar to those of the Atlantic at New York or Boston. They are easily taken by this method of the Indians, as their rough backs prevent them slipping from under the feet. The catching affords a deal of fun, as usually quite a number are engaged in the sport, and their splashing, slipping, screaming, and laughing make a lively time. These fish, like all the fish in the Bay, are very fine and well flavoured.

Here is the

#### VEGETATION OF SHOAL-WATER BAY.

Vegetation starts very early and grows rapidly. A variety of roots and plants are eaten. The stalks of the cow-parsnip and the wild celery are eaten raw. The outer skin is first peeled off, and the tender and aromatic vegetable forms a very grateful addition to the dried salmon eggs which are now brought on for food. The leaves of the yellow dock are boiled, then bruised up into a pulp, and eaten with sugar or molasses, if they can be obtained, or else with oil. The root of the common skunk cabbage, after being boiled and partially deprived of its acrid properties, is eaten with avidity; but I was never very partial to the dish. The most pleasant, cooling, and healthy vegetable is the sprout of the wild raspberry (*Rubus spectabilis*). This shoots up with great rapidity, seeming to grow as fast as asparagus. These sprouts are collected in bundles and brought into the lodge, where they are denuded of their tough outer skin, and the centre is as crisp and tender as a cucumber, and, being slightly acid, is delicious. They are slightly astringent; and as the herring begin to make their appearance at the same time, and, from their oily nature and the immoderate manner in which the Indians eat them, are apt to produce disorders of the bowels, the sprouts, being freely eaten at the same time, counteract the effect. So with the berry of this plant, which is ripe in June, when the salmon begin to be taken in the Columbia. This fruit, which is called the salmon-berry, and is found in the greatest abundance, is also beneficial to counteract any ill effects that might be occasioned by inordinate eating of the rich salmon. There is also another variety of the raspberry (*Rubus odoratus*); but its fruit is inferior, and of but little account. Its blossoms differ from those east of the Rocky Mountains, being white instead of pink. Among the different roots eaten by the Indians in the Bay are three varieties of fern, which are cooked by baking. The root of the common cat-tail flag is eaten raw, and I found it, sliced with vinegar, very palatable. Small roots resembling snake-root in appearance, but without flavour, when cooked by boiling are dry and mealy, and are eaten with oil. The root of a species of rush, found on the sea-shore, of the size of a walnut, is eaten either raw or baked; its taste raw is similar to the Jerusalem artichokes, and baked resembles a mealy potato. There is also a plant of the *Mesembryanthemum* species, with a root like a yam, which, baked or boiled, is excellent. This also is found on the sea-side, in the sand near the beach. As the season advances and the fruits ripen, great quantities are used as food, to the exclusion of fish and meats. The dry, mealy berries of the *Arbutus uva ursi*, or bear-berry, are bruised and eaten with oil, and the dried leaves, called *quer-lo-e-chintli*, are smoked like tobacco. The salmon-berry just mentioned is the first fruit ripe, and is soon followed by strawberries, great quantities of which are found in the plains of the peninsula, and in all the prairie lands on or near the coast. Then comes the whortleberry, blueberry, and a beautiful coral-red berry like a currant, called red whortleberry, but of a different character. This fruit tastes like and resembles the common red currant, and I think, by cultivation, it would make not only a beautiful and ornamental shrub, but the quantity and quality of the fruit would be improved. Blackberries, gooseberries, and wild black currants next follow, and then comes the sallal (*Gaultheria shallon*). This beautiful evergreen shrub may be found varying in height from two feet to ten. The leaf is a dark green, like the laurel; the bark on the smaller limbs and twigs is red, or of a reddish-brown. The flowers are in clusters, like the currant, having from fourteen to twenty-one on one stem. The fruit, when ripe, is a very dark purple, almost black, rough on the outside, very juicy, and of a sweetish, slightly acid taste, and of the size of large buck-shot. It is excellent cooked in any form, and is dried by the Indians, and pressed into cakes containing some five or six pounds, which are covered with leaves and rushes, so as to exclude the air, and then put away in a dry place for winter's use. This plant continues to blossom till late in December in certain localities, although it has but one crop, which is ripe in August. The wild crab-apple also grows in abundance, and is eaten by the Indians after being simply boiled. These apples are very small, of an oval shape, with a long stem, and grow in clusters of from six to ten. The cranberry, which is very plentiful, and forms quite an article of traffic between the whites and Indians, is next in season, and is followed by a species of whortleberry, called by the Indians shot-berries, which last till December, when the rains beat the fruit off the bushes. The berries grow in clusters, and resemble the prim. The leaf is small, of oval shape, with finely-serrated edges. It is also an excellent berry, and, if kept dry

and cool, can be preserved fresh for several months. It is, however, usually dried by the Indians, and eaten early in the spring, before the other berries begin to ripen.

#### INDIAN COOKERY.

Their method of cooking is by simply roasting or boiling. This latter process was formerly done in baskets by means of hot stones. The article, whether fish or flesh, was put in the basket, then covered with water, and a supply of hot stones kept up till the whole was cooked. I have seen them perform this process, as they fancy their salmon tastes better when cooked this way. The stones, when taken from the fire red hot, were first dipped in water to remove any dirt or ashes, then thrown into the basket, and soon the water would boil violently. I never perceived that any improvement to the flavour of either fish or meat was gained by this style, and much prefer our own custom of boiling victuals in an iron vessel over the fire. The roasting process is the same as that described at Chenook. Bread is made of flour and water without salt, baked in thin cakes in the ashes. When hot it is very good, but rather tough when cold. Most of them can make good bread when they feel like it, and some are able to make good cake and pies. These accomplishments have been learned from the white women they have occasionally met with.

Mr. Swan speaks warmly of the

#### CHARACTER OF THE INDIANS.

In their domestic relations they seem very fond of each other, and the parents seem devotedly affectionate to their children. I have never known of an instance, during their wildest drunken freaks of fury or rage, where one of their own children was hurt or badly treated, although at such times they are very apt to treat their slaves with barbarity.

#### INDIAN CUSTOMS.

Their method of reception and salutation, even of their own relatives, is singular, and I have often been amused to witness it. I have seen instances where they were expecting friends they had not seen for a long time. As the time approached, they would be careful to collect as much food as they could, to give their friends a kind reception, and some one or other was kept constantly on the watch for the expected canoe. The weather, the wind, the state of the tide, all were discussed, as to the probable effect each would have to hasten or retard the coming of their friends. At length a canoe is seen in the distance. Can it be they? No, that is not like their sail; it perhaps they have got another. Yes, it must be; it is they. All now is glee, and the canoe comes up the creek, and nears the shore. Instead of rushing into each other's arms with congratulations and embraces, not a soul advances to greet them. All have gone into the lodge, and each one, at his accustomed place, appears as calm, and is pursuing his avocations as if they never dreamed of any one approaching them. The party in the canoe then come ashore, leaving all their travelling equipage in charge of a slave or two, apparently for the purpose of first ascertaining if their visit is welcome. They all then enter the lodge, and seat themselves around the fire and near the door. No one takes the slightest notice of them, nor is a word spoken. I have thus seen them sit for ten minutes. At last a few guttural words from the visitors are answered by a grunt from the others. Other clucking sounds are then heard, and gradually they begin to talk, but not much. Food is now set before them, and, while they eat, they begin to grow social, and at length they throw off all restraint, and gabble like so many geese.

### FICTION.

#### THE NEW NOVELS.

*The Squire of Beechwood: a True Tale.* By "Scrutator." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Kiana: a Tradition of Hawaii.* By JAMES J. JARVER, Author of "Parisian Sights," &c. London: Low and Son.

"SCRUTATOR" is the *nom de plume* of a gentleman well known to the world of sportsmen as an authority in hunting. "Scrutator" is, we observe, a prominent and popular contributor to the journal which has become the organ of the country gentlemen of the United Kingdom—*The Field*. There he is weekly discoursing in the tone and manner of a gentleman on hunting and the management of hounds, where it will be seen at a glance to what social rank he belongs.

*The Squire of Beechwood* is said to be a picture of life—if not copied from nature, at least a sketch after nature. The author has mingled with the society he depicts—is, in fact, a member of it; and he reflects faithfully its virtues and vices, its intelligence and its prejudices. The principal fault we have to find with it is its Lawyer-phobia, which really amounts to a monomania. "Scrutator" sets to the account of the Attorney every defect of the law; and

even the enforcement by law of just claims against those who would evade them is always spoken of as if it were an offence against humanity. A debtor is a person to be pitied; a creditor is a person to be abused, hated, and despised. We must protest against this, even when appearing in the pages of a fiction; for its tendency is to foster a feeling that debt is venial, and to blind young and thoughtless persons to the fact that substantially there is very little difference between picking a man's pocket of his purse and taking his property knowing that it cannot be paid for, excepting only that the latter is the greater error in morals, though not as yet made punishable as such by the law. In like manner "Scrutator" inveighs against imprisonment for debt. But how would he punish a man who takes the property of his neighbour—in plain terms, robs him of it? Seize his goods, it will be said. But how if he has none? Is he to go unpunished? That would be to encourage frauds. If imprisonment for debt is abolished, some punishment must be substituted for the offence of taking up goods without having the means to pay for them; that must be made penal, and nothing short of imprisonment could be imposed. "Scrutator" calls a creditor a malignant adversary. Well, has not a man who has been robbed a right to feel anger towards the thief? "Why," he asks, "should a man, who has committed no crime whatever, be doomed to a felon's fate?" There it is; "Scrutator" does not look upon debt as a wrong; he cannot see that to deprive me of my goods is any crime whatever. It is, we say, a prejudice of his class, arising from want of reflection upon the true nature of things; and with his great ability we regret to find him rather flattering a prejudice which he should have helped to dissipate.

Apart from this, we have little fault to find with *The Squire of Beechwood*, while there is much to praise. The plot wants ingenuity of construction—it consists too much of isolated scenes; but the characters are well conceived and sustained. The author is acquainted with life, and has a happy knack of telling a story briskly, so that the work never flags. Sportsmen are drawn with admirable truth. It will be popular at the libraries.

*Kiana* is a story the scene of which is laid in the Sandwich Islands, with which Mr. Jarves appears to be intimately acquainted. It is founded on a tradition that, many years ago, a white priest arrived there with an idol. Mr. Jarves wrecks there one of the vessels that accompanied Cortes, destroying all the crew except Juan the captain, Beatrice his sister, Olonodo a priest, a Mexican, and some seamen. Their adventures among the natives are the subject of the story, which has, among other incidents, a love passage between the priest and the young lady, but in which duty prevails, and the priest, though far out of reach of human law, prefers the vow he has made to the Church to his natural inclination to matrimony. There is a great variety of incident, much novelty of scenery and character, and generally an air of freshness about it, that makes it a welcome relief from the oftentimes repeated plots and personages of which nine-tenths of our home fictions are made up.

*The Quadroon; or, Adventures in the Far West.* By Captain MAYNE REID. London: Brown and Co.

*The White Chief: a Legend of Northern Mexico.* By the same.

Captain REID makes good use of his popularity. His tales follow in quick succession, and we believe that each new one finds a still extended circle of readers. Here are two making their appearance together. *The Quadroon* will not be less a favourite than its predecessors. It is a story of slavery, and it reproduces many of the incidents to which Mrs. Stowe has given such thrilling interest. Although *The Quadroon* would never have been written had not "Uncle Tom" suggested it, yet it must be said that the author has introduced many incidents of his own invention, and that, with those of which the suggestion was given by Mrs. Stowe, he has so moulded and blended them in a story of exceeding interest, that they will not weary by the repetition.

*The White Chief* is instructive, for it is a graphic picture of Mexico and its people, to which the tale is accessory.

*Ethel Churchill*, a very beautiful novel, by L. E. L. (the unfortunate poetess, Miss Landon), has been added to the "Parlour Library."

*The Robber Chieftain, a Tale of Dublin Castle* (Dublin: Duffy), is a clever romance, by an anonymous pen, in a cheap form.

*Four Phases of Love*—by Paul Keyse; translated by C. H. Kingsley (Routledge)—are four tales, entitled "Eye-blindness and Soul-blindness;" "La Rabbia;" "Marion;" and "By the Banks of the Tiber." They are written with the charming simplicity that distinguishes German fiction. The translation is close and the moral is excellent.

*The Highlanders of Glenbra*, by James Grant (Brown and Co.), is a novel by the author of "The Romance of War." We must confess that we do not like Mr. Grant's stories or style. But he can invent thrilling incidents and bring up a romance to circulating library pitch; and, therefore, this one is likely to be more popular than praised or praiseworthy.

*Walter Colyton; a Tale of 1688.* By Horace Smith (Knight and Son) was much read and applauded when first published some twenty years ago. It is an historical romance of the Scott school: its fault being, to critical eyes, its too servile imitation of the manner of the author of "Waverley." But readers, especially of our day, will not care much for that, provided that they have an interesting story, pleasantly written; and certainly *Walter Colyton* has these recommendations. In its present cheap form it will command a more extensive patronage than in its former shape of three volumes.

A new issue has been made of Col. Mayne Reid's admirable tale, *The Rifle Rangers*, which has already delighted, and instructed too, so many thousands of our youth.

In like manner the still more famous *Scalp Hunters* of the same author has reappeared in a handsome dress, with illustrations, to attract new readers.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Leonilda: a Roman Romance of the Sixteenth Century.* By FELIX MELDRED. London: Mitchell.

If we were asked to point out the most perfect poem of the year, we should not be far wrong if we said *Leonilda*. This is saying a good deal, for the poet is new to us, and we believe new to the literary world under the present name. Scraps of poetry we could find elsewhere more brilliant than any brief passage in this volume. In *Leonilda* there is undoubted fervour, but no blinding flashes such as make the name of Alexander Smith famous. But for the steady persistent evolution, and what we may strictly term the equalisation, of a narrative poem, we should not think of comparing Smith with Meldred. The latter has stronger powers of combination than the former. He has moreover, though in a much less degree, what Coleridge perceived in Shakspeare's poems, namely, the power of making others feel, "by force of contemplation," a subject no way connected with the poet's personality. There has been evident care, pleasure, and even enthusiasm, in the composition of *Leonilda*.

The author's preface is instructive, as showing how the poem grew into completeness, ripened under the blue skies of Rome. It is not all fruit which attains its full growth, which becomes mellow and luscious, even under the advantage of fostering sunshine; but *Leonilda* grew, though Felix Meldred beheld "warnings" in the continual failings of others. The confessional tone of this preface is quite charming, because it is manly. It is neither the usual preface of saucy self-sufficiency, nor the cravenly humility which consists in licking dust from off the shoes of reviewers. Felix Meldred could not produce, at least to his own satisfaction, pictures with the pencil or the brush. "Why," said he, as he was strolling in a beautiful garden in Rome, "should not a man deliberately sit down before an object, and endeavour to give the tone, form, and sentiment of that object, as well with the parts of speech as with the parts of colour?" And so the young poet began with the "stump of a tree," and other forms equally humble, and found in his simplicity—but then what a truthful simplicity it was—that there are many beautiful objects which professional poets altogether scorn. How natural was Felix then! He had not yet known the grand ideas of grand poets. He supposed that the colossal brain of the bard who stirred all the poetic atmosphere as with a thunderstorm when he produced in one thousand stanzas his "Blissful

Bulwarks of the Blazing Stars," could descend even to the contemplation of a vulgar overgrown sun-flower! He imagined that such a brain would not disdain to produce an elegy on a cow, even though it had been for years patronising the "Milky Way." But Felix Meldred thought naturally enough, and we think so too, that in the poetic world "many a beautiful pebble is passed over by the hunters for gems." The fact is that many a modern poet is like the man who does the tragic business at a country fair; he is always calling for some terrific shape, such as

The rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;

for his courage is immense. His "firm nerves" never tremble, for he is not sufficiently manly to know fear; and so, leaving the simple and truly beautiful objects which cluster thick about his feet, he rushes unappalled into the contemplation of what he calls "a grand theme." Felix Meldred had no such dangerous ambition at first, and we venture to say that he is by far too sensible a man to have it now. From his "stump of a tree," a mere process of word-painting, he found that objects suggested reflections; and then at length, from an old manuscript very clearly written in good Italian, and containing the germ of *Leonilda*, sprung up a living poem! "And here," says the poet, "my literary troubles began; and here, too, commenced my literary pleasures. I was living in the country where the events of my song occurred; the same sky—the same city—the same people—the same nature—the same art, around me. Like most who write verses, I often contemplated burning everything I had written; and, like most who write verses, did not do so. It is difficult to be wise with one's own vanity." The use of this word "vanity" is the only scrap of affectation which Felix Meldred has committed; but it is a very trifling offence. In presenting a few extracts, we shall not follow the thread of the narrative, because to do so would be to anticipate the pleasure of many readers.

*Leonilda* opens with a freedom and richness of fancy which at once arrests the attention of the reader, and places him on the easiest familiarity with the poet. Not that there is anything really new in the two first stanzas; but you catch the spirit of the poem, because, without preamble or flourish, the pen of the artist is at once and earnestly busy in delineating.

'Twas a broad garden of Italia's South,  
Where human hands had guided Nature's will  
Into green fancies—where from stony mouth  
Of grotesque fountain, in the noonday still  
Of sunlight, you might hear cool waters till  
They charm'd the faintness from your brow away;  
Fretting the silence which they could not fill,  
With the low babble of a glittering spray  
That start'd with living gems the blue, o'er-hanging day.

About this garden scene were clust'ring trees,  
Prisoning a pleasant twilight in the grove  
That vista'd into gloom, 'neath leafy frieze,  
Entangling like a Gothic arch above.  
No human step could here be heard to move;  
The mossy pathway muffled wand'ring feet—  
The busy winds grew mute as maiden's love,  
Or fear'd to breathe in such a calm retreat,  
Where you might think to hear the heart of Nature beat.

In this garden, in one of its loveliest retreats,  
we are introduced to the heroine—Leonilda.

'Twas here at noon, when summer's ripening light  
Paused, like a pallid thinking hour of day,  
O'er matted roofing, in whose mimic night—  
Mute joy it was—a sleeping maiden lay:  
Her tresses from her forehead thrown away,  
Her bosom all unjewell'd, so the air  
With cooling sigh about her form might play—  
Paling that blush which sometimes dreams will wear  
When first the heart begins its fondness to declare.

Mute joy it was!—her bosom's gentle strife  
Slowly upheaving with a measured beat  
Like breathing wave; but not a trace of life  
Moved her group'd limbs, which you beheld repeat  
Themselves through gauzy robe, yet incomplete  
As vision wand'ring through a cloud of thought.  
One arm fell low as were her nestled feet,  
The other circling round her brow was brought,  
And braceleted with hair that flashed the light it caught.

The twin'd roof of flowers where she lay  
Threw on her white-robed form a glowing hue;  
As gandy casement paints the light of day  
With the rich heraldry the hour streams through.  
But here the painted pomp of nature grew—  
The rose that blush'd and could not pale again;  
With many-colour'd blossoms—pink and blue,  
Shut out the sun, and, like heraldic pane,  
Made eloquent the light with rainbow-tinted stain.

What thoughts now pace the chambers of her mind,  
But fall to quicken words? The dream-wrought hour  
Keeps all in its own jealous silence shrined.  
Wake up! Wake up! our senses haunt thy bower  
With aching anxiousness. What poppied power  
Thy charms thy noon to-night? that slumbers deep  
Should bury at its birth a mind's rich dower!—  
Yet, like a gem o'er which clear waters creep,  
Thy trembling soul, all light, floats on the waves of sleep.



We find an occasional episode skilfully and beautifully mingling by the most natural process with the warp of the narrative. Such, for instance, is when Columbus and his impatient crew are nearing the American shore, and when the winds drop to sleep as if to try the endurance of their patience.

But yet more terrible than tempest's breath—  
More awful and more fraught with anxious fear—  
Was that dead calm when nature feigned a death.  
The deep sea lock'd like crystal, and so clear,  
The crew beheld through fathoms deep appear  
Bright flashing myriads in their arrowy flight.  
The ship seem'd rotting in a golden drear  
Of sunshine; and her asking sails of white  
Made men breathe fast and full at such a breathless sight.

An awful silence wrought upon the brain,  
And tongues grew thirsty with the fear of thirst,  
And limbs ached with that wearying prison-pain  
Contracted space creates. Some men rehearsed  
How they could die—some hearts their fondness nursed—  
Some thoughts went home, and paused, and loved, and wept.

Still nature's trance endured! At length a first  
Faint breath athwart the oily waters crept;  
The answering sails flap'd life, and on the good ship swept.

When will to-morrow show the promised land?  
Alone upon the waves! Oh! tell us where?  
Hope folded off her wings, and yet off fan'd  
With burning breath the ashes of despair.  
Day follows day, but only dawns to bare  
That watery waste the heart grows sad to meet.  
Soon rebel tongues their fears aloud declare,  
Until afar—great God! the land they greet!

And joy began to tingle in their conscious feet.  
Like purple gems, they saw an isle unfold  
Its sparkling wealth. Around the sunlit wave  
Broke on a fairy shore a crumbling gold.  
There unknown flowers and fruits sweet odours gave,  
And clustered round the entrance of a cave,  
All musical with birds of beautiful hue.  
'Twas whilst the day from ocean ask'd his grave,  
A dying flood of light its glory threw,  
And earth, and sea, and sky blush'd wondrous vermilion hue.

On quite a different occasion, but as a contrast to the last, take the following.

'Twas autumn; and a summer's festival  
Of sunlight, from the stores of generous earth,  
Had drain'd that cup which fill'd at Nature's call.  
Gold-mantled trees droop'd over dusty death;  
No herbal beauty blest the land with birth—  
A thirsty asking hung about the scene;  
The stream that play'd its gurgling song of mirth,  
With pebbled path but show'd what it had been—  
The broad, hot landscape sparkled with a sandy sheen.  
At length the waters gather'd in the sky—  
Black masses, march'd from out the cloudy west,  
Open'd anon by lurid lightning's eye,  
With lungs of thunder shook the eagle's nest.  
The wind, like trouble lock'd in human breast,  
Betray'd itself with sighs, whilst the big tear  
Of tempest plash'd in dust, and dead leaves dress'd  
In sympathy the earth. A conscious fear  
Quiver'd in leaden air, and told the storm was near.

Soon came the drenching deluge from the cloud,  
A roaring cataract of angry rain,  
Which deaden'd thunder with its liquid shroud.  
The insect world had all crept home again  
With clos'd wings that clasp'd their tiny pain.  
Anon you heard with measured step retreat  
The battling elements—then the blue vein  
Blest once more heav'n's brow; and, freshly sweet,  
The wind with sunbeams play'd as when two children meet.

One more extract and we have done. It is not Leonilda the poet is describing, and describing so gorgeously, but Imperia, the "beautiful Imperia," as Mr. Roscoe calls her in his "Life of Leo X.," the elegance of whose apartments was such that when the ambassador of the Spanish monarch paid her a visit, he turned round and spat in the face of one of his servants, excusing himself by saying that it was the only place he could find fit for the purpose. We are not assured that there was any need to spit at all; at any rate, we never read of such another delicate compliment, if it was intended as such, being bred out of so much vulgarity and brutality.

Rare scented oils, and perfumes from afar,  
With strange cosmetics, which belief had gain'd,  
Strew'd the gay toilet's slab—where stood a car,  
Formed of the Nautilus: the shell contain'd  
A store of jewels flashing light, that stain'd  
Their pearly couch, where rainbow might have died.  
The chamber's floor of marble, motley vein'd,  
Was clothed with many-spotted leopards' hide,  
The clawless legs of which spread out with savage pride.

And painted fancies hung upon the walls,  
Array'd in carven frames most sumptuously—  
Such painting as from inspiration falls,  
When cunning hands with cunning hearts defy  
The death a happy thought was doom'd to die.  
These colour'd poems on the canvas rest  
As summer clouds on summer ocean lie,  
Making fresh pictures in the mind that's blest  
With pow'r to feel so much, and then dream out the rest.

For Art's a blundering midwife of the mind,  
Which cannot give all of that mind away:  
The statue leaves divinity behind;  
The painter never paints his golden day—  
Or gives rare form that in conception lay;  
The poet's thoughts ask for intenser speech;  
Music's live dreams on dead harps seem to play;  
Nor can the architect do more than preach:  
Art shows how we can climb, yet climbing never reach.

Fit queen to reign o'er such a shrine of art—  
IMPERIA! that noble Roman maid!  
Who taught her circling courtiers to impart  
All her ambition ask'd—to be betray'd.  
Proud of her beauty-charm, the beauty play'd  
With lover's off'ring, like an incense cur'd  
By captious breath that leads it up to fade.  
Where thrown her smiles, anon her frowns were hurl'd—  
Ne'er married to one man, but wedded to the world.

It was the morning time; and from a bath  
The beauty with a noiseless caution came,  
Her wet feet leaving brightness in their path.  
Half-robed—enough to make you guess her shame—  
White drapery hung about her, and became  
As 't were perceptive, screening here and there  
With happy accident unknown to aim;  
But jealous hands would hide with jealous care  
Where'er the blood-warm nude its soft round charm might bare.

Her head was grand, as when the gods appear,  
Commanding homage in immortal stone—  
Such beauty as you worship when anear,  
But only dare to love when all alone.  
IMPERIA knew her pow'r, and seem'd to own  
Herself its strength; her best days pass'd away  
As though all feeling into pride had g own,  
And would not let her woman's frailty stray—  
Love wand'ring in her path, but like a child at play.

With languid limbs she lay upon the bed,  
And ask'd a book—her handmaids quickly gave.  
Soon with discoursing charm her brow was fed;  
Her eyes ran to and fro: her lips' red wave  
Rippled with whisper'd music, and would grave  
Sweet dimples on her cheek, whose ripen'd glow  
Had found that pause which beauty seeks to save;  
Her hair was black to purple, and its flow  
Reach'd where her feet lay still and pink as morn-lit snow.

Now, will any one read our extracts, the last especially, and say Felix Meldred is not a poet? That description of Imperia and her toilet is a masterly picture. Rich in words, rich in imagery, dealing with nature and art with a freshness and truthfulness which makes you feel that the poet has been the faithful companion of both, bringing the dead Roman "beauty" back again with all but the throbbing life—what is this, if not the success of genius, but the success of the highest talent? But, as we have said before, the substantive value of *Leonilda* does not consist in brief or detached passages. A man may be able to produce a nicely finished cornice, without being equal to the accomplishment of the frieze, least of all the complete harmony of the Parthenon. It is strictly and mainly because *Leonilda* is a poem—a work with a beginning, middle, and end—a theme which is adorned, and not checked, by episodes—a subject in which fancy is the framework of contemplation, as it should always be—that we place it among the best poems of the year. We could, if we chose, endeavour to make the fame of Felix Meldred, by quoting a series of illustrious aphorisms, or a string of splendid figures. Many poets destitute of construction gain applause this way; but we desire to rest his fame on higher grounds. Such a line as

Gossip will light her lamp, e'en with a tear.

would be of primary value to many poets; but to Felix Meldred it has only a comparative worth. It shows how perfectly the poet can produce a metaphor; but it affords no evidence of the ability by which he arranges poetic materials.

*The Steam-Engine; or, The Powers of Flame: an Original Poem. In Ten Cantos. By T. BAKER. London: Hodson.*

*The New Dance of Death, and other Poems. By CHARLES BONER. London: Chapman and Hall.*

*Proverbial and Moral Thoughts. By C. H. HANGER. London: Cornish.*

*A Legend of Glencoe, and other Poems. By the Rev. JOHN ANDERSON. London: Longman and Co.*

One would naturally infer that *The Steam-Engine; or, The Powers of Flame*, by Mr. Baker, was a poem especially adapted for reading in a railway-carriage when the fiery giant of which the poet sings is snorting in front, like a charger impatient for the battle. And so it is, if one had time, and needed a soporific; but, unfortunately for the author of this work, railway-travellers (always excepting the ladies) leave their heavy learning as they do their heavy trunks—behind. A light book and a light carpet-bag are the first considerations of your real masculine railway-traveller. If a man had now to perform the distance between London and York in one of Pickford's or Chaplin and Horne's vans, there would be some reasonable expectation that he would attempt to go through the ten cantos which Mr. Baker has provided; indeed, the very mode of travelling may suggest the mode of reading and the character of the book. But, inasmuch as he does not travel in a slow and

antiquated way, so he will not read a book which would exhaust the temper and try the endurance of any man not having the iron nerve of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature."

In a train, or out of it, this poem in ten cantos will remain unread—that is to say, no individual who may buy it or borrow it will ever read from the first to the last line. If you wanted to spoil the fine proportions of a really fine man, you could scarcely do it more effectually than by painting the face and covering the body with the irregular and motley dress of a clown; and if anybody desire to see *prose*, not elevated, but lowered, by being tricked out in the false finery of iambs, he may see it in this poem by Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker asserts with some degree of exultation that "several gentlemen of high and well-known reputation" have pronounced his poem "decidedly original." This is true enough. There has never been anything like it so far as those gentlemen knew, and so far as we know. But we must caution Mr. Baker not to deceive himself by taking this as a compliment. The steam-engine is undoubtedly a grand power: there is grandeur in its infancy—it is an infant now—and there will be grandeur in its full and fiery manhood years hence, when most who read this article will have dropped into the tomb. It is this grandeur—present and anticipated—which dwarfs a poet, which makes a second-rate one even contemptible. Mr. Baker must be looked upon as nothing more nor less than a diligent collector of facts. There is no spice of poetry in his entire volume; or, if poetry be between those green covers, we have all our lives been clinging to false literary canons. Can this be poetry?

And Morgan's novel paddles, too, were tried;  
But these and those alike were thrown aside.  
For when to Barlow all these schemes were shown,  
By his experiments he soon made known,  
As well as by Mathesis' rigid test,  
That old plane paddles were by far the best.  
But Paucton's snake like screw beneath the car,  
The best propeller for the chiefs of war,  
Is safely placed beneath the rolling sea,  
And thus preserved from scath of gun-shot free.  
Rennie's conoidal triple-bladed screw  
Displaced the last, and full attention drew;  
Ericsson, of aerial-engine fame,  
By his six-bladed one advanced his claim;  
Three schemes of hope 'twas his to noise abroad,  
And all, alas! have gone perdition's road!  
While Seguin, Foulton, Cartwright, Shorter, Burns,  
Their screws of various forms produced by turns;  
Each push'd his project with the wonted zeal,  
Which all inventors are well known to feel.  
But Maudslay's feathering screw, of double blade,  
Threw these and all the rest into the shade.

Moses and Son's poet never produced anything finer than the last couplet. We would give a passage on what was not inaptly termed at the time "The Railway Mania." And Mr. Baker would have us believe that this also is poetry:

The grand result of all the schemes brought forth,  
Save Finkson's project, own'd devoid of worth,  
Involved one hundred millions capital,  
Subscrib'd by Jews and Gentiles, great and small.  
A scheme so vast and so magnificent  
Had in no previous times no precedent!  
'Twas called the railway mania, though, indeed,  
'Twas nothing to the one yet to succeed.  
But ere they legal sanction could command  
For all the railway projects now in hand,  
The landed interest had to be overcome,  
Some by large bribes, by shares unpaid for some;  
A few exceptions, both in lords and 'squires,  
Were found more moderate in their desires.

Then we are told that

At length the famed Great Western line was laid,  
And open'd publicly with vast parade—  
And at this hour just one per cent. is paid.

In justice to the poet, we must admit that this last line is our own. We could not resist the triplet—it fitted in so well with the author's "vast parade." No doubt Mr. Baker would have written exactly the same line if the meeting of shareholders had been a little earlier.

Then, again, the poet says:

Among the works of architectural pride  
Which for its novelty the rest outvied,  
The Tubular Viaduct, so ably plan'd,  
In iron's strength, the arms of ocean spann'd;  
The grand design of junior Stephenson—  
No nobler work by him was ever done;  
Its weight ten thousand tons, and raised by means  
Of well-combined hydraulic machines.

A piece of information even more valuable than the last; for we question whether many of our readers knew (we did not) that the Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits weighed exactly ten thousand tons. We need hardly say that it is unnecessary to employ all the machinery of verse, as Mr. Baker has done, in order to repeat what has already been stated in Phillips's "Million of Facts," and books of a similar description. We may sum up in one sentence the demerits of this volume. Mr. Baker has over-estimated his

poetic ability in particular, and mistaken the province of the poet in general.

Mr. Charles Boner, whose "Cain" we some time since praised for dramatic vitality and graphic force, and who was previously honourably known by a delightful volume of adventures entitled "Chamois Hunting," has again appeared, in a poem called *The New Dance of Death*. We are sorry to say that it is totally unworthy the name of the author. The entire performance is weak, mean, and rugged, indicative rather of a novice than of a writer already tried and found equal to considerable advancement in art. Mr. Boner, in a preface, has endeavoured to soften his fall by quoting from Emerson; for, in defence of his very indifferent work, he thus employs the words of the American essayist: "I know better than to claim any completeness for my picture. I am a fragment, and this is a fragment of me." So far as poetry is concerned, we do not like such a fractional division of a fraction, and we think the excuse as bald as the poem itself. What value can we be expected to set upon a picture when the painter himself says it is incomplete? Mr. Boner must be taught that he is trifling with the public

favour which he has previously gained, to publish a work in which he has no confidence. Let us take a passage. It is Death speaking:

I am not so terrible. Why then take  
Delight such grim figure of me to make?  
Yet, even if fearful, I still had thought  
Your Master had vanquish'd me, and had taught  
That e'en in succumbing when I pursued,  
My sway you evaded, and Death subdued;  
Which, robb'd of its mystery, need since then  
No longer be dreaded by Christian men:  
That partings henceforth would lose their pain  
By those farewell words, "We shall meet again!"  
This creed you aloud in your churches say,  
Unlock'd once a week when you go to pray—  
A gladdening creed; for, as men avow,  
It changes my sword to a verdant bough.

Now, we seriously declare that this is a fair sample of a poem which bears all the indecision of manner and feebleness of expression which characterise the metrical tentatives of an ordinary schoolboy. Our extract reads like the dull effort of a fourth-rate enigmist, and everybody knows what that is. We have one consolation still left, which is, that we may forget the cramped author of *The New Dance of Death* in remembering the daring and dashing adventurer who gave us "Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria."

We place *Proverbial and Moral Thoughts*, by Mr. C. H. Hanger, under the present division of our paper, because they partake partly of accentuation, and partly of poetic colour. Martin Tupper led the way in this proverbial path; and, though to our taste it is a path neither so attractive nor so charming as we could desire, yet it has some good points of view. It not unfrequently puts an old moral observation in a pleasing form, and even stale truisms it dresses up so as to pass them with an air of novelty. It is mainly this, which constitutes the merit of Tupper, and which constitutes no less the value of Mr. Hanger's book.

*A Legend of Glencoe, and other Poems*, by the Rev. John Anderson, deserve honourable mention. There are really some beautiful poems in this volume, which, by a direct process, appeal to the best feelings of human nature. The reader is first struck with the manner of the poet, which is rich and free; but he soon finds himself with intenser purpose exploring the deeper treasures of the poet. If he quit this volume without being made a better man, then the beautiful, both in the world of objects and the world of emotion, will have spoken to him in vain.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

"FATHERLAND" is a fine noble word, where it is uttered with affection, and not as a sentimentalism over a cup of "aesthetic tea." A man should honour his country as he honours his father and mother; but when "Fatherland" is hiccupped over a can of Bavarian beer, or is made the mere catch-rhyme of some miserable ballad, it ceases to be a word of honour, a term of respect; it almost nauseates. The word, of late years, seemed as if it would become naturalised among us, and usurp the place of our own homely term, "the mother-country;" but we are getting through the Germanic phase as we got through the Gallic phase of literature, and "Fatherland," as an interloper, is now confined to the albums of certain young ladies, and gilt-edged Keepsakes.

The German, of course, has a perfect right to speak of his *Vaterland*, and we honour him for it, when the word is spoken from the heart—when it is the exponent of a hearty affection—when it is manfully said, and is not a whimper or a hollow sound. In the healthy class of poets, and among those who deserve to be listened to when they sing of their country, we must place a Flemish poet, Dr. J. Nolet de Brauwere van Steeland. He was favourably known to the public some years since, by a collection of agreeable poems, entitled, "Reminiscences of Travel in Belgium." His last poem, which has gained him a wider celebrity, is entitled, *Het groote dietsche Vaderland* ("The great German Fatherland"). This poem has the ring of the genuine coin; it is poured forth heartily; it does not belong to the order of *Papa* verses, but every stanza utters "Father" in unabashed and manly speech. Nor is it built upon a narrow or selfish foundation. It is not Flanders he celebrates alone, not the Netherlands, not Upper Germany, but the great German nation, in which the ancient "brother-bond" still lives:

One folk, one heart, one single band,  
In the great German Fatherland!"

Nolet, in his second strophe, shows, that, although the German language has been classified into the "Hoch-Platt- und Niederdeutschen," yet these three are in a sense one, and answer to one another. The song of the Scheldt, the Spree, and Rhine, is evermore the song of Germany. This "trinity of tongues," he says, "is still intelligible to the true German ear. Be it psalm or hymn that is raised, or the lay of love or the lofty strain of patriotism—be the tongue 'hoch, platt, or nieder'—they sound alike,

From Northern to the Southern strand,  
Of the great German Fatherland!"

This affection for the languages of Germany is a characteristic of the modern poets of that country. In the past history of German and Flemish literature, we observe the influence of French literature, and its tendencies to emasculate a native literature on the part of those who accepted it as their model. Nolet calls the Italian a language of "honeyed flattery," and asserts, on the contrary, that the German is true and clear.

The German sings from truthful breast,  
Hypocrisy is not his trust,  
He freely speaks, if speak he must.  
Hath ever one his promise broken,  
That man hath not true German spoken.

What Nolet sings of the German wife, we give in the translation by his friend Dautzenberg, as it expresses the spirit of the original and the letter almost word for word:

Sie waltet heiter, unverehrt,  
Dem Vater und den Kindern werth,  
Als Schaffnerin am trauten Herd.  
Der Himmel hat sie uns verliehen,  
Die Kinder fromm heranzuziehen;  
Der Tod nur löst der Ehe Band  
In grossen deutschen Vaterland.

Some noble and stirring lines occur, where he sings of "God, Prince, and Fatherland." In three strophes he pours forth his devotion, his loyalty, and patriotism, in language which it is given to true poets alone to utter. He likens the stem from which have descended the Germanic races to a mighty tree which has withstood the storms of centuries, and which still stands deeply rooted in the earth, king of the forest, and which still casts forth boughs and branches, green leaves and blossoms. The figure is an old one; but we quote the strophe as a final specimen of Nolet's manner:

Viel hundert Jahre ist er alt.  
Der mächt'ge Stamm, dem wir entsprossen;  
Noch steht als König er im Wald,  
Noch grünen ihm gewalt'ge Sprossen.  
Zum Dreizack streckt sein Ast sich aus,  
Sein tri-cher Trieb schlägt freudig aus,  
Umpanzert gegen Stoss und Strauss  
Tief von der Wurzel bis zum Wipfel;  
Ein Blüthenhelm krönt seinen Gipfel:  
So steht er fest und unverwundt  
Im grossen deutschen Vaterland.

A new weekly journal has appeared in Paris—*La Presse Algérienne*—devoted to the colonisation, civilisation, commerce, geography, history, manners, &c. of Algeria. In the first number, Florian-Pharaon, interpreter to the African army at Medeah, tells a lively Arabian tale, which he calls, "A Foot in the Water." We repeat it, but in a very abridged form.

Two persons are seated in a shop—a young man, who is patiently engaged in filling a turtle's egg with essence of rose, by means of a glass tube, and an elderly man, who smokes his long pipe of cherry-wood. "Ah, Mustapha," says the first, "love is a strange thing! The heart conducts, and the man follows. By the chastity of my mother! I have never seen her; but she ought to be beautiful as the moon in her fourteenth night."—"Ah, you are young, and consequently a fool," replies the old man. "You take a fancy for a woman who passes your shop by chance, and you have desire to see a face which perhaps is pitted with the small-pox, and who has a handful of lentils she will cast at you." "The heart conducts, and the man follows," continues the philosophical Ali. "Peace be with you!" returns Mustapha, retiring, "and grant Heaven that the woman who conducts you may not be a good Mussulman." Ali continues, with his former

patience, to fill the turtle's egg with rose essence when a woman covered with a fine Tunis haik, followed by a negress, stops before the shop.

"Merchant," said she, "have you any pulverised antimony?" "Yes, creature of God! I have some of the first quality; but it is unworthy to blacken thine eyebrows." "Give me an ounce." "Woman!" said Ali, "may thine ears be deaf if thou hearest not my words. Since I have seen thee, I have lost my reason. Wilt thou let me love thee?" "One allows what one cannot prevent!" she replied. The declaration thus made and accepted, Ali gave the young woman a silver phial of honeyed flour; then, just as she was going out, he threw at her the turtle's egg, which broke upon the crown of her head, and shed its precious liquid upon the garments of the beautiful unknown. Ali closed his shop, and hastened to follow the traces of his love. Her elegant and undulating pace left behind her a wake of perfume, which rejoiced the heart. She stopped before a door, and dispatched her negress to Ali, who was walking slowly behind her. "Signor!" said the slave, "my mistress makes known to you that, if the demon urges you to her pursuit, you had better curse her and return to your business." "Tell her I am dying," replied Ali. Meanwhile the door was opened, and a white handkerchief was waved, which, in the language of love, signified permission to enter. Ali advanced slowly, and, choosing the moment when no one was in the street, slipped behind the door, which closed heavily.

We return abruptly to the shop. "Cinnamon is dear, Ali! and the Greek who serves us has no more." "She is beautiful enough, Mustapha, to make you become a renegade." "This dog of a Greek monopolises all the spiceries! May he be cursed!" "She is called *Ourida*, the little rose. Hold! lay your hand upon me! my body still vibrates with her last kisses." "Love and folly! you are synonymous. And what care I about your amours? Go, tell them to the moon! Thy pretty flame is, perhaps, a cursed daughter without father or mother." "By Allah! blaspheme not," said Ali; "she is young and beautiful. They have espoused her to an old man; in front his beard is black, in profile it is grey as the hair of my mule." "Like mine." "Yes, like thine." "Where dwells your love? Tell me her quarter." "The quarter Si-Ali-Shérif." If Ali had not been absorbed in his love, he would have seen the brow of Mustapha darken. Jealousy had begun to gnaw his heart; the quarter indicated by Ali was his own. "Thou art young, and thou liest. The butterfly that but lights on the thistle always pretends it has the first kiss of the roses." "By the soul of my father! but it is true." "And when do you return to see her? Such fair fruit is not eaten in a day." "Between the hour of prayer and after noon, for her master only returns in the evening. To-morrow, Mustapha." "To-morrow, Ali! God preserve thee!" We pass now to scene third of our tale.

"The essence of rose has become as scarce as cinnamon, Mustapha!" "Ah, well! Ali, art thou happy?" "The harvest of roses has been bad at Tunis, it is said, and we can only procure the essence from the Jews, accursed race!"



"Hast thou seen the chaste Ourida?" "Curiosity! tatler!" replied Ali. "My joy is too great to be recounted. Yes, I have seen her, and she is sweeter, prettier than ever. She was upon my bosom, and we were oblivious in long kisses of love, when the knocker of the door sounded, raised by an indiscreet hand. Quick as lightning she opened the large coffer which contains her robes. I comprehended; I crept in: it was time, the negress had opened. The husband, for it was he, entered without proffering a word; he began to search about the house, then he went away. I issued from my hiding-place, I embraced Ourida, who, colder than marble, said to me: 'To-morrow!' " "And, I too, Ali, I say to thee 'To-morrow.' I am curious to know the sequel of thy history." Next day at the same hour Mustapha and Ali were seated in the shop of the latter. "To-day," said Ali, "the scene has been more dramatic. Scarcely had I time to say to her 'Apple of my eye!' when a frightful hubbub announced the approach of her husband, and the negress had time only to roll me in a Turkey carpet. What passed afterwards I cannot tell, for the carpet prevented me from hearing. What I know is, that when I went out Ourida could not speak. Her negress took me by the hand, conducted me towards the door, and said, 'Come not to-morrow until the hour of prayer!' " "This is because the cunning one thinks that her husband will then be with God!" "To-morrow shall be the day of joy, if it please the All-Powerful." We hasten to the conclusion.

"Behold, Mustapha, wherefore hast thou brought thy wife hither, and wherefore hast thou united us in this mysterious manner? Why this convocation of all the members of thy family?" "My father-in-law, and you my brethren,—I have come to you to avoid scandal! Your daughter and your sister is guilty, I am certain, and I wish you to share it. To this intent I have engaged you to give a *dîsêal*, and to invite to it Ali, the accomplice of Ourida. At the end of the repast I shall make him relate the story of his loves." "May she be cursed if she has transgressed!" said the old father, Ahmed. The men were in one room, the women in another, preparing the feast; Ourida was in the midst of them, pale and sad. Two knocks at the door of the street made the women fly who were in the court-yard. One of the brothers of Ourida went to open. Through the curtains the women could perceive a young man enter, elegantly dressed; it was Ali. At his sight Ourida became ill. She divined the snare laid for her. "O, Allah! I am lost. How shall I let him know I am here?" "Welcome!" said old Ahmed. "I thank my son-in-law that he has brought thee hither to share our feast." A tripod was brought, incrustured with mother-o'-pearl, upon which was placed an immense plate of silver containing a whole service. The middle of the plate was occupied by a ragout, white as snow, and sprinkled with pomegranate seeds. "Mustapha has told us a marvellous story of thee, and I should be glad to hear it from thine own mouth." "Sidi-Ahmed," said Ali, "I dare not depart towards thee, from the respect the black beard owes to the grey." "Proceed, child! forget me. Old age warms itself again in the narrations of youth. This history will recall to me, perhaps, mine." "Proceed, Ali, speak!" said Mustapha, with a hoarse voice. Ali began his recital. He related what we already know, dwelling with great emphasis on the graces and beauties of his beloved, and the delights he had experienced free from the surveillance of her husband. "The third rendezvous," said he, "was more strange than the two first: without preferring a word, we were confounded in a loving embrace; her beautiful hair encircled me in its long tresses; when the fatal hammer knocked and resounded in our hearts like an owl upon the tomb of the dead. I had only the idea of saving her: I loved her so much! Without calculating the danger, I suspended myself to the cord of the well, and without reflecting let myself down to the bottom. A vague noise reached me; it was the furious spouse, who, this time convinced, spared neither cries nor blows. . . . At this instant a beloved voice made itself heard. It was Ourida, who, not knowing how to make her presence known, had taken a child from her sister, pinched it so that it began to cry, and then began to sing to quiet it. On hearing the voice of Ourida, Ali became aware of the plot. "Well!" said Mustapha, "after that?" "Well, my position was critical; I felt the cord yielding under my weight; the water seemed to approach me more and more; my body was already touching its surface. Suddenly I feel my foot in the water; I utter a cry, and I awake." "How! you awake?" cry the audience. "Alas! yes. But how lasting still is this delicious dream. I take pleasure in telling it every morning." "And Ourida?" said Mustapha, almost breathless, "was she also a dream?" "Yes, a dream which I shall only find true in heaven; and to win her," said he, raising his voice, "I depart to-morrow for Mecca, to ask of God forgetfulness of my dream and its realisation in a better world."

## FRANCE.

*Saint Dominique et les Dominicains.* Par E. CARO. Paris.

THERE are gloomy associations connected with the name of Saint Dominic which will for ever prevent it from coming near as a sacred thing to the universal human heart, like that of Saint Francis. The latter might be the founder of an Order, the champion of a Church, but he was still more the apostle of divinest love. In that plenteous pity which is our best armour against our passions and against the afflictions of our lot, he was and he remaineth one of earth's noblest teachers. What fierce temper, what foul inclination, have we not learned to subdue by being in bosom and in hand opulently charitable, by being where mercy seemed madness magnanimously merciful! All the great virtues which have been ascribed to the operation of external influences are really deep in the soul of our race. They need but to be called forth. No virtue can be created. The most exalted excellence is merely the development of a natural force. When, therefore, a beautiful soul comes into contact with us, he gives us nothing—he simply enables us to see and to adore the image of our own most godlike individuality. Yet this is a signal service. He enriches us as much who shows us that there is a mine of gold on our estate that we knew not of, as he who showers on us gold with the munificence of a king. As I touch the holy garments and gaze into the holy face of Saint Francis, he dowers me not with affections that I have not, but he unveils in my breast the fountains of prompt, potent, prodigal sympathy, which cares and corruptions had choked up or concealed. Never thus doth Saint Dominic unlock the profoundest, warmest, fruitfulness within me. In him I behold love; but I behold far more, an inflexible will and a grandly organising brain. And the odour of sanctity is overpowering by the stench of the hideous Inquisition.

M. Caro has written a popular account of Saint Dominic and the Dominicans. As a piece of mere literary workmanship the book is to be commended; the spirit, however, in which it is written is detestable. M. Caro is obviously little of a bigot in heart; but he shams bigotry to please the Ultramontanists and their political supporters in France. A hundred years ago unbelief abounded in France, yet far more abounded the affectation of unbelief; at present faith to some extent exists, yet far more prevaleth the affectation of faith. Then there was the cant of scepticism; now there is the cant of superstition. Morality is for a season dead in France; and religion in any elevated sense is likewise dead. But the French, in the absence of more attractive theatricalities, have exalted religion into chief theatricality. And the Catholic Church, with its accustomed cunning, lends itself willingly enough to the farce. Religion, the greatest and deepest of realities, is at this hour too much a semblance everywhere. In France it is wholly a semblance. If it had any empire stronger than ten thousand Parisian bubbles, how could France be daily adding to its ancient vices countless new abominations? The demon of lust rages as of old, but he is obliged to share his throne with the demon of cupidity. And at the foot of the throne adulation tries how base, and hypocrisy how false, it can be. While the ancient vices survive and gain allies, the ancient graces and chivalries depart. While the Frenchman, remaining debauchee, turns huckster and snob in addition, he thinks it scarce worth while to declaim, as he once did, about glory and honour. But, come what may, he cannot do without his full banquet of excitements; and, till some fresh whim seizes his mercurial brain, he hires the Pope and the priests as his cooks, and they serve up to him rites the most gorgeous, dogmas the most absurd, and miracles the most incredible. To-morrow, perhaps, he will be trampling on these artists of ingenious lies on his way to a revolution. To treat the religious phase which France now offers us as a serious phenomenon would be preposterous. It has no more lasting or living interest than the most recent ballet or vaudeville. In the destinies of France it scarcely deserves even a transient glance. France must be regenerated through crowding crucifixions; and this puerile show, varied by puerile legends, is assuredly not one of them. Whatever mystery is in pain France must fathom, unless France is to be swept away in the hurricane of God's wrath; and it must put away childish things in approaching the

threshold of that mystery. But, though sterile for religion, the ridiculous outflow of French Ultramontanism has not in other respects been wholly fruitless. It has enlarged and quickened the study of the past, just as in England Tractarianism, though religiously barren, has helped to fertilise English literature. From French Ultramontanism and English Tractarianism it is biography that has hitherto chiefly benefited. If thus many a poor commonplace ascetic has been rescued from oblivion to be unduly exalted, yet, to compensate, many a true saint, long forgotten, has found at last fitting and fervent record. It is the fever of French Ultramontanism which has induced M. Caro to chronicle the career of Saint Dominic; and we, not professing for Saint Dominic the same extravagant admiration which M. Caro seeks every occasion to avow, shall present as much of the famous Spaniard's life as is likely to interest English readers.

Dominic de Guzman was born in 1170, at Calaroga in the diocese of Osma, Old Castile. He was of illustrious ancestry, and his father and mother gave him, along with the advantages of noble birth, the example of unaffected piety. This example had a potent effect on the minds naturally susceptible and enthusiastic of their children. Besides Dominic, two of his elder brothers, solemnly renouncing the world, seized that cross which is the symbol of poverty and privation, of the bleeding feet, of the tearful way, and of the scarred brow. M. Caro furnishes in detail all the marvels that trooped round the steps of Dominic from his infancy; but one Roman Catholic marvel is so extremely like another that it would profit little to be as profuse in prodigies as the credulous Caro. Believe who can that Dominic when a baby often rushed from the cradle to lie on the hard and naked ground. It was rather early to begin mortifying the flesh. The miraculous should be earnestly, honestly debated—much more earnestly and honestly than it is by Protestant writers generally; and if it is determined that miracles are possible, then all miracles are, as physical possibilities, alike credible. But, besides the physical possibility, there is the poetic propriety, and this most Roman Catholic miracles violate. We irresistibly associate joyousness with the infant. We allow Hercules to strangle serpents at rather an early age; but then strength and joyousness are natural companions. A juvenile Spaniard, however, not yet able to walk or to speak, torturing himself to please or to gain heaven, is simply monstrous. That a noble lady, the godmother of Dominic, should have had a dream about him, in which he appeared with a star of ineffable lustre on his brow—that shortly after he was born a swarm of bees should have hovered round his lips, symbol of the honey of the Divine word—why should we dispute? We are not seeking to banish the wonderful from such a life as that of Saint Dominic, of which it is an inherent, an inalienable part; we are merely contending for the observance of a poetical harmony.

After signs not a few, indicating, as she considered, that her son was to be a reformer of the Church, Dominic's mother thought that she was performing a holy act in consecrating him to the Church's service. At the age of seven he was sent to live with her brother, a priest, at Gumiël d'Isan. Here, in an abode of gloom consonant to the uncle's character, Dominic varied study, meditation, prayer, with austerities of every kind.

When he had spent eight years thus, Dominic went to the University of Palencia, where he remained ten years, devoting the first six chiefly to literature and philosophy, and the remaining four chiefly to theology. He was more, however, by instinct the missionary than the student; or, rather, he was more by instinct a soldier than either; and a successful missionary is always a man who would have been a successful soldier if he had chosen a military career. Not being able yet to put forth his vigour as a missionary, Dominic expended it in the profuse almsgiving which the Romish Church has always favoured. A terrible famine desolated the land. The readiest, the gladdest to aid was Dominic. He first exhausted his purse at the call of his compassion. When he still heard the moan of the hungry, he sold all his articles of furniture. In the empty cell the shriek of the immense misery found but the louder echo. Nothing remained except his books—those dear and faithful friends of many days. After some pangs of regret, some throbs of hesitation, he sold the books, and distributed the money to the poor. When the other

scholars remonstrated with him, he said: "What! do you want me to study on dead skins while my brethren are starving?" These words of celestial passionateness induced the remonstrants to go and do likewise.

The Bishop of Osma, Don Diego de Azevedo, was a man of apostolical zeal, though he might be wanting in apostolical wisdom and apostolical charity. He mourned over the degeneracy of the Church, and he sought to gather round him a band of devoted ones to stay the plague. The fame of Dominic's energy, acquirements, and devotedness reached him. He invited Dominic to join the Chapter at Osma, and Dominic, now five-and-twenty, consented. At Osma, as at the University, Dominic's influence had a contagious conquering power. But his chief work, till he had ripened into complete manhood, was the preparation for the work which the Fates had in store for him.

Accompanying Diego on a political mission to the North of Germany in 1203, Dominic afterwards, with his friend and ecclesiastical superior, visited Rome. The able and ambitious Innocent Third was then Pope. He carried Papal authority higher than it had ever been carried before; and at his death in 1216 began that slow decay which is still proceeding. To stand beside the Vatican and see its thunders rolled by such a potent hand, no doubt, gave Dominic fresh daring and force, and shaped his visions into resolutions. Languedoc and other districts of southern France were at that time the scenes of schisms and heresies which have become famous under many different names. M. Caro gives a lively and tolerably fair picture of them, though from an entirely Popish point of view. Some of those whom M. Caro calls heretics and schismatics were Puritanic reformers in our English sense; some were Mystics; some were Spiritualists, to whom the warm utterances of the soul without the pomp of ceremonial sufficed; some were innovators for innovation's sake; some were Communists; some had political objects; and some sought sensual indulgences under the guise of religion. But the fact which flashes above all other facts, and which M. Caro does not attempt to hide, is this: that the Church in the South of France was scandalously, hideously corrupt. It is impudent and inconsistent in M. Caro to stigmatise as a crime what he confesses to have been a necessity. The quarrel of the Albigenses and others was with that particular portion of the Church with which they had to deal. Many of them were theorists; but the majority were merely the haters of pollution and iniquity. What, in the presence of man's strong indignation at wrong, is the dogma of Catholic unity? Grant that the Romish Church has from time to time made a strenuous effort to reform itself. When did it ever make such an effort, till hosts of its children, deserting it, constituted themselves its foes? Let this be as it may, it was in the fierce religious agitations of Southern France that Dominic found the field in which he was most fitted to excel. In passing through Toulouse, on his way to Germany, Dominic had converted and received back into the bosom of the Church his host and his host's family, who had previously been devoted to the Waldensian faith. This was the first blow in a battle in which Dominic was determined to be satisfied with nothing less than absolute and glorious victory. A year or two after Diego and Dominic, hearing that the religious insurrection in the South of France was still unchecked, hastened, by daring deed and by eloquent speech, to arrest its march. Whatever M. Caro may aver to the contrary, the insurrection was really vanquished by fire and sword, by horrible massacres, by fiendish cruelties. What novelty Dominic brought into the matter was this—to fight the foe with his own weapons. It was a trick which Loyola and the Jesuits, three or four hundred years after, cleverly repeated. It is a policy which the Church of England is at present practising, and by which it may ultimately extinguish Dissent. With Nonconformists Dominic became a Nonconformist. He threw the priest aside, and stood forward valiantly and effulgently as the preacher. Hereby he mightily persuaded, where Papal anathemas and the haughty appeals of Papal Legates had merely provoked fresh antipathies and rebellions. This is the true miracle, though M. Caro parades before us others of a very different character. The people had been taught to laugh at the Church by the Troubadours; and they would assuredly have laughed at the following, which M. Caro gravely records:

Dominic, after a conference with the Albigenses, had put into writing his principal arguments, and had entrusted the manuscript to one of his opponents, who had promised to read it honestly and carefully. One night the heretics were assembled in a house near the fire. He to whom Dominic had lent the manuscript produced it in the midst of the sectaries. These proposed that it should be thrown into the flames: God would save it if it spake the truth. Thrice was it cast into the fire, and thrice did the flames thrust it back uninjured. There was a general astonishment; but the heretics, persevering in their malice, swore not to reveal the miracle, which would never have been known, if a soldier, who was present, had not published it abroad. A very silly story.

Diego was not tired of co-operating with Dominic in the work of conversion. In order the more effectually to co-operate, he wished to visit and settle his diocese. But he was not destined to return—dying shortly after his arrival in Spain.

The assassination of the Papal Legate, Pierre de Castelnau, in the beginning of 1208, by a vassal of Count Raymond of Toulouse, the great protector of the Reformers, served as pretext to the Pope for proclaiming a crusade against the Albigenses, whom he denounced as more dangerous enemies than the Saracens. If more dangerous enemies, they were pursued with fiercer hate. The atrocities committed by Arnold, the brutal abbot of Cîteaux, by that monster of monsters, Simon de Montfort, have left their scarlet trace in history, like Saint Bartholomew's Day. What concerns us now is, not Arnold slaying twenty thousand, without distinction of creed, at Beziers, or Simon de Montfort plucking out the eyes of a garrison that had surrendered, or other eccentric amusements which the champions of orthodoxy permitted themselves—but Dominic's share in the bloody drama. Sismondi accuses him of aiding and abetting. M. Caro and M. Lacordaire, who has also written the Life of Dominic, maintain that his soul and his hands alike remained pure. He was not, perhaps, the direct and active inciter of persecution; but can his biographers prove that he did ought to mitigate the violence of persecution? When the wolves were bounding on their prey did they need any word of encouragement? It would have been something, however, to have rushed, omnipotent in love, between their prey and them.

The Mendicant Orders in the thirteenth century saved the Church by carrying it to the hearts and homes of the people. They roused and penetrated Europe, as Methodism roused and penetrated England a hundred years ago. They were the beginning of one enthusiasm, after another enthusiasm, that of the Crusades, had just worn itself out. The nations, sick of Oriental splendours and Oriental dreams, and crushed into poverty by the tremendous Oriental struggle, yearned for something in which the bosom could have a larger share than the imagination. This they found in the humility, the love, the self-denying, self-sacrificing spirit of the Mendicant Orders. But the more flaming and vehement the impulse, the sooner it passes away. Enthusiasms at once express and satisfy a need, but they never create what will abide for ever. It is the deep diffusive heat which never bursts into a blaze that must be the real creator. While the blaze consumes, the heat fructifies. The Mendicant Orders—especially the two chief, the Franciscan and the Dominican—strikingly exemplified the transitoriness of the consuming fire. Saint Dominic died at fifty-one, Saint Francis at forty-six; yet even in the lifetime of the founders the two orders had shamefully degenerated. The vows were still glibly muttered; but the virtues they implied had ceased to have a stern inexorable meaning. There were obvious reasons, however, why the Franciscan Order should decline faster than the Dominican. It demanded harder toil, more terrible renuncements, more lowliness, more contrition. The self-annihilation which was its leading principle was compatible only with the climate, the temperament, the whole associations of the East. Wiser than Saint Francis, Saint Dominic did not ask his followers to be Minorite brethren, but preaching brethren—not professors of uttermost abjection, but professors of the power that dwells in brave and burning speech. They were thus, while forswearing earth's vulgar pomps and treasures, not compelled to forswear that which is so flattering to human vanity, the fame of the orator. Besides Dominic, as an accomplished

scholar, had not like Francis, whose only learning was the wealth of his emotions, cast contempt on literature and science. The disciples of Dominic might have worse than peasant's fare, might be clothed in rags, might march barefooted, might sleep on the naked ground, might torture themselves with vigils and macerations; but with literature, science, and eloquence, they could still be the rulers of the world.

While the fields of Southern France were reddening with slaughter and howling with despair, Dominic had been slowly ripening the scheme of his order. With somewhat of ostentatious modesty he began its institution at Toulouse, in 1213, with six members. The following year he was in Rome, soliciting from Innocent III. a confirmation of its existence, which the Pope, at first hostile, yet warned, it is said, in a vision, granted. As memorable as this concession was the meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic. According to the legend it was thus they were brought together:—One night that St. Dominic was earnest in prayer, the heavens opened before him. He saw Jesus Christ, whose countenance gleamed with wrath, directing toward Earth three menacing darts. Suppliant at her son's feet, the Virgin interceded, and presented for the ransom of the guilty world two men—two of the just. In one of them Dominic recognised with ineffable joy himself. The other was an unknown. Entering a church on the morrow, he suddenly perceived St. Francis, whom he had never before seen, and who incarnated the unknown in every feature, and gesture, and glance. Claspings him in his arms, he exclaimed: "Thou art my companion; we shall strive together, and as long as we are united no one shall prevail against us." He then related what he had seen; and thenceforth Dominic and Francis had only one heart and one soul in God, leaving herein a sublime example of concord and affection to their spiritual posterity. Doubtless, they were both free from jealousy; doubtless, their friendship was cordial and sincere. But the Orders they founded could not fail to be rivals—rivals in political and ecclesiastical influence, rivals in theology, and, as Scotists and Thomists, rivals even in metaphysics.

On his return to Languedoc, Dominic found that the members of the Order had increased from six to sixteen. In preparing the rules of the Order, he sought to combine strictness in many points with latitude and elasticity in others. The Order was to be the Order of the Preaching Brethren; and whatever vows of poverty, of chastity, of obedience were taken, the grand object held continually in view was oratorical triumph. After a year's novitiate, nine years of theological and philosophical study were to follow. And not till this long apprenticeship of ten years was fulfilled had the brother permission to preach. To show the importance of a culture so complete, Dominic did not hesitate to attend, with some of his companions, the lectures of a celebrated professor at Toulouse.

The death of Innocent III. in 1216 was favourable to the plans of Dominic. Honorius III. was a very inferior man to his predecessor. But where, in reference to the Mendicant Orders, Innocent had given a cold and grudging consent, Honorius gave the most generous protection. On a third visit to Rome, Dominic received from the Pope the most signal marks of regard. The Gospel of St. Matthew and the Epistles of St. Paul were the books with which Dominic daily nourished his soul. He offered to preach on these his beloved Scriptures to the Pope's numerous servants. But the discourses which he had intended for indolent and ignorant menials proved so popular, that cardinals, and even the Pope himself, attended. To perpetuate the memory of these victorious utterances, Honorius conferred on Dominic the title of Master of the Sacred Palace—a title ever since held by the Chiefs of the Dominican Order. The title is not an empty one—the holder is always the theologian of the Pope.

The Dominican Order was finally constituted. It had received the active approval of the Pope. The time had now arrived for the members to be sent forth to the different regions of Christendom. On Dominic's next visit to the South of France, this dispersion of the members solemnly took place. But it is characteristic of Dominic and his objects, that almost as many of his followers were dispatched to Paris as to all the rest of Christian Europe. The reason was, that Paris was at that moment the centre of European thought.

The establishment of the Dominicans at Rome



immediately followed their missionary scattering from the South of France. At Rome they rapidly grew in numbers and power; and Saint Dominic, sure now of the progress of the Order, travelled through France, Italy, and Spain, working more miracles than those recorded in the whole of the Bible, and of a more extraordinary kind. He raises the dead, he delivers those possessed with devils, he heals the sick, he drives away famine and pestilence, he commands the showers to fall on the thirsty plains, he infallibly predicts the future; by the fervour of prayer he holds himself suspended in the air far above the sun. M. Caro is plainly at a loss what to do with so many wonders. He displays much dexterity in picturing them, half as historical facts and half as something else—he does not very clearly say what.

In the spring of 1220 was held at Bologna the first Chapter General of the Order. Here it was resolved to divide it into three grand families—the preaching brethren properly so called, a sisterhood, and lay members. This classification was not peculiar to the Dominicans.

The second Chapter General of the Order, held the following year, also at Bologna, showed that the disciples of Dominic, who in 1215 were only six, could now be counted by thousands.

Scarcely had the Chapter concluded its proceedings when Saint Dominic felt that his labours on earth were about to end. He told some of his intimate friends and devoted disciples that the hour of his departure was near. It was his habit to travel always on foot, stick in hand, reading or meditating on the Epistles of Saint Paul. One evening, fatigued with the heat of the day, he entered the monastery of Saint Nicholas at Bologna, and, after having conversed with the heads of the monastery till midnight, passing into the church he remained in prayer till the morning. The excessive fatigue brought on a violent fever, and he who had been called the Athlete of God lay down never to rise again. He discoursed much on the matters dearest to his heart, offered wise counsel, made strange confessions. No doubt the deathbed of this holy and heroic man was very beautiful. But we cannot help smiling when we hear him expressing repentance for preferring the conversation of young to that of aged women, as if this had been a grievous crime. He died on Friday, 6th August, 1221. Many miracles, according to M. Caro, heralded and accompanied the event. Still more astonishing were those that followed it. While the monks, overwhelmed by grief and crowding round the venerable remains, were saying the mass for the dead, one of the Dominicans called Albert, whom the founder of the Order had tenderly loved, but whom various circumstances had prevented from being near the Saint during his illness, entered, and, seeking not to restrain his great sorrow, rushed on the body and covered it with his tears and kisses. The legend boldly asserts that the body was for an instant filled with its ancient life, as if to honour such filial piety, and that Dominic cheered Albert by telling him that they would soon meet in heaven—a prediction which was accomplished in the course of the year.

As a sign of humility, Saint Dominic desired to be interred under the pavement of the church which was daily trodden by the feet of the Brethren.

In 1233 Dominic was canonised by Gregory IX. On this occasion the body was translated, with immense pomp, to a fresh place of sepulture. When M. Caro informs us that the body, instead of being in a state offensive to the senses, exhaled a delicious perfume, such as neither rose, nor violet, nor any flower of the earth can exhale, we are again obliged to protest against the violation of that poetical propriety with which the Miraculous, to be acceptable and edifying, cannot dispense. One whom Dante thought worthy of the most passionate praise should have his ashes saved from the insult of such disgusting puerilities.

A history of the prodigious developments the Dominican Order took in all quarters of the world—a delineation, an appreciation of its great scholars and philosophers, an Albertus Magnus, a Thomas Aquinas—of its great preachers, a Tauler, a Savonarola—a picture of its insatiable ambition and indomitable propagandism—would lead us far from the object of this paper. We have wished simply to honour, and to offer to the gratitude and reverence of others, a holy man, a reformer of the Church, a rebuker of vice, a renewer of civilisation. Lurid was the light by which Saint Dominic walked, but still he did

walk by it. There was valiant faithfulness unto death. And from that ghastly past in which ghastly he moved, he teaches us at least this lesson—that a steadfast walking by the light is of more importance than the nature of the light. What so much needed in these days as that human souls should have convictions and should obey them? Bursts of bigotry, howlings of cant, these are all of which we are capable when a conviction is demanded of us. We can heap maledictions on our neighbour's creed; but what proof do we give that we have a creed of our own? A creed should create, should achieve. When the Israelites took possession of Canaan they, fulfilling a command long before given by Moses, built an altar and offered solemn sacrifices on Mount Ebal. Afterwards six tribes, ascending the mountain, cursed those who should not observe the Law; six other tribes, ascending Mount Gerizim, pronounced benedictions on those who should follow the Law. We are for ever climbing Mount Ebal to curse, but we never climb Mount Gerizim to bless. Saint Dominic, and especially Saint Francis, would often lead us to the top of Mount Gerizim. And it is not a vivid imagination, it is a kindred spirit to theirs, which can bring them face to face with us from those dim old mediæval hours. Bring fresh drops from the fountain and pour them on the rose of Jericho, plucked a thousand years ago, and it will bloom once more. Bring the freshness of your being to the tombs of apostles and martyrs, and time is annihilated, and you know that you belong to the same glorious army as they. ATTICUS.

*Le Pays Basque, sa Population, sa Langue, ses Mœurs, sa Littérature, et sa Musique.* Par FRANCISQUE MICHEL. Paris and London: Williams and Norgate. 1857. 8vo.

M. MICHEL has written a book which addresses itself to the scholar and the general reader—to the philologist, historian, and antiquarian, as well as to those who, shunning learned disquisitions, take a delight in making themselves acquainted with the manners, usages, and social condition of a people or nation. The present work is a careful and skilful résumé of all that is known or has been written respecting the French Basques; it is proper to add, however, that M. Michel writes also from a personal knowledge of the people and their language.

He begins by stating the geographical position and extent of the Pays Basque, and the number of the Basque populations in France and Spain; and then passes on to a consideration of the Escuara, or Basque language, one of the most singular which exists in Europe, and one which so puzzled the learned Scaliger, that he wrote of it: "A strange language is this Basque; it is the old Spanish, as the Breton bretonnant is the old English. They say that they understand it, but I do not believe them; they call bread and wine by the same word, but the rest is very different." The confusion in this passage the author jocosely criticises. As regards the grammar of the Euscarian language, which we feel certain not one in a million will be tempted to study, we confine ourselves to stating, after our authority, "that it recognises only two species of words, the noun and the verb; its syntax of concord is null, or is reduced to a perfect knowledge of declensions and conjugations." Taking leave of the Escuara, and Euscarian grammar, the author treats us to a variety of Basque proverbs, some of which have a general resemblance to the proverbs of every nation, while others are peculiar to the Basque people, and exponents of the Basque genius and character. Attached to their mountains, the Basques in many of their proverbs express their repugnance to a strange land—as: "*Azerri, otzerri*—strangers' land, wolfs' land. *Azeoa esua laz*—the stranger has a rude hand." We give a few Basque proverbs in M. Michel's own manner.

They know that a sojourn in the country is not good for people in health, witness the proverb (we omit the Escuara), "Far from the city far from health." But what good the aid of medicine? The man in the country has never need of it, as long as he conforms to this maxim: "Nourish thyself upon the meat of to-day, on the bread of yesterday, and the wine of last year, and bid adieu to the doctors." . . . One trouble brings several others in its train, hence the Escualdunac say readily: "Misfortune, you are welcome, provided you are alone." The Basques despise the greedy, avaricious person, and say: "He that chooses a woman for her dowry, repents next day, on account of the evil she brings him." "Avarice, having killed a man, took refuge in the church, and has not come forth since." Some

of their adages are cosmopolitan, as: "A rolling stone gathers no moss; "Such the tun such the wine;" "Hard bread needs sharp teeth;" "The mountain is not necessary to the mountain, but man is to man." There is much wisdom in this saying: "One eye suffices the seller; but the buyer needs a hundred."

Passing by the chapter which treats of the dramatic representations of the Basque people, which has great interest nevertheless, we come to that which treats of their amusements. These consist chiefly in dancing, the *jeu de paume*, and bull-coursing; but dancing is the exercise which calls forth all their energies of soul or body. It is true of the Basques now, as Le Pays wrote of them two centuries ago: "A child knows how to dance there before he knows how to call either his papa or his nurse. Joy there begins with life, and finishes only with death. It appears in all their actions. The priests take part in it as well as the others, and I have remarked that, at a marriage, it is always a curé who leads off the dance." The Basque dancers have their own peculiarities. They have borrowed nothing from the quadrille, the waltz, or minuet—indeed, there is no word in Escuara for any such dance. Their popular dances have neither the masked indecency of the waltz, nor any of those unbecoming postures which, in some dances, are contrary to human dignity. Dancing beguiles the long winter evenings; and M. Michel presents us with a lively picture of "a gathering" in a farmhouse, where the dance furnishes the amusement of old and young, the women only excepted. In this latitude we may consider it ungallant on the part of a strapping young Basque to refuse the hand of a handsome maiden; but in the latitude of the Pyrenees it would be considered highly improper. While the lads dance the lasses spin; but it would be exacting too much of human nature to suppose that their eyes were never withdrawn from the spindle to glance at the active limbs of a favourite swain. The Basque lads, one is sorry to say, have rather a slender opinion of the lasses who show taste or talent for dancing. A verse of one of their songs runs—

Few good women are good dancers.  
Good the dancer, bad the spinner,  
Bad the spinner, good the tippler,  
Eta don faridon.  
Suchlike women suits the cudgel.

*Jeu de paume*, a game requiring strength and suppleness in the player, appears from M. Michel's description of it, to have considerable resemblance to our own game of raquets. The bull-fight has often been described, and on the present occasion presents nothing to detain us. The chapters devoted to the smugglers and Bohemians of the Pays Basque are instructive. The latter, according to all appearance, came among the Basques from Spain, from which they were driven in 1492, according to Bodin, who adds: "These vermin multiply on the mountains of the Pyrenees, the Alps, the mountains of Arabia; and then descend like wasps, to eat the honey of the bees." Though now considerably thinned in numbers, they are still disagreeable neighbours. Formerly they were greatly dreaded, and are described by one author as "demi-devils with long hair, herding on the highways or open fields, and giving themselves over to dancing and madcap riots nearly like a Sabbath of Sorcerers." They were subjected to various persecutions on the part of the authorities, and attempts were made at different periods to drive them out of the kingdom; but in vain—they disappeared at one point to appear at another. At the present moment the Bohemians of the Pays Basque have no longer social classification, nor even real association. Under certain exceptional circumstances—as, when they are threatened with a common danger, or have some important expedition to conduct, in time of scarcity—they organise bands in some localities. The most cunning Gipsy they elect as their leader, giving him the title of king, and his companion that of queen. "When the necessity ceases they disperse themselves anew, and continue their roving vagabond life, which is only a tissue of thefts, laziness, and shameful disorders. "The dog that runs finds a bone:" such is their maxim.

Like the generality of mountaineers, the Basque is a superstitious being. Our author affirms, "at the risk of raising an adverse party, that no one in France is more superstitious, at the present day, than the Basque, if it be not perhaps the Bas Breton." His superstitions are not common to himself, as the intelligent reader will glean from the following extract:

Thirteen people are seated at table; grave imprudence! One of them will inevitably die within the year. To sneeze is a bad omen, which one must hasten to turn aside, by wishing for luck. To overturn a salt-cellar, or to cross knives so that the edges face, presages a quarrel. The cry of an owl upon the roof of an inhabited house is a death-song for neighbours, as the howling of a dog around the dwelling of a sick person is the sign of his approaching end. To be fortunate at play, one must be unhappy at home. A journey should never be undertaken, nor any work begun, on a Friday. An old woman, with a crooked back, hairy chin, and blood-shot eyes, is undoubtedly a witch. A person with a red beard must equally be avoided.

We have not to go to the Pyrenees in search of such like superstitions. The following, however, may be peculiar to the Basque.

1. The man who, on a Monday, when he rises, sees a woman pass under his window, ought to expect, in the week of seven days, a sorry shirt of briars and nettles. 2. He who has a purse well filled in his pocket, the first time that he hears the cuckoo sing in spring, may count, in the course of the year, on all the favours of fortune. 3. In a family of seven brothers there is one who ought to be marked with the cross, that is to say, to have a cross imprinted on the interior of his palate or his tongue, which communicates to him the virtue of curing, by suction, the bites of mad dogs. It is principally in Guipuzcoa that these cures exist; and in families where seven boys are found they do not fail to give to one of them this estate, which, thanks to the entire confidence of the people in the remedies of the crossed person, whom they regard besides as a saint, seldom fails to be a lucrative one. 4. On his marriage-day, and during the ceremony, a bridegroom should have upon his knees a fold of the robe or apron of his bride. This precaution, say the matrons, will place the young couple in shelter from the redoubtable evil called *esteca*, which consists in an inevitable and invincible antipathy which would disunite them for ever. 5. If the celebrant should forget to close the missal after the prayers of the first communion, all the witches present at the office will be nailed to the church as long as the book remains open. 6. One becomes a wizard or a witch either by voluntary compact with the demon or through the negligence of a godfather or godmother during the administration of baptism.

The Basques, in as far as they believe in sorcery and witchcraft, are in about the same state of moral degradation as were the natives of Essex in the seventeenth century. There is not a village in the Pays Basque which has not its three or four witches, poor old women who live upon alms. They have the power of inflicting injury on man and brute, of cursing the house, &c.

Thus, when they knock at certain doors, the inmates hasten to give them charity. A child who meets one in a by-road, they will take care to address her. Obedient to the recommendations of his mother, he will pass quickly on, closing his right hand and placing his thumb between the index and middle finger; and as long as he has the witch in sight he will not cease to repeat: *Sorquina, pues, pues* ("Be far from me, witch!") How can he forget these precautions, after the witch stories he has heard told in winter, in the chimney-corner, by authentic witnesses?

The Basque witches are true to the traditions of witches everywhere. All these in the country meet together every Saturday night, in a lonely place, and there, according to good authority of course, give themselves up to infamous practices, and to infernal dances with demons. Others assert that they hold council under the presidency of a king, to whom they report, in turn, what they have done in the course of the past, and what they intend doing in the ensuing week. After having heard them, the King gives them advice, or reprimands them, according as they have merited well or ill. Witches have the power of taking what form they will, traverse space with the rapidity of the wind, by means of an unguent with which they anoint themselves. Columns might be filled with the account of such superstitions. We notice one superstition, in conclusion, as it has strict affinity to a Celtic superstition, which still exists in some parts of Ireland, and which was practised in the Highlands of Scotland within the present century. We allude to *Beltaine* eve, the etymology of which is explained by De Vallency.

The saints do not disdain to descend upon the Basque soil—St. John at least, whose name, attached to a number of places, indicates how wide-spread is his worship. On the eve of his feast they place a stone in the midst of fires which they light; it serves as a *prie-Dieu* to the saint, who passes into all places where it has been done to his honour. Next morning hairs are commonly found which he has left behind him, and which are preserved as relics. On this

night those who have wounds go to wash them in the river as midnight sounds. At this hour if the cock crow, there is a wizard in the house.

The chapter from which we have been quoting gives a rapid sketch of the various persecutions directed against the Basques in the seventeenth century for sorcery, which exceeded in cruelty and horror all that we read of connected with the witch-finders in England at the same epoch. Torture with needles, the gibbet, and fire, were the punishments awarded to the miserable victims of popular superstition. A writer of this period gravely relates: "There are thirty thousand souls in this country of Labourt, and there are few families which are not touched with sorcery in some form. If the number of sorcerers who have been condemned to the fire is so great, they will be incommoded if I have not had part in their ashes." The epidemic was so prevalent, and exercised such powerful influence over the imagination, that many voluntarily declared themselves guilty. The judges, in their ardour to discover, not the truth, but the guilty or victims, made children even mount the stool. Here it is Catherine de Naguille, of the parish of Ustaritz, of the age of eleven, who declares that she went to the witches' Sabbath in open day, and Marie d'Aguerre, aged thirteen, who relates that the Devil appeared to her in the form of a goat; there it is Corneille Brolic, aged twelve, who gives another account of it, and Bertrand de Handuch, of Sare, aged ten, who declares to a turpitude with Satan. There was not a child from the age of seven who was not heard "on the side of justice." The amusing side of the picture is that which presents the various theories accounting for the number of sorcerers in the Pays Basque. "It is marvellous," says De l'Ancre, "that there are so many demons and sorcerers in Labourt," and the reason given is, that the evil spirits driven from Japan and India by the missionaries were cast upon the mountains of Labourt. "In fact," adds the credulous author, "several English, Scotch, and other voyagers, coming to seek wine in this city of Bordeaux, have assured us that they have seen in the course of their voyage great troops of demons, in the form of frightful men, pass into France, which is the reason why the number of sorcerers is so great in Labourt." He is very wicked, this writer, in speaking of Labourt and its women. "It is a country of apples; they (the women) eat nothing but apples, drink nothing but the juice of apples; they readily bite the apple of transgression, going beyond the commandment of God, and leaping over the prohibition to our first father. . . . They are Eves who willingly seduce the children of Adam, and, naked to the head, live among the mountains in all liberty and *naïveté*, as did Eve in the terrestrial Paradise. They listen to men and demons, and give ear to all the serpents who wish to seduce them. They frequent churchyards day and night, and strew the graves with herbs and crosses, so that even the odour of the bodies of their husbands may not reach the nose." More follows, which will hardly bear translation.

The chapter dedicated to the manners, usages, and customs of the Basques introduces us to a people who have their virtues and drawbacks, their prejudices and singularities, their rejoicings and mournings, their loves and jealousies, in common with the rest of mankind. They have their markets and fairs, which they attend to buy and sell, to see and to be seen. They have the *cabaret* in which to enter when the fair is over, to sacrifice to the jolly god, losing often their gains with their reason, and winding up the evening in Donnybrook fashion, by knocking down a neighbour "for love." The fair affords a safety-valve for all the high-pressure ill-will which has been generated between man and man, village and village, parish and parish, during the interval from one fair to another. Their marriages present few peculiarities. Formerly they were very clannish: Basque married Basque, Catholic the Catholic. At the present day they marry like sensible worldly people, that is, wherever they find it to their advantage. It is very rare, however, that the parents of a young girl will consent to her marrying a Protestant. An ancient usage is still practised by the modern Basques.

The evening of the nuptials, and immediately after the two spouses have retired, the company set out in pursuit of them, invade their chamber, and, *volens nolens*, make them plunge their lips into a cup of beverage, the most potent, most bitter, and most nauseous that can be conceived; it is a species of initiation from which few can escape. What does

this bitter chalice typify? Is it intended thus to remind them that henceforth their fair days are ended, and that with marriage commences their pains, their gravest cares? I cannot tell. On this side the Pyrenees the furniture of the newly-made wife is still carried home with much parade—the whole surmounted with a distaff charged with lint, and a rich spindle, whereon shines a thread of the utmost fineness, symbol of the activity and address with which the young *etcheo-anderea* is endowed. On the other side, in the province of Alava, marriages are celebrated by discharging firearms, and it is rare if the bridegroom is not obliged to discharge a piece on entering or leaving the church.

The Basques greatly dread the *esteca*, of which we have already spoken, at the hour of marriage; they dread no less the maledictions of their enemies at the baptism of a child. In the valleys of Biscay a very primitive custom prevails, recalling the infancy of society. The women get up immediately after their confinement, and set about their ordinary household affairs, leaving the husband in bed with the little one, who there receives the compliments of his neighbours. The same custom existed formerly among the Béarnais, who called it *la couvade*, and the custom still exists among some of the populations of Africa, and among some of the savages of America. Boulanger tries to explain this custom in these odd terms: "It seems," he says, "that this conduct on the part of the husband should be regarded as a kind of penitence, founded upon shame and repentance for having given to light a being of his own species." The women are hard workers. The man who marries a Basque, especially a Biscayan, marries, it is said, a fortune. They follow the rudest labour. At Bilbao they load and unload. The women attend not only to the domestic duties, but they also run errands, carry baggage, and make themselves "generally useful," in all those matters which in other countries usually fall to the lot of the male sex. The costume of the Basques has probably greatly changed since the days when Andres de Poça wrote, who thus describes a Biscayan mountaineer:

A jacket open at both sides, leaving discovered his neck and a part of his muscular chest; a bonnet that keeps off neither sunshine nor rain; boots that cover the ankles only; a cutlass short and broad, without a hilt; in fine, a short lance and two darts—such is his costume; it is thus he climbs the rocks, attends the feast, enters the church, the town, or the marketplace. . . . On entering the church he leaves his lance at the door, in such manner that on festivals the porch of the temple resembles rather a guardhouse, by the number of lances, than a religious edifice.

The costume of the women he also describes. The hair was cut close, and on the head was worn a turban, like that worn by the Muscovites, Tartars, and Armenians. On a Sunday in church, or at a religious procession, they looked like a squadron of Turks. They wore large plaited petticoats. For such a petticoat, a woman of ordinary height required seven ells of cloth seven quarters wide. A camisole beneath the bosom supports the chest, and this costume makes their accouchements more easy and their children strong. A simple kerchief covered the whole of the neck, permitting the face only to be seen. In general the whole of their costume had an antique air, recalling the severe and modest vestment of the patriarchal age. This was the costume of married women. Young girls had their hair shaven off behind, but not before, where a few hairs were left. A small camisole covered the body; a very short petticoat descended to the knees and exposed their legs, without any scandal, "for the frugal and sober life led by the Biscayans borders upon austerity, and prevents their independent manners from degenerating, as elsewhere, into libertinage."

The popular songs and romances of the Pays Basque merit a special notice.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, Sept. 28.

The moment has hardly yet arrived for writing a biography of Lamennais. The blind admiration of his friends, and the exaggerated hostility of his enemies, have not yet had time to subside into a calmer sentiment; and any history of his life written at the present time must necessarily bias the biographer. His nephew, M. A. Blaize, has understood this difficulty, and, instead of a regular history, he has had the good sense to collect all the materials, by the aid of which the future historian of the nineteenth century will determine the proportions of that intellectual giant, and determine with some degree of preci-



sion his position and his influence among his contemporaries. No man could possess greater qualifications than M. Blaize for the task he has undertaken, his close connection with Lamennais enabling him to speak as to the various phases of the eventful life of his uncle, and particularly touching his last moments, which have given rise to so much controversy, with a degree of authority which no one else could possibly lay claim to. What, indeed, has not been said? What calumnies have not been circulated touching the "remorse," the "anxiety," and "despair," which, according to the organs of the "religious" party, assailed the illustrious writer on his death-bed? M. Blaize takes down from the very lips of the witnesses of his last hours conclusive evidence as to the philosophical calmness with which Lamennais met his fate. His niece in particular, Madame de Kertangin, a lady whose piety and attachment to the Catholic faith cannot be called into question, triumphantly refutes these malicious reports, and bears witness that the death of the great apostle of democracy was such as could have been expected from his past life—that of a great and profound thinker.

Lamennais had arrived at the last stage of the disease which carried him off; devoted friends surrounded his deathbed. Madame de Kertangin was introduced, as life was already ebbing fast. He stretched out his arms towards her, as if desirous to speak. "Feli," said she—this was an abbreviation of his name—"Feli, you wish for a priest—speak—do you not wish for a priest?" Lamennais collected his strength for a supreme effort, and in a clear voice thrice repeated, "Non—non—non." Before Madame de Kertangin's question had called forth this categorical answer, the upper clergy had left nothing undone to win back to the pale of the Church that proud and independent soul, which died firm in its faith, and to the last refused its consent to any weakness or hypocrisy. Lamennais wished to die at peace with God and with his own conscience. The late unfortunate Archbishop of Paris, M. Sibour, complying, perhaps, too strictly with the duties of his office, exerted himself to the utmost to obtain a retraction from the dying man. Lamennais was inflexible, and, the more clearly to express his intentions on the subject, he dictated a note to Henri Marten, the celebrated historian, which he revised and signed with his own hand. In it he declared his formal intention to die without the pale of the Catholic Church; he expressed a wish that his body should be conveyed from his house to the cemetery without stopping at a church, and buried in the common grave, pell-mell with the corpses of paupers; and that no stone, cross, or inscription of any kind should mark the spot of his last abode. His last wishes, M. Blaize informs his readers, have been religiously fulfilled.

M. Blaize also mentions that his sister, Mme. de Kertangin, was severely blamed by several persons for having, notwithstanding her knowledge of the intentions of the deceased, again renewed the proposal of sending for a priest. This lady, however, only did her duty. She had received her religious education from her uncle before his separation from the Church, and it was only to be expected from her feeling and affection that she should have endeavoured to make him appreciate the consolations of the Church, which he himself had taught her to look upon with faith and veneration. This question once settled, another arises, to which M. Blaize gives a satisfactory answer. It is questionable, however, whether his arguments will convince those that hold an opposite opinion. How came it that the vigorous mind of Lamennais, after devoting the first half of his life to the defence of Papal supremacy and Ultramontane doctrines, spent the remainder in attacking it as warmly as he had ever upheld it? M. Blaize frankly points out the praise, the adulation, with which he was surrounded on his first journey to Rome, as not having been without influence upon him. But he soon found out that, as soon as he made a distinction between the spiritual and temporal power of the Church, his previous services were entirely overlooked, his books were written down in the Index, and in a word, he found that he was used as a tool by a hypocritical and selfish clergy. He steadily, however, kept in view the object which first caused his separation from the ways of the Church, and yielding to his democratic instincts and a "universal" religious faith, wholly independent of such or such a dogma.

M. Cucheval-Clarigny, whilom manager of the *Constitutionnel*, and at present one of the editors of *La Patrie*, has recently published a book which is much more interesting to an English than to a French reader—to wit, "Histoire de la Presse en Angleterre et aux Etats Unis." The details he gives touching the rise of several of the great English papers at the present day are excessively curious, and give one a favourable idea of the author's industry and knowledge of men and things in England—a knowledge which not more than one Frenchman out of a thousand ever arrives at; and, although it would unquestionably be stretching a point to state that M. Cucheval is that phoenix, yet the accuracy and completeness of his information are highly commendable. The particulars, for instance, he gives of the origin of the prosperity of the *Times* and *Chronicle* will be read with great interest. Perry, who was the making of the *Chronicle*, was born at Aberdeen about a hundred years ago. He came to London in quest of a living, wrote short articles in prose and verse, and sent them anonymously to the *General Advertiser*. That paper published them; and on Perry's becoming accidentally acquainted with one of the part proprietors of the paper, and admitting he was the author of the articles in question, he immediately obtained employment on the paper. It was during his connection with that journal that he first revealed his capacities for journalism. The trial of Admiral Keppel was just then going on at Portsmouth. He went down himself, and daily sent up matter sufficient to fill seven or eight columns. Nothing of the kind had been yet attempted, and the sensation created by these long reports was such that the *Advertiser's* circulation increased by thousands. He subsequently joined the *Gazetteer*; and, struck with the completeness of the Parliamentary reports of the *Chronicle*, which gave an ample résumé of the debate in the evening after, he introduced an improvement which may be considered as the origin of modern reporting. He sent several reporters to the House, who relieved each other, and he was thus able to publish a full report next morning. The *Chronicle* was thus reduced to a very low ebb; and Perry purchased it, and applying new improvements to its management, speedily restored it to its pristine position.

Stuart, the founder of the *Post* and the *Courier*, engaged eminent literary men as his contributors; but his want of success, and the popularity of some of your contemporaries nowadays, seems conclusive evidence as to the worthlessness of his plan.

M. Cucheval also relates an anecdote which shows the great energy, ability, and independence of Mr. Walter, whose name will ever be associated with the prosperity of the *Times*. Seeing the disadvantage which arises from a connexion with Government, he took measures to assert his independence on his assuming the management of the paper in 1803. Ministers (says M. Cucheval) proceeded to annoy him by every means in their power. He had organised a vast system of correspondence, to supply the public with full and authentic intelligence of the Continental wars. The Ministers thereupon ordered all the packets addressed to the *Times* to be seized at the port where they arrived. What was, however, intended for his ruin, was for old Walter a further source of success. He organised a service of ships and couriers of his own, and was so well served, that he often beat the Government. The *Times* announced the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before it reached the Government. With such activity and enterprise, can any one wonder at the enormous prosperity of the "leading journal"?

The two well-known poetasters Mery and Barthélemy, who, when Liberalism was in the ascendant, rhymed themselves into a pseudo popularity with the revolutionary party by doggerel libels upon royalty and aristocrats, are now converted into court laureates. This pair of worthies bedaub the Emperor and his entourage with praise so fulsome, exaggerated, and altogether in such gross and abominable taste, that His Majesty, if he be the man of the sterling sense the world (I believe justly) takes him for, must blush to his very fingers' ends, if he ever chance to read their insane effusions. I should of course not dream of naming these rhymersters in reference to literature, save that just now one of them, Barthélemy, has had the audacity to take up several columns of the *Moniteur* with his atrocious doggerel. It is true that the subject, on this occasion, is quite worthy of its panegyrist. It is the "Pré Catalan," a place of resort in the Bois

de Boulogne, near Paris—something in the way of your Surrey Gardens, where society of all sorts is to be met with. This is described by our poetaster with the scrupulous fidelity of an auctioneer's advertisement; and as for the wood itself, which has been converted into a really agreeable promenade, the poet's (!) raptures know no bounds. This he declares is the work of the Emperor which will mark the imperial reign to posterity. But he takes care to inform his readers that his Majesty did not actually execute the job with his own hands, for he writes that he had the assistance of the wood-cutter.

L'œuvre d'un Empereur, aide d'un bucheon.

But enough of this trash. Such eulogists do their objects much more harm than good, and Napoleon III. has done enough for France to set him far above the praise or blame of such scribblers.

If the French were to get rid of the Emperor to-morrow—and some thousands of republicans and revolutionists, doubtless, entertain the hope of his speedy fall,—he has certainly rendered services to the country, and done more for the improvement and beautifying of the capital in the five years he has sat upon the throne than any preceding Government ever did in a century. He has also done another thing—which makes the liberals of all classes frown, but the consciousness of which is forcing its way through all efforts to conceal it,—namely, he has popularised despotism. The admission is certainly not pleasant, looking to the terrible struggles which France has made to achieve what it called "Liberty;" but it is nevertheless true. As to the Emperor's popularity with the masses, it is a farce! No form of authority ever was or ever will be popular with the French people. But this man enforces obedience, and compels them to respect it. His system is the simplest possible.

The Emperor is a most admirable horseman, and carries his equestrian skill into practice in governing France. With a firm hand he makes the most unruly of animals feel that it is bestriden by its master, and the bit and bridle are constantly in play to keep it in necessary subjection. A primitive process like this, to rule a great country, is not certainly very flattering to its intelligence. But, *que voulez vous?*—it has its advantages. The masses have a respect for a boldly avowed government of force; and wiser classes, who have witnessed the miserable contests and intrigues for power which took place under what was called a constitutional régime, and who have trembled for their throats—to say nothing of their purses and property—under the *soi-disant* reigns of liberty, both in 1793 and in 1848, are well content to sacrifice something of freedom of opinion, and even the reading of opposition journals, for the tranquil security they at present enjoy.

A NEW ART.—The *France Musicale* gives an interesting account of some experiments made in presence of the Emperor when at Plombières, to test the efficiency of M. Sudre's plan for transmitting signals to the troops of an army or navy, by means of musical sounds. Placing himself in the middle of the saloon, he announced that he would with his violin express any phrase his Majesty might please to dictate to him, in such a manner as to enable Mme. Sudre, who was seated at the further end of the room, among a group of ladies, to say what it meant. The Emperor immediately wrote on a piece of paper the words, *Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux*, and M. Sudre pronounced a few sounds from his violin. Mme. Sudre immediately rose and repeated the phrase word for word. Another experiment was then made—it consisted in speaking the notes instead of playing them. The Emperor wrote *Plombières est une ville charmante ce soir*; and M. Sudre, after reading the phrase, pronounced, without any intonation of voice, certain notes. Mme. Sudre at once gave the words correctly. Experiments in telephonic were made. M. Sudre's system reduces the transmission of signals to three sounds expressed by the trumpet, the drum, or the cannon; or, in the event of high winds preventing sounds from being heard, to three signs. The Emperor gave the order, "Construct batteries on the height," and M. Sudre produced three sounds on the clarion; Mme. Sudre at once repeated the phrase. By the Emperor's order the phrase *Il fait horriblement chaud* was written, and M. Sudre, spreading out the fingers of his left hand, which were supposed to represent musical notes, with the finger of his right hand pointed to some of them. Mme. Sudre without a second's delay pronounced the phrase aloud. A still more curious experiment followed—the act of making a blind person communicate with a deaf and dumb one. M. Sudre, taking his wife's hand, touched her fingers, and enabled her to repeat the question—*Quelle est la vertu des eaux de Plombières?* which the Emperor wrote. The Emperor expressed his satisfaction at what he had witnessed.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

We continue our selection from the various papers read at the late meeting of the British Association at Dublin.

Section A.—In a paper on some phenomena in connection with molten substances, Mr. Nasmyth stated that the fact he would chiefly call attention to was, that all substances in a molten condition were specifically heavier than the same substances in an unmolten state. Water had been supposed to be the only exception to this law, that as substances were elevated in temperature they became specifically lighter; for water at 32° on being heated does become more dense and specifically heavier until it reaches 40°, after which, on a further elevation of temperature, its density decreases. Now, this phenomenon is common to every substance in its molten state. It is owing to this that a piece of lead flung into molten lead will float upon the fluid. The normal condition of density is resumed in most substances on the molten side of solidification. In some, however, it was resumed in the act of solidification. Experiments made upon molten metals heated beyond the melting point show that the point of maximum density would be passed as in the case of water at 40°. These observations ought to claim the attention of geologists, who might find in them a solution of many eruptive phenomena upon the solid crust of the earth as well as that of the moon.

Section B.—In a paper prepared by Messrs. Odling and Dupré on the presence of copper in the tissues of plants and animals, it was stated that, having made numerous examinations by a great variety of processes, the presence of copper was ascertained in nearly every instance. In some specimens of wheat grain, from 100 grains of wheat ash 251 thousandths of a grain of copper had been obtained. And with respect to animals, copper had been found in human viscera, and from a sheep's liver more than half a grain of oxide of copper had been obtained. The process was, to precipitate the copper electrolytically on a platinum wire dissolved in nitric acid, and ignite the residue of the evaporated solution.

Section C.—Professor Rogers, on the discovery of Paradoxides in New England, said that this fossil had been discovered in a quarry near Boston, where it had never been suspected that the rock was fossiliferous. A specimen of this fossil had been found in a museum, and was supposed to be foreign. These rocks lie between great ridges of igneous rock, and, although greatly metamorphosed, exhibit good specimens of trilobites. The Paradoxides is found in a fossil state in many parts of Europe, and always in the lowest fossiliferous beds. Some specimens from Boston appear to be similar to a species found in all the lower beds of Bohemia. The oldest beds in the district in which these fossils had been hitherto found were beds containing coal plants. These, however, were separated from the Boston beds by a large mass of igneous and metamorphic rocks. The discovery of these fossils confirmed the prevailing opinion that there was greater uniformity in the distribution of organic life during the earlier geological period than at present.

In reference to the cleavage of minerals and of rocks, Professor King stated that his conclusions were, that mineral cleavage was a superinduced structure, and that rock cleavage was a modification of the same law. As regards slaty cleavage, there are two kinds. True slaty cleavage is effected by compression applied perpendicularly to the planes of rock cleavage; while false cleavage is merely pressure applied laterally.

Section D.—In a further report on the vitality of the Spongiadae, Mr. Bowerbank stated that, from a series of observations on the action of the pores in young specimens of *Spongilla fluviatilis*, in a specimen about half an inch in diameter he had found a single osculum at the summit of a large oval inflation, varying in its form within short periods, opening or shutting in accordance with the necessities of the animal, and from which a stream of water was poured forth when in action. The inhalation of the water by the

porous system presented some peculiarities. When in repose the dermal membrane appeared impermeable; but, when commencing vigorous inhalant action, the orifices gradually increased until the full diameter of the pores was attained; the margin then became thickened and rounded. After a time the rapid inhalant action ceased, a languid action only remained, and nearly all of the pores were closed. When this operation was about to take place, the rounded margin of the orifice lost its form, the circumference gradually closed, and no indication remained of the organ previously existing. When once closed, these orifices do not appear to be reopened; but fresh pores are produced according to the necessities of the animal. In conclusion, the points were very numerous in which the sponges agreed with animals and differed from plants; and the more their nature was investigated, the more was Mr. Bowerbank convinced of the animal nature of these bodies.

Section E.—Dr. Livingston, in allusion to his African discoveries, stated that this great country, rich in its soil and in its varied products, with all its resources lies altogether undeveloped. The whole of the South African population was capable of civilisation with the exception of the Bushmen, who differed from the rest of the population in every respect, even in their language. All the languages of the other tribes were evidently of one family. The people of Central Africa were anxious to engage in trade, but had been prevented by those inhabiting the sea coast. In the elevated regions of the central country the climate was healthy; but in the valleys and towards the sea coast the climate was unhealthy; and Dr. Livingston believed that the unhealthiness of the country had a deteriorating influence upon the population. In opening up the trade with the interior it would only be necessary to ascertain where the healthy regions extended, and to make there the necessary and commercial stations.

Section F.—Dr. Strang, in a paper "On the Advantages arising from the Improvement of Tidal Rivers," exemplified the Clyde, which drained 736 square miles above Glasgow, and yet up to 1768 had only a depth of two feet of water, but now, by engineering appliances, was navigable for vessels drawing twenty feet of water. With respect to the harbour of Glasgow, in 1800 the whole quay was limited to a few hundred yards; it now extended to two miles and a half. In consequence, the number of vessels arriving had increased from 11,505 in 1828, with a tonnage of 696,261, to 17,960 in 1857, with a tonnage of 1,612,681. In 1828 there was not a steamer above 100 tons: now vessels of upwards of 3000 tons entered. The cost of improvements from 1770 to 1856 had been 2,527,199l. The annual revenue in 1791 was 1046l.; in 1856 it was 82,797l. The improvement of the Clyde navigation had produced the following results. Before that period Glasgow had but little trade; in 1854 the value of exports was 4,905,557l. From having no registered ships, in 1856 there were 563, of an aggregate of 204,331 tons. Formerly there were no ships built on the river: there were now 30 ship-building yards, in which 266 vessels had been made in 1853-4, having a tonnage of 168,000, and which, with marine engines, involved a cost of 5,000,000l. Glasgow at one time had but 24,000 inhabitants; there were now 420,000, and the annual rental 1,319,720l. These improvements had also affected the revenue. In 1796 the customs duties of Glasgow were only 125l.; in 1856 they amounted to 718,855l.; while the revenue of the post-office had in about eighty years increased from 4341l. to 64,958l. last year. In fact, the taxes of Glasgow, which at one time were very small, had swelled last year to 2,800,000l., or to about one twenty-fifth part of the whole revenue of the country.

Section G.—Mr. Dodds, in a paper on the improvements in iron and steel, stated that his improvements were the construction of the furnaces for conversion, so that they could be charged and discharged without reducing the temperature to any extent. The malleable iron is placed as in the ordinary method, the charcoal being mixed with a small per-centage of lime and alkaline matter. The heat required was not so strong, and the time for complete conversion of

iron into steel, being only from three to five days, was a saving of at least 69 per cent. in coal and of fourteen days in time. The cost of the converting material was 5 per cent. dearer than charcoal, but the quality of the steel was superior. The improvements also extended to the partial conversion of iron into steel, whereby the surfaces only are made into steel, which is applicable to many purposes where the cost precludes the use of steel. If this were used for rails, assuming that the wear of the surfaces of the rails which were converted by this process into steel to the depth of a quarter of an inch, extended to three times the ordinary time of life, there would be a saving in favour of the steel-coated rails of 1500l. per mile; and, taking the length of railways in Great Britain at 8000 miles, the saving would be 12,000,000l. This process might also be made to supersede the use of cast steel for piston rods and other portions of machinery, as the best iron, partially converted, would be found equally durable, more easily fitted, and the cost less than one half. Tools of every description might be made of iron and afterwards converted; and, as the liability to oxidise was 30 per cent. less than iron, it was well adapted for the boilers of sea-going vessels. In short, the limits to the application of this process are beyond calculation.

## ARCHITECTURE.

## REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

*Proposed New Government Offices. Design by Mr. Scott.*—In the *Builder* for August 29 is a view of this design. The designer could not but feel the difficulty of the true Gothic window in its application to the purpose of such a building; but he meets it at once by declaring "no popular error is more groundless than to suppose Gothic architecture to be defective in its item of the window-light. It, in fact, admits of a greater amount of it than any other style." The boldness of this assertion may be admirable; but we shall still hope the "groundlessness" of the argument will rest with the assessor and his friends, and that the "popular" feeling will yet remain to be thus only regarded as an "error." Does Mr. Scott say that, if a parallelogram of nine feet by six is given as the allowed size of a window, that he can afford more light by its Gothic treatment than by treating it classically?—that, in short, he can apply the stone mullion and transome, or the mullion merely, with the substance and moulded work necessary to make it truly a Gothic window, without greater encroachment on the glazing than occasioned by the light joinery of the lifting sash or hinged casement? If arched, the tracery in the window-head must occupy very much of the circumscribing outline; if perfectly flat-headed, without any arch-work, it is not a true Gothic window: it is merely a Greek window, with a mullion or mullions, foisted in, to give it Gothic semblance. His upper square windows, for instance, are merely the classic attics *Gothicised*, with a mullion and Gothic-moulded head and jambs; and well may Mr. Scott drop the word "Gothic," and use the more fitting term of "my style." Take it as such, and he has the right of an Englishman's independence to "do what he will with his own;" but we do not admit his style to be more than Gothic in so modified a degree that it has about as much connexion with the true Gothic character as the late Soane's designs had with pure Greek or Roman. Mr. Scott speaks of the question of window-light as an "item" in the great matter; but it is the great item in the matter. The window is the largely predominant characteristic of Gothic design, just as the column and entablature form the leading feature in a Greek or Roman elevation; and, admitting the beauty of Mr. Scott's design in many (though by no means in all) respects, we regard it as proving that the necessities of his present case demanded either Italian treatment, or such a mere conglomerate of Italian and Gothic as leaves him truly to designate it as a style of his own. Look at his roofs and chimneys; his cornice, Italian in effect, and cutting across the rakes of a gable, so as to suggest the Greek pediment; and at his triplet windows under the same, again suggesting a favourite Italian custom. See the vain effort to get rid of horizontality, in spite of the omission of the buttresses and pinnacles so essential to Gothic perfection. He may fancy the Gothic gives him the right of breach of uniformity in the two longer windows of the further inner corner, but others may think this a liberty not now to be warranted in Gothic more than Classic perfection; and, indeed, the general



character of the design is such that the more genuine Gothic portions of it can be scarcely said to harmonise with the rest. The projecting porch in the approaching range on the spectator's right is very beautiful *per se*; but it has little harmony with the raking windows, which are seen, as it were, slipping down and round the octagonal towers, and seeming to indicate that they inclose inclined planes for ascent, instead of steps. As to the gateway, nearer the spectator's right, it simply looks like a handsome thing in the course of erection, yet requiring its frieze, cornice, and parapet. We have the highest respect for Mr. Scott's knowledge, and equal admiration for his taste as a church architect; but we regard this design (so far as the woodcut in the *Builder* represents it) as showing that even Mr. Scott cannot adapt the genius of Gothic design to such a structure as that under notice.

His building, moreover, is as far from associating with the Abbey and Parliament Houses, as with St. Martin's Church and the Pall-mall club-houses. Instead of standing as a friendly intermediary between Greek and Gothic, Italian and Tudor; showing a sympathy for either by combining within itself certain vague expressions and general effects common to both; it elevates its mongrel face in defiant independence, and honestly declares itself to be of the "my style" of Mr. Scott. As such, it is doubtless worthy of the premium awarded to it, and may be left to fight its own battle; for we by no means admit it as a Gothic champion, or as "honest and true" to any cause but its individual own. It is one more (and it may be a splendid) addition to the museum of "all sorts;" but that it is not a legitimate example of the general applicability of Gothic architecture in its integrity is not more evident from the design itself than from the apology candidly made by its gifted author. We leave the following to speak for itself: "In purely Domestic architecture, on an ordinary scale, I usually prefer the square-headed window, which is as consistent with my style as the arched form. I conceive the latter to be essential to the dignity of a building of this class. I have, however, in many cases, either left the arch unperforated, or so arranged its openings as to be unconnected with the sash-windows below. My style is, generally speaking, more columnar and more thoroughly arcuated than has been usual in the modern treatment of the style. I am convinced that this will add enormously to the boldness and effect of the building."

The *Builder* of 26th Sept. 1857 gives a view of the non-premiated design for the *Public Offices*, by Mr Robert Kerr. He professes to call it a "*picturesque Renaissance*;" but we cannot ourselves regard it as such. He has taken the *pictorial classic* of the Library of St. Mark, at Venice; surmounted its two columniated arcades with an attic of minute combinations; piled again upon this a series of central compositions like monumental arches; capped the main substance with a huge French roof elaborately ornamented with dormers and filigree; and crowned the whole with dome, towers, and lanterns; to the production of a gorgeous *ensemble*, uniting the richness of Blenheim and Castle Howard with more than that of the Louvre. But, as the Italians say, it is "*troppo caricato*." The roof seems to have crushed the attic, to the utter destruction of its elasticity; and, though the second story maintains some dignity of elevation, the lower one seems to groan with the anguish of its compression. The recessed central façade is comparatively light in general effect; but the wings are devoid of spring to the extreme of heaviness. They are, in literal fact, *piles* of three or four suffering parts, forming the joints of an Atlas inadequate to the world of weight above them. If the lower story had been simply arcaded and handsomely rusticated as a basement, and if the second had been surmounted by the legitimate attic, flush with the main face, instead of being recessed within it; and if the roof throughout had been simply a continuation of what appears over the recessed centre beneath the dome; the general mass would have been grandly impressive—for its component cubes are well arranged and proportioned; their inclosing vertical outlines being effective in correcting the horizontal excess of the vast frontage. But in the design, as it stands, Mr. Kerr, starting on a principle we approve, has not to our minds succeeded. According to the *Builder*, he "lays down the principle that for the climate, the landscape, and the mental associations, of a northern country, the picturesque is essentially appropriate, leaving the delicate characteristics of the classic style to the more congenial sunshine and sympathies of the south. At the same time he objects to the details of recognised mediævalism for the edifice proposed, if on no other ground than this—that no one could expect mediævalism to be extended over the entire district in question, which alone, he thinks, would furnish sufficient reason for adopting it." This is well; but, instead of a pervading amalgamation of classic features with forms of picturesque feeling, he gives us the two in distinct conjunction; putting one on the other, instead of mingling them in one entirety; and we suspect the *Builder* delicately hints at this, when he says, "The design, as shown in our engraving, will explain itself; but it is worthy of being pointed out to the student how anxiously in this so-called picturesque Renaissance

the author has endeavoured to preserve that real *classicism* of æsthetic taste which demands the repudiation of piquant eccentricities, such as constitute not unfrequently the chief material of picturesque design. To produce the picturesque without infringing upon the severely correct is one of the most difficult problems of architectural art, or, indeed, of art of any kind." The critic speaks of the "endeavour" and of the "difficulty;" but he leaves the design to "explain itself" as to how the "endeavour" has met the "difficulty" of preserving "*classicism*," and at the same time "producing the picturesque," without "piquant eccentricity." The *Builder* will correct us if we are wrong in thinking that he, as well as ourselves, cannot but regard the attic and the roof of the wings as decidedly "eccentric," if not "piquant;" and if the reader will turn to Rám Ráz, or to the splendid volume of Mr. Fergusson on Hindu architecture, he will see that the three pyramidal roofs over the wing cubes of Mr. Kerr's design, including the attics with their *et ceteras*, still more resemble the tops of certain Hindu pagodas than the roofs of the Louvre or any "recognised example" of European mediævalism.

Sir John Vanburgh was the man to do what Mr. Kerr has attempted; unless, indeed, the *Builder* may yet present us with the illustration of some other of the non-premiated designs, in which the "real *classicism* of æsthetic taste" may be preserved in connexion with the *picturesque*.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### MARSHALL'S PANORAMIC VIEW OF DELHI, AT THE AUCTION MART, CITY.

MR. MARSHALL'S "View of Delhi" is called panoramic—it is, however, only a large oblong picture of the city and its environs. It is a tolerably faithful representation of the place, and at the present anxious moment is valuable and well timed. The relative position of the city and the small army of noble soldiers in the British cantonments comes more perfectly to the mind after having examined a picture like this one of Mr. Marshall's; and we see, alas! more clearly than ever, the difficulties which the British force has to encounter, both in defending its own position, and in carrying that of the wretched fiends now in possession of Delhi. For, as our readers know, and as is here very obvious, the English cantonments are quite open to attack at the rear, and the city itself, seven miles in circumference, gives every facility for ingress and egress to the mutineers; while the river, which flows round one point of its walls, affords both protection and a possible means for receiving supplies or for quiet evacuation.

The most characteristic points about modern Delhi are its mosques, the two great streets, and the fort on the river margin, near the bridge of boats. One of these streets is upwards of a hundred feet wide and nearly a mile long, and the other of proportions but very little inferior to this. The verdant foliage in the compounds about the larger palaces forms very pleasing harmony with the bright-coloured architecture; and it is difficult to conceive, as we gaze on so magnificent a picture, that it is now the abode of a vile multitude of murderers and miscreants.

Sometimes one hears some most eloquent dandy asking, What have we ever done for India? Both the province and the city of Delhi would afford such an one an answer. We gave them, amongst other things, the great necessity of Oriental life—water; for Delhi is now plentifully supplied with this great blessing. The river water is not useable; but the English Government cleaned out the great canal, and the streets are most plentifully supplied. So, too, by repairing the machinery of the huge well which is cut out of the living rock, the natives have obtained another and a purer source of this great luxury. Noble schools, too, and colleges have been instituted in Delhi—alas! to what end. If ever this city is allowed to fall into the hands, or be inhabited by, Mussulmen again, they who commit such folly will deserve any future fate which may befall them. We recommend those of our readers who have the opportunity to visit the panorama; it will aid them very materially in following the accounts which, mail by mail, reach us of the doings of our brave countrymen, now carrying on so heroically the unequal conflict before the city of Delhi.

## TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

To the attractions of the Great Globe in Leicester-square are now added three large pictures of Delhi. The first of these is a panoramic view of the whole city, which, showing all the principal edifices, together with the country immediately

adjoining, answers in some measure the purpose of a map. The other two respectively represent the principal street, and the exterior of the imperial palace.—Her Majesty and the Prince Consort will cress the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester on the 15th of the next month, when honours will, it is said, be offered to the chairman and the principal persons employed in forming and completing the undertaking.—Dr. Springer, author of "A History of Modern Art," and other valuable works, is in Manchester, writing an account of the Exhibition, a mission confided to him by the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, brother of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.—The Marquis of Lansdowne has given a commission to Mr. Noble, of Bruton-street, for a statue of the celebrated divine and theologian, Dr. Barrow, to be placed in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, of which the Doctor was master. It is intended to be a companion to the statues of Bacon and Newton, which are erected there. The model of the statue (which will be in Carrara marble) is already nearly completed by the artist.—Steps have been taken to erect an obelisk to perpetuate the memory of the learned commentator, Dr. Clarke; and Portrush has been appropriately chosen as its site. The Ballymena Railway Company has announced a cheap trip on the occasion.—Letters from Rome state that the statue of the Immaculate Virgin which was a few weeks ago erected in the Piazza del Popolo has so sunk on one side, that it has to be supported by wooden props and by wedges driven under it.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THERE is a talk at Paris of constructing, near the centre of the city, a magnificent concert-room, under the title of "Salle Malibran," and of giving in it grand concerts daily.—Mlle. Rachel's medical adviser has proposed a remedial course, which demands absolute silence on the part of the lady.—Several Parisian dramatists have already concocted dramas on the subject of the revolt in India, for the Boulevard theatres.

## LITERARY NEWS.

NUMEROUS publications are now in course of preparation relating to India.—Mr. Murray announces a memoir of the late Czar, published by "especial Imperial command," containing an account, drawn up by Nicholas himself, of the remarkable events which attended his accession to the throne.—Mrs. Stowe is said to be engaged in writing a novel, which will soon be published.—Professor Wigle has received a commission from the King of Bavaria to write a history of the Franks.—Accounts from Warsaw state that the Emperor of Russia has permitted the publication in Poland of the works of Adam Mickiewicz.—The new Berlin edition of the works of Frederick the Great has been brought to a close.—Among new works and new editions to be published this season by Messrs. Griffin and Co. are the following:—Dr. Baird's Popular Cyclopædia of the Natural Sciences, 8vo.; Mr. Broderip's Zoological Recreations, new edition, revised, crown 8vo.; Scott and Henry's Commentary, by Dr. M'Farlane, folio; Professor Eadie's Commentary on the Philippians, 8vo.; Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, new edition, medium 8vo.; Professor Rankine's Manual of Applied Mechanics, crown 8vo.; Mr. Griffin's Chemical Recreations, new edition, crown 8vo.; History of Sculpture, by Professor Westmacott, F.R.S., A.R.A., small 4to.—Translations from the English are on the increase in Paris. The *Journal pour Tous*, after having recently published original tales by Dumas and Paul Feval, seeks novelty on English ground, and introduces its readers to a story from *Cassell's Newspaper*, and intends to follow on with the "Quadroona" of Mr. Percy St. John, as published in the *London Journal*.

Mr. Duffy having announced the publication of an historical romance entitled "The Robber Chieftain" as a companion to Carleton's "Willy Reilly," the author of the latter work has repudiated any connection with it whatever.—The freedom of the city of Glasgow, and a purse of 2000*l.*, has been presented to Dr. Livingston in the City-hall, Glasgow.—The *Doncaster Gazette* records a visit which Mr. Charles Dickens paid to the racing capital of the North during the excite-

ment and bustle of the Great St. Leger week. While there he went to the Theatre Royal, and, on being recognised, he was loudly cheered by the audience.—It is understood that Mr. Hawthorne will spend a year in Italy, and then return to educate his children in their native land. He is about to prepare and publish a work which he has been for some time contemplating; and, as the "Scarlet Letter" followed his retirement from one office, we may expect, as an early result of this resignation, a book in no wise inferior to that remarkable romance in power and popularity.

There have been sold in the United States, in five years, 80,000 volumes of the 8vo. edition of the "Modern British Essayists," of Macanlay's "Miscellanies," in three volumes, 12mo., 60,000 volumes; of Miss Agular's writings, 100,000 volumes, in two years; of Murray's "Encyclopedia of Geography," more than 50,000; McCulloch's "Commercial Dictionary," 10,000; of Alexander Smith's poems, in a few months, 10,000. The sale of Thackeray's works has been quadruple that of England; and Dickens's works count by millions of volumes. "Bleak House" alone sold to the amount of 250,000 in volumes, magazines, and newspapers. Bulwer's last work reached about two-thirds of that number; Alison's "Europe," 25,000 copies; and of "Jane Eyre" there have been sold 80,000.

The total number of papers now issued in the Australian colonies amounts to eighty-one. Victoria has six daily and thirty-eight weekly and bi-weekly; New South Wales two daily and eighteen weekly and bi-weekly; Tasmania five daily and three weekly and tri-weekly; South Australia two daily and three weekly; and in Western Australia there are four weekly journals.

The receipts of the Literary Fund from the interest of stock, rent of real property, subscriptions and donations, reached, in the past year, the sum of 3022l. Of this, 469l. have been funded, 1225l. have been expended in grants for relief, and a balance of 632l. remains in the hands of the Society's bankers. The whole expense of secretary, collector, house-rent, anniversary meeting, stationery—in short, the whole incidental expenditure—is covered by the sum of 695l.—A meeting of noblemen and gentlemen has been held at Mereworth Castle, the seat of Lord Falmouth, and it was resolved "that a society be formed to be called 'The Kent Archaeological Society,' and that the rules of the Sussex Archaeological Society, having been already tested by experience, should be adopted by the Society." The Marquis Camden was elected President, and the Earls of Abergavenny, Amherst, and Darnley, Viscount Falmouth, Sir B. Bridges, Sir E. Dering, T. Wykeham Marten, Esq., M.P., J. Whatman, Esq., M.P., and the Hon. T. Mostyn, were nominated Vice-Presidents; and the names of upwards of fifty members were at once enrolled.—From the 1st of October a new postal arrangement will come into operation with Belgium, similar to that which has for some time been in use with France. For fourpence, a letter not exceeding  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. will be carried; 1 oz. eightpence, and so on. Unpaid letters will be charged double rates, as in France. Registered newspapers will be conveyed at rates commencing with 4oz. for 1d. up to 8oz. for 2d., and 2d. additional for every  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Unregistered papers and book packets will be charged 3d. for 4oz., 6d. for 8oz., and 6d. additional for each half pound.

#### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

LYCEUM.—English Opera Season. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison. Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, &c.

DRURY-LANE.—*Début* of Mr. Roberts. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*—*Lear*.

The adventure at the Lyceum is decidedly successful. Both Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne are favourites with the public, and the latter has, if anything, advanced from the position which she has hitherto held. The company comprises some of the finest artists of the English school, and the orchestra is superintended by Mr. Alfred Mellon. What better guarantee need there be for excellence in that department? With reference to the performance of Auber's "Crown Diamonds," a complaint has been made about the introduction of some of Mr. Bunn's songs (which certainly have nothing to do with that composition), for no better reason than because they are favourite songs with Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne. This is both

unartistic and absurd; unfair to the composer and insulting to the common sense of the audience. This opera is supported by the two Misses Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Hamilton Braham, Mr. St. Albyn, and Mr. G. Honey. The last-named gentleman has hitherto been chiefly known to the public as an excellent actor in farce and burlesque; now he comes before them as a singer of no mean order, with a good voice and a competent knowledge of music.

The *Huguenots*, and other operas, have been presented by the company, and with uniform success. Mdlle. Corelli, a *débutante* of merit, takes part in the *Huguenots*, and has made a favourable impression upon the audience by her fine contralto voice and good singing. Altogether, the new opera company at the Lyceum offers one of the pleasantest and most popular amusements now in London.

Mr. Roberts, the American tragedian, is the best importation which we have received from the other side of the Atlantic since Mr. Davenport. Small in person—even smaller than was Edmund Kean—he knows how to make his physical deficiencies forgotten by the greatness of his talent. His *Sir Giles Overreach* is a creation, nervous, original, and in the highest degree intelligent. His *Lear* is less remarkable; but his deficiency in this character is more attributable to his want of physical power than to any other cause. He has made his mark with the public, and the public will gladly hear more of him.

JACQUES.

#### OBITUARY.

BIBAUD, M. Michael, aged 75, at Montreal, after a long illness. While contributing to the *Aurore des Canadas*, the *Bibliothèque Canadienne*, the *Magasin du Bas Canada*, the *Observateur Canadien*, and the *Encyclopédie Canadienne*, M. Bibaud was, in his intervals of leisure, writing verses, which have been greatly esteemed by Canadians, and engaging in more profound didactic and scientific studies. He wrote the first history of Canada in French since the conquest; an "Arithmétique Élémentaire," and edited the *Voyage de Franchère*, besides producing a variety of other valuable little works. But a few months ago he was engaged, at the age of seventy-five, in translating the reports of the Geological Commission.

BOISSONADE, M., aged 40, of Paris, one of the most eminent Greek scholars of the day, and a member of the French Institute, Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

LEGGEW, Mr. James, the sculptor, aged 54, at his residence, St. Alban's-road, Kensington. He committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a horse-pistol.

MANINI, M., at Paris. He was born at Venice in 1804. He received his education at the University of Padua, and obtained his doctor's degree at the age of 17. In 1830 he became an advocate at Venice, and soon attained a high reputation, which brought him into intimate contact with all the eminent men in Venice belonging to the liberal party. In 1848 he played a prominent part in the political events of his country. Having been imprisoned previously to the outbreak of that year, he was liberated by the triumph of the popular cause, and he became the dictator, and then the president of the Venetian republic. On the 27th of August, 1849, he was forced to resign, and to seek for safety in exile. He then went to Paris with his daughter and forty of his most devoted followers. The remaining years of his life were principally passed in collecting documents relating to the present history of Italy.

NAUMANN, Professor, the Nestor of German ornithologists, on the 15th August, an advanced age, from general weakness of system, at Cöthlen.

OGLE, JAMES ADEY, M.D., aged 65, at Old Shoreham, on the 25th September, after an illness of thirty hours. Dr. Ogle was a member of Trinity College. In the year 1820 he became a D.M., and in 1824, on the resignation of Dr. Bourne, he was elected by Convocation to fill the Aldrichian Professorship of Medicine. In 1825 he was for one term Mathematical Examiner. In 1830, on the demise of Dr. Bourne, he became Clinical Professor by the election of Convocation; and in 1851, upon the demise of Dr. Kidd, he was appointed by the Crown to the Regius Professorship of Medicine, to which were then attached the Aldrichian Professorship and the Tomline Readership in Anatomy. Finally, in 1854, shortly after the formation of the new School of Natural Science, he accepted the office of examiner in that school, which he retained for the full term of two years.

PRADEL, Eugene, the once celebrated French improvisator. His general knowledge was so great, that he was never the least embarrassed whatever subject was given to him to rhyme upon. He often rose to the level of the highest poetry; and some of his lines, flung carelessly forth, uttered, heard, but not long remembered, are said to have been remarkable for their beauty. He died in a condition of poverty.

PLANCHÉ, Gustave, at Paris. He commenced his literary career at an early age, and in his twenty-second year was a Parisian reviewer. As a critic he is best known. He may be said to have formed the style of George Sand—a service which that lady has appropriately acknowledged in print.

QUATREMERRE, Etienne, at Paris. At the age of twenty-six, Quatremerre published his "Critical and Historical Researches on the Language and Literature of Europe." Since that period his works have been many, and the honours he has received distinguished and well deserved. Among Oriental scholars he stood in the first rank, and he may be said to have accumulated the wealth that he loved, for he died worth more than 30,000 volumes.

SCHREIBER, Dr. at Weimar, aged 77. He was well known as a religious poet, and as a collector of old Church ballads and poetry.

#### SMITH THE POET.

ALL readers of poetry must be deeply indebted to the *Athenæum* for its elaborate exposure of the plagiarisms of Mr. Alexander Smith. The noble perseverance with which every phrase of Mr. Smith's has been overhauled, and the stores of collected and recollected learning, which have been adduced to demonstrate the bard's want of originality, are unprecedented in the annals of the literary police. Mr. Smith is left without the faintest rag of reputation; and, for our own part, thanks to the *Athenæum*, we do not believe that he is capable of uttering the humblest sentiment of ordinary life without borrowing both thought and words from some predecessor. We are firmly convinced that if he had to desire a domestic to unfasten one of his—Smith's—boots, he would steal his expression from Shakspeare, and say, "Undo this button" (*King Lear*, Act V., Scene III.) It is almost supererogation to help a case so clearly made out; but, as in the course of Mr. Punch's own reading, he has chanced to light upon a few passages which Mr. Smith has appropriated, and which have escaped his reviewer, Mr. Punch will complete the good work by subjoining them. The plagiarisms, in the following cases, are even more apparent than the majority of those exposed by the *Athenæum*, and have the additional feature of being the fruit of plunder from books which it is rather probable Mr. Smith may have seen, and not from antiquated and forgotten rubbish which in all likelihood he never came across, and which nobody but a bookworm, with a motive, is ever likely to come across twice. At the same time, Mr. Punch assures Mr. Smith that this exposure is made in all kindness of feeling, and in the earnest hope that by proving to a young poet that he is utterly without merit of any kind, he may be excited to cultivate his genius, prune his irregularities, and emulate the Immortals.

In Mr. SMITH'S *City Poems*, he says,

"And bees are busy in the yellow hive."

What says DR. WATTS?

"How doth the busy, busy bee."

MR. SMITH.

"The age demands her hero."

LORD BYRON.

"I want a hero, an uncommon want."

MR. SMITH.

"And these be my last words."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Were the last words of MARMION."

MR. SMITH.

"A sigh and curse together."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"And draws his last sob by the side of his dam."

MR. SMITH.

"Night, and the moon above."

Latin *Delectus*.

"Nox erat, lunaque fulgebat."

MR. SMITH.

"Earth gives her slow consent."

Old *Lundreth Psalm*.

"With one consent let all the Earth."

MR. SMITH.

"Be hers long years of happiness and peace,

The Sovereign of our heart."

National Anthem.

"Send her victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the Queen."

MR. SMITH.

"The breeze is prosperous, mark the swelling sail."

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.

"The wind it is ready, and the sail it is set."

MR. SMITH.

"Each star that twinkling in the sky."

Original Poems for Infant Minds.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

MR. SMITH.

"I look not forward unto darker days."

DR. CHARLES MACKAY.

"There's a good time coming, boys."

MR. SMITH.

"Now, sound trumpets."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Blow, bugles, blow, set the wild echoes flying."

MR. SMITH.

"Cradled on yonder lofty pine."

Nursery Song.

"Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top,

When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

MR. SMITH.

"No character that servant-woman asked."

POPE.

"Most women have no characters at all."

But enough. The same process by which the *Athenæum* has been enabled to accumulate proofs of Mr. SMITH'S dishonesty would equally aid Mr. Punch, but the work has now been done by the Twin Critics—done, too, in kindred spirit, and the public, despite its weak admiration for Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH'S freshness, pathos, and vigour, may take the solemn assurance of the *Athenæum* and of *Punch*, that there is no single word in all Mr. SMITH'S poetry that has not been previously used by somebody else.—*Punch*.



## BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Austin's Two Letters on Girls' Schools, &c. 8vo. 1s. 2d.  
 Bailey's Angler's Instructor, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Bennett's Alphabet of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, 4to. 6d. swd.  
 Calaneo's Political Economy, post 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Carlyle's Miscellaneous Essays, Vol. III. cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Calverley's Light of Nature, edit. by Brown, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Currie's Principles and Practice of Early and Infant School Education, cr. 8vo. 4s. cl.  
 De Perquet's First French Reading Book, 2s. 6d.; First German Reading Book, 3s. 6d.; Italian Reading Book, 3s. 6d.  
 Dickson's Storm and Sunshine, for. 8vo. 2s. cl.  
 Expository Outlines of the New Testament, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Gory's (Mrs.) Freedom, or My Uncle the Monk, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.  
 Goss (Emily), Memorial of, by P. H. Goss, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Harrow Atlas of Classical Geography, folio, 12s. 6d. half-bound.  
 Hodgson's (Rev. John) Memoir, by Haine, in 2 vols. Vol. I. 14s. cl.  
 Hook's Precepts and Practices, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Krueger's Elements of Natural Philosophy, adapted by Holzner, 2s. 6d. bds.  
 Leaves from the Diary of a Law Clerk, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.  
 Leman's (Lord W.) Story of My Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.  
 Mabel Vaughan, by Author of "The Lampbrusher," 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Mackay's Poetical Works, illust. by Gilbert, 8vo. 3s. cl.  
 Matchmaker (The), by Author of "Cousin Geoffrey," 8vo. 2s. bds.  
 Maurice on New Method of Fixing Artificial Teeth, 2s. 6d. cl. gilt.  
 Meisner's German Exercise Book, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Moore's Outlines of Elementary Homoeopathy, post 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Nelson's Shilling School Atlas, 4to. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Norton's Rebellion in India, post 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Palgrave's Uncle Sam and his Country, cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Parlane Library: Stevenson's Mary Hamilton, 1s. 6d. bds.  
 Practical Rhine Guide, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.  
 Railway Library: Alasworth's Spenithrift, 1s. 6d. bds.  
 Railway Library: Maxwell's Hyacinth, 2s. bds.  
 Reader's Course of New York Bookkeeping, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Ruff's Autumn Supplement to Guide to Turf for 1857, 1s. 6d. swd.  
 Sken's Unsealed Prophecy, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Smith's Jane Lomax, or a Mother's Crime, 8vo. 2s. bds.  
 Smith's Cruise off Tierra del Fuego, 2 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.  
 Speaker's Picture Fables, by the Brothers Dalziel, 4to. 3s. cl. gilt.  
 Stantial's Test Book for Students, Part I. Hist. and Geog. 2s. 6d. swd.  
 Trollope's Father Eustace, illust. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
 Virgil's Eclogues, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cl.  
 Virgil's Eclogues, 2nd Book, Notes by Bradley, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Walsh's Economical Housekeeper, illust. 12mo. 2s. half-bound.  
 Wilkins's Letters on Connoisseurship, 8vo. 10s. cl.  
 Woodward's First Lessons on English Reformation, 18mo. 1s. swd.

*American Imports.*  
 Abbott (James) On Free Will, 1s. 6d.  
 Beale's Camels adapted to Military Services, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Bibliotheca Proba, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Catalogue of the New York Book Society, 8vo. half-morocco, 24s.  
 Dismore's New Railroad and Canal Map of the U. S. 21s.  
 Eve's Surgical Cases, 8vo. 21s. bds.  
 Freidley's Legal Adviser, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Gibson's Geography and Kansas, 12mo. 6s. cl.  
 Gunn's Physiology of New York Bookkeeping Houses, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
 Harbaugh's Fathers of Reformed Church in Europe, 6s. Vol. I. 6s.  
 Mormonism, its Leaders and Designs, by Elder Hyde, 7s. 6d.  
 Perry's Japan, Government edit. Vol. II. 4to. illust. 42s.  
 Reports of Surveys for Railroads from Mississippi to Pacific, Vol. II. 42s.  
 Sheld's Funeral Eulogy on Dr. Kane, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Webster's History of the Presbyterian Church in America, 21s. cl.

AN ATLAS GRATIS WITH THE DISPATCH.—On and after Sunday, October 4th, 1857, each copy of the Dispatch will be accompanied with a coloured map, a chart, or the plan of a principal town, so as to furnish to each subscriber, gratis, a most comprehensive, complete, and useful Atlas. The size of the engravings will be that of the page of the newspaper. Six maps and two plans, in each year, will be of double the size. It is hoped, in the course of a short time, that the "Dispatch Atlas" will contain more names and positions of places than any other English publication of the kind. The counties will be given separately, and, where large, divided. Within the first four months, India will be more accurately and completely delineated, in a series of nine maps, than in any British Atlas. The names of the artists will be the best guarantee for perfect accuracy. The engravings will be in the highest style of art, involving a cost of many thousands of pounds. Mechanics' institutes, educational establishments, hotels, reading-rooms, and coffee-houses, will, in possessing the "Dispatch Atlas," be supplied with a daily want. The "Dispatch Atlas" will be forwarded gratis with the paper at the usual price—5d. per copy, or 6d. stamped. Friday evening edition may be received in the most distant parts of the kingdom on Saturday morning.—Office, 139, Fleet-street, London.

**SHOOTING SUITS, FISHING SUITS, WALKING SUITS, LOUNGING SUITS, SUITS for the COUNTRY, SUITS for the TOWN.** THE FORTY-SEVEN SHILLING SUITS, made to order, from Scotch Heather and Cheviot Tweeds, all wool, and thoroughly shrunk, by B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street.—N.B. A perfect fit guaranteed.

**TO THE CLERGY AND OTHERS.**—The present is the best time to lay in Stores of Candles and Soaps, as they will in all probability be dearer. PRICE'S BEST PATENT COMPOSITES, 11s. 6d. per lb. nett cash. (No cheaper kinds substituted.)  
**GENUINE HOUSEHOLD SOAPS**, made of pure and lasting material, and 4s. per cwt.—More need not be said. The so-called "Cheap Soaps" are really bad for economists.—WHITMORE and CRADDOCK, Agents to "Price's Patent Candle Company," and formerly their oldest Servants, 16, Bishopsgate-street-within, London (E.C.).

**WHITE and SOFT HANDS** all through the Winter.—THE LONDON SOAP and CANDLE COMPANY, 74, New Bond-street, have prepared a new WINTER SKIN SOAP, which by its continued use will produce the softest of hands and whitest of skin, even in the coldest weather and hardest water. It is agreeably perfumed and beautifully soft in use. Sold in bars 1s. per pound. Sole depot. The best and cheapest house in London for Wax, Spermin, Composite, and every kind of Candles, Soap, Oil, &c. Priced lists on application.

**HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA**, the leaf not coloured.—RICH FULL-FLAVOURED TEA of rare strength is thus secured, as importing it not coloured prevents the flavoured withered leaves being passed off and sold as the best, to the loss of the consumer. The Lancet, p. 318, reports: "The Green Tea, not being covered with Prussian Blue, is a dull olive; the Black is not intensely dark." Price 3s. 6d. 4s., and 5s. 6d. per lb. secured in packets. Sold by  
 Borough—Dodson, 98, Black-mountain-street.  
 Bank—Elphinstone, 21, Throgmorton-street.  
 Brunswick Square—Gilbertson, 3, Jubilee-street.  
 Cavendish Square—Bras, 2, Wigmore-street.  
 Cornhill—Pursell, 73, Cornhill.  
 Edgware Road—Cook, 4s., and 5s. 6d. per lb. secured in packets. Sold by  
 Holborn—Webb, 310, High Holborn.  
 Ludgate Hill—Pain, 20, Ludgate-hill.  
 Sold in all parts of the Kingdom by H. and Co.'s authorised agents only.

## GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, AND FURNISHED BY HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESSES TO BE THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

**BILE and INDIGESTION, Sick Headache, Flatulency, Heartburn, and all bilious and liver affections, are speedily removed by the use of COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS and FAMILY ALPERENT PILLS,** which have now been held in the highest estimation by all classes of society for upwards of fifty years. Prepared only by JAMES COCKLE, Surgeon, 18, New Ormond-street, and to be had of all Medicine Vendors in boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

## BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box.  
 These pills require neither attention nor confinement, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.—Sold by PROUT and HAIRSAINT, 223, Strand, London; and all Medicine Vendors.

## THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids, much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farin of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick chamber, and, alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.  
 The proprietors of Robinson's Patent Barley and Patent Groats, desiring that the public shall at all times purchase these preparations in perfectly sweet and fresh condition, respectfully inform the public that every packet is now completely enveloped in the purest Tin Foil, over which is the usual and well-known paper wrapper.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Cansisters, at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.

## SLACK'S NICKEL SILVER is the hardest and most perfect white metal ever invented, and in use retains its silver-like appearance. Made into every article for the Table, as Spoons, Forks, Candlesticks, Cruet Frames, Tea Pots, &c., at one-twelfth the price of silver.

	Fiddle.	Strong Thread King's Pat.	Fiddle.	Strong Thread King's Pat.
Table Spoons & Forks	12s. & 15s.	10s.	28s.	30s.
Dessert ditto	10s. & 12s.	8s.	21s.	22s.
Tea Spoons	5s. & 6s.	4s.	11s.	12s.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATED (BY ELKINGTON AND CO.'S PATENT PROCESS) is a coating of Pure Silver over Nickel; a combination of two metals possessing such valuable properties renders it in appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread King's.	Fiddle.	Strong Thread King's Pat.
Table Forks	1 0 0	2 0 0	2 16 0	3 4 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0	1 10 0	2 0 0	2 6 0
Table Spoons	1 0 0	2 0 0	2 18 0	3 16 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0	1 10 0	2 0 0	2 7 0
Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 5 6	1 11 6

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY and FURNISHING IRONMONGERY has been celebrated for nearly fifty years for quality and cheapness.

As the limits of an advertisement will not allow a detailed list, purchasers are requested to send for their Catalogue with 200 Drawings, and prices of every requisite in Electro Plate, Table Cutlery, Furnishing Ironmongery, &c. May be had gratis, or free by post. Orders above 2l. sent carriage free.

RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, 338, Strand, opposite Somerset-house.

**J. W. BENSON'S WATCH, CLOCK, and CHRONOMETER MANUFACTORY,** 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749.—J. W. BENSON, Manufacturer of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES of every description, construction, and pattern, invites attention to his magnificent and unprecedented display of watches, which is admitted to be the largest and best selected stock in London. It consists of Chronometer, Duet, Patent, Detached Lever, Horizontal, and Vertical Movements, Jewelled, &c., with all the latest improvements, mounted in superbly-finished engineering, and engraved Gold and Silver Cases. The designs engraved upon many of the cases are by eminent artists, and can only be obtained at this manufactory. If the important requisites, superiority of finish, combined with accuracy of performance, elegance, durability, and reasonableness of price, are wished for, the intending purchaser should visit this manufactory, or send for the ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, published by J. W. BENSON (and sent post free on application), which contains sketches, prices, and directions as to what watch to buy, where to buy it, and how to use it. Several hundred letters have been received from persons who have bought watches at this manufactory, bearing testimony to the correct performances of the same.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**  
 From the Morning Post, Oct. 30, 1856.—"Exhibits exquisite artistic feeling in ornamentation, and perfection of mechanism in structure."  
 From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 30.—"Excellence of design and perfection in workmanship."  
 From the Morning Advertiser, Nov. 1.—"The high repute which Mr. Benson has obtained for the qualities of his manufacture stands second to none."  
 From the Morning Herald, Nov. 3.—"The high standing of Mr. Benson as a London manufacturer must secure him a large and constant trade."  
 From the Globe, Nov. 3.—"All that can be desired, in finish, taste, and design."

**GOLD WATCHES, Horizontal Movements, Jewelled, &c., accurate time-keepers, 3l. 15s., 4l. 15s., 5l. 15s., to 15l. 15s. each. Gold Lever Watches, jewelled and highly-finished movements, 6l. 6s., 8l. 8s., 10l. 10s., 12l. 12s., 14l. 14s., 16l. 16s., to 40 guineas.**

**SILVER WATCHES, Horizontal Movements, Jewelled, &c., exact time-keepers, 2l. 2s., 2l. 15s., 3l. 15s., to 3l. 5s. each. Silver Lever Watches, highly finished, jewelled movements, 2l. 10s., 3l. 10s., 4l. 10s., 5l. 10s., to 30 guineas. A Two Years' Warranty given with every Watch, and sent, carriage paid, to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, or any part of the kingdom, upon receipt of post-office or bankers order, made payable to J. W. BENSON, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Merchants, Shippers, and Watch Clubs supplied. Old Watches taken in exchange.**

Just published, price 1s. (by post, free, for 14 stamps).

## DEBILITY and NERVOUSNESS: a complete Essay on the Secret Cause of these distressing Disorders; showing the advantages of the use of the Microscope in detecting, by scientific examination, the causes which commonly lead to its occurrence, the symptoms which indicate its presence, and the means to be adopted for its cure.

By SAMUEL LA MERT, M.D., 37, Bedford-square, London.  
 J. ALLEN, 20, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; and from the Author, who may be consulted at his residence from 11 o'clock till 2, and from 6 till 8.

## PRIZE MEDAL OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION, awarded to W. H. CHILD for his superior BRUSHES, Manufacturer of the Patent Friction Hair Brushes for stimulating the Skin of the Head, thereby strengthening the Growth of the Hair and preventing baldness.

Likewise all description of Toilet Brushes in Ivory, Tortoise-shell, India Rubber, and all kinds of Fancy Woods. Manufactory, Wholesale, 21, Providence-row, Finsbury-square, and Retail, South Gallery, Crystal Palace, Sydenham; and all perfumers.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS a sovereign remedy for all complaints originating in the internal organs, producing the most astonishing results; and all who are liable to attacks of indigestion should fortify their systems against the relaxing heats of summer by this mild aperient and alterative in the spring. It removes all obstructions in the stomach, and revitalises the digestive powers when weakened by indulgence, or rendered torpid by a sedentary life. The testimony of invalids in all parts of the world demonstrates the healing power of this potent remedy.—Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the world; at Professors Holloway's establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 89, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Guidicy, Smyrna; and E. Muir, Malta.

## HAIR-CURLING FLUID.—1, Little Queen-street, High Holborn.—ALEX. ROSS'S CURLING FLUID saves the trouble of putting the hair into papers, or the use of curling irons; for immediately it is applied to either Ladies' or Gentlemen's Hair, a beautiful and lasting curl is obtained. Sold at 3s. 6d.; sent free (under cover) for 54 stamps; or can be had of all chemists.

## THE BEST HAIR-DYE.—1, Little Queen-street, High Holborn.—ALEX. ROSS'S LIQUID DYE is of little trouble in application, perfect in effect, and economical in use. Sold from 3s. 6d.; sent free for 34 stamps. Private rooms for its use. Sold by all chemists.

## GREY HAIR RESTORED to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.—Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, and Rheumatism cured by F. M. HERRING'S PATENT MAGNETIC COMBS, HAIR and FLESH BRUSHES. They require no preparation, are always ready for use, and cannot be out of order. Brushes, 10s. and 15s.; Combs, from 2s. 6d. to 20s. Grey Hair and Baldness prevented by F. M. H.'s Patent Preventive Brush, price 4s. and 5s.—Offices: 32, Basinghall-street, London. Illustrated pamphlets, "Why Hair becomes Grey, and its Remedy," gratis, or by post for four stamps. Agents: Savory and Moore; Atkinson, 24, Old Broad-street; Godfrey and Cooke, Conduit-street; Hendrie, 12, Tichborne-street; Twinnor, 2, Edwards-street; and Ross, 119, Bishopsgate-street. Sold by all chemists and perfumers of repute.

## RUPTURES EFFECTUALLY CURED WITHOUT A TRUSS.—DR. BARKER'S celebrated REMEDY is protected by three patents, of England, France, and Vienna; and from its great success in private practice is now made known as a public duty through the medium of the press. In every case of single or double rupture, in either sex, of any size, however bad or long standing, it is equally applicable, effecting a cure in a few days, without inconvenience, and will be hailed as a boon by all who have been tortured with trusses. Sent post-free to any part of the world, with instructions for use, on receipt of 10s. 6d. by post-office order, or stamps, by CHARLES BARKER, M.D., 10, Brook-street, Holborn, London.—Any infringement of this triple patent will be proceeded against, and restrained by injunction of the Lord High Chancellor.

## KNOW THYSELF.—The secret art of discovering the true CHARACTER of INDIVIDUALS from the peculiarities of their HANDWRITING has long been practised by MARIE COUPELLE with astonishing success. Her startling delineations are both full and detailed, differing from anything hitherto attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, including thirteen postage-stamps, to Miss Coupel, 69, Castle-street, London, and they will receive, in a few days a minute detail of the mental and moral qualities, talents, tastes, affections, virtues, &c. of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected.—"I am pleased with the accurate description you have given of myself."—Miss Jones.

## DO YOU WANT LUXURANT HAIR? WHISKERS, &c. &c.—If so, use MISS COUPELLE'S CRINIATURAL, which is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustaches, &c., in a few weeks, and restore the hair in baldness, from whatever cause, prevent its falling off, strengthen weak hair, and effectually check greyness in all its stages. If used in the nursery, it will avert baldness in after life.—Sold by Chemists, price 2s., or will be sent, post-free, on receipt of twenty-four postage-stamps, by Miss Coupel, 69, Castle-street, Oxford-street, London.—Testimonials:—"I have ordered its use in hundreds of cases with uniform success." Dr. Walsh.—"I have sold it for eleven years, and have never heard a complaint of it." Mr. Sanger Crompton.—"My hair is quite restored." E. Jones, Esq.—"After nine years' baldness, its effects are miraculous." W. Mahon, Esq.—"My Moustache is perfect." C. Dillon, Esq.—"It stopped the greyness and has darkened my hair." Miss Heint.

## TRIESEMAR.—Protected by Royal Letters Patent of England, and secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the Imperial College of Medicine, Vienna. Trieseemar, No. 1, is a remedy for relaxation, apoplexy, and exhaustion of the system. Trieseemar, No. 2, effectually, in the short space of three days, completely and entirely eradicates all traces of those disorders which capes have so long been thought an antidote for to the rule of the health of a vast portion of the population. Trieseemar, No. 3, is the great Continental remedy for that class of disorders which, unfortunately, the English physician treats with mercury, to the inevitable destruction of the patient's constitution, and which all the arsenapilla of the world cannot remove. Trieseemar, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are alike devoid of taste or smell, and of all nauseating qualities. They may lie on the toilet-table without their use being suspected.—Sold in tin cases, price 11s., or four cases in one for 35s., which saves 11s.; and in 5d. cases, whereby there is a saving of 11s. 12s., divided into separate doses, as administered by Valpeau, Lallemand, Roux, &c.—Sold by D. CHERCH, 78, Gracechurch-street; BARTLETT HOOPER, 43, King William-street; G. F. WATTS, 17, Strand; PROUT, 239, Strand; HANNAH, 62, Oxford-street; SARGENT, 100, Oxford-street; LONDON: R. H. INGRAM, Market-street, Manchester; and POWELL, 15, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

BOHN'S SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY FOR OCTOBER.  
**MANTELL'S WONDERS OF GEOLOGY;**  
 or, A Familiar Exposition of Geological Phenomena.  
 Seventh Edition, revised and augmented by T. RUPERT  
 JONES, F.G.S. Complete in 2 vols. With coloured Geological  
 Map of England, Plates, and upwards of 200 beautiful  
 Woodcuts. Vol. I. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.  
 \* \* \* This edition is entirely rewritten, and is, in fact, a new  
 work. It comprises all the latest discoveries in Geology, and  
 forms a popular epitome of the principles and leading facts of  
 the science.

HENRY G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden.

BOHN'S HISTORICAL LIBRARY FOR OCTOBER.  
**JESSIE'S MEMOIRS of the COURT of**  
 ENGLAND during the REIGN of the STUARTS, including  
 the PROTECTORATE. In 3 vols., with General Index,  
 and illustrated with upwards of Forty Portraits engraved on  
 Steel. Vol. III. Post 8vo. extra cloth. 3s.  
 \* \* \* Mr. Bohn has purchased the copyright of this interesting  
 work (which was originally published at 2l. 16s. and had a large sale), now reproduces it, with the addition of upwards  
 of Forty Portraits, for 15s., that is, 5s. per volume.

HENRY G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden.

**FERNs.**—A Series of Articles on the  
 FINEST FERNS, by Professor LOWE (illustrated), was  
 commenced in the "Garden" department of THE FIELD,  
 THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER, on the  
 15th August. Also, a series of papers on THE BEST  
 HERBACEOUS PLANTS. The same number contained  
 an Engraving of the new DOUBLE-FLOWED PETUNIA.  
 Price 3d., or post free for six stamps.

Office, 2 to 3, Essex-street, Strand (W.C.)

**NATIONAL MISSIONS.** By  
 WILLIAM MACCALL.

- CONTENTS.
1. Introductory.
  2. Egypt and Religion.
  3. Greece and Beauty.
  4. Palestine and Faith.
  5. Rome and Force.
  6. Arabia and Miracle.
  7. Italy and Art.
  8. France and Manners.
  9. Spain and Romance.
  10. Germany and Thought.
  11. England and Science.
  12. Russia and Destiny.
  13. China and Custom.
  14. India and Imagination.
  15. America and Progress.
  16. Concluding Remarks.

Published by Tinsley and Co., Paternoster-row, London.

In October will be published, in 1 vol.  
**THE PENALTIES of GREATNESS.** By  
 the Rev. R. FERGUSON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

By the same Author, price 6d. cloth.

**SACRED STUDIES;** or, Aid to the Development  
 of Truth. Being a Second and Enlarged Edition of "Dis-  
 courses on Important Subjects."  
 \* \* \* While thoroughly orthodox and evangelical, they discard  
 the antiquated methods and stereotyped speech, by which the  
 pulpit has been so much separated from the common world  
 and life of man; they have the modes of thought and per-  
 vading spirit which belong, and will speak directly to the  
 culture and tendencies of our own day. —*Nonconformist*.  
 Just published, price 3s. cloth.

**LEAVES from a JOURNAL of PRISON**  
 VISITS. Torn out and tied together by MARIA SHEPHERD.  
 1. Words to Mothers. 2. Words to Mistresses. 3. The Mixed  
 Multitude.

Lately published, price 2s. 6d. cloth.  
**PRACTICAL REMARKS on PREACHING and**  
 Preachers. By the Rev. J. LEITCH, D.D.  
 \* \* \* Nothing can ever be accomplished by a passionless  
 ministry. In this little work the young minister will find a  
 large amount of practical wisdom combined with frequent and  
 spirit-stirring appeals. —*British Banner*.  
 This day is published, Third Edition, enlarged, 2s. 6d. cloth.

**THE PROGRESS of BEING:** Six Lectures on  
 the True Progress of Man. By the Rev. D. THOMAS.

Also, Third Edition, price 2s. 6d. cloth.  
**THE CRISIS of BEING:** Six Lectures to Young  
 Men on Religious Decision. By Rev. D. THOMAS.

WARD and Co., 27, Paternoster-row.

**CHEAP BOOKS.**—Second-hand copies of  
 the following WORKS are now on SALE at MUDIE'S  
 SELECT LIBRARY.—Memoirs of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs.  
 Gaskell, 12s.; Macaulay's History of England, Vols. III. and  
 IV., 19s.; Two Years Ago, by Charles Kingsley, 12s.; Ander-  
 son's Explorations in Africa, 14s.; Belcher's Last of the Arctic  
 Voyages, 10s. 6d.; Memoirs of Lieut. Bellot, 7s.; Binning's  
 Travels in Persia, 4s.; Northwick's Residence in Califor-  
 nia, 7s.; Barton's First Steps in Eastern Africa, 7s. 6d.;  
 Pilgrimage to El Medina, 10s. 6d.; Chester's Revelations of  
 Prison Life, 6s.; Dynevor Terrace, 7s.; Monarchs Retired from  
 Business, 9s.; Days of My Life, 9s.; Memoirs of Elizabeth de  
 Valois, 9s.; The Englishwoman in Persia, 5s.; Fashionable Life,  
 by Mrs. Trollope, 6s.; The Good Old Times, 4s.; Mammon, by  
 Mrs. Gore, 3s.; Grand Lee, by Julia Kayman, 3s.; Guizot's  
 Life of Richard Cromwell, 10s.; Herd's Descriptive Essays, 9s.;  
 Helen and Oliva, 4s.; Hood's Pen and Pencil Sketches, 5s.;  
 Hue's Christianity in China, 12s.; Huntley's California, 5s.;  
 It is Never Too Late to Mend, 3 vols., 6s.; Isabel, by the  
 Author of "Crews Rise," 3s.; Ivors, by the Author of  
 "Crews Hail," 6s.; Memoirs of Jeanne d'Albret, 3s.; Eastern  
 Hospitals and English Nurses, 5s.; John Halifax, 3 vols.,  
 10s. 6d.; Kane's Arctic Explorations, 18s.; Kemble's State  
 Papers, 7s.; Knighton's Tropical Sketches, 5s.; Edgar Bar-  
 don, 3s.; Kate Coventry, 3s.; Knights and their Days, by Dr.  
 Doran, 5s.; Lake's Captivity in Russia, 3s. 6d.; Lavengro, by  
 George Borrow, 14s.; Roman Rye, 12s.; Katie Brande, by  
 Holme Lee, 6s.; Life's Lessons, by Mrs. Gore, 6s.; Margaret  
 and her Bridesmaids, 9s.; Loftus's Researches in Chaldea, 6s.;  
 Leonora, by Mrs. Mabery, 5s.; Very Successful, by Lady  
 Lytton Bulwer, 9s.; McClure's Discovery of the North-West  
 Passage, 8s.; Madar, or the Arizian of Nimes, 7s. 6d.;  
 Phantasmata, by Dr. Madden, 12s.; Magdalene Hepburn, 3s.;  
 Marguerite's Legacy, 7s.; Masson's Essays on the English  
 Poets, 7s.; Mrs. Clarinda Singlehart, 4s.; Murray's  
 Travels in America, 5s.; Napoleon's Correspondence  
 with his Brother Joseph, 12s.; Lewis's Life of Goethe,  
 12s.; Leonora D'Orco, by G. P. R. James, 10s.; Oli-  
 phant's Transcaucasian Campaign, 3s. 6d.; Out on the  
 World, by Dr. Owgan, 3s.; Guizot's Life of Peel, 7s.; Perver-  
 sion, 5s.; Philip Courtenay, by Lord W. Lennox, 3s.; Queens  
 of the House of Hanover, 3s.; Osborne's Journal, kept on  
 Malayan Waters, 3s. 6d.; The Jeanne d'Albret, 3s.; The Rose of  
 Ashurst, by Mrs. Marsh, 10s. 6d.; Rachel Gray, 2s. 6d.; Rosa  
 Grey, 3s.; Robinson's Later Biblical Researches, 3s.; Meeter's  
 Institutions of Holland, 4s.; Sandwith's Siege of Kars, 3s.;  
 Seymour's Russia and the Sea of Azof, 3s.; The Waverley  
 Novels, 25 vols., 63s.; Modern Painters, Vol. III, 25s., Vol. IV,  
 25s.; Schoedon's Life of Handel, 7s.; Memoirs of Sydney  
 Smith, 10s.; Stanley's Sinai and Palestine, 10s.; Still Waters,  
 2s. 6d.; Tasso and Leonora, 4s.; Tender and True, 5s.; Tanler's  
 Life and Sermons, 9s.; Whitelock's Embassy to Sweden, 6s.;  
 Thornbury's Monarchs of the Main, 5s.; Art and Nature at  
 Home and Abroad, 5s.; Jacobite Songs and Ballads, 5s.; To  
 Be or Not to Be, by Hans C. Andersen, 3s.; Urban's Letters  
 on Turkey, 7s.; Veluse's History of the Courts of Austria, 3s.;  
 Wagner's Travels in Persia, 5s.; The Wedding Guests, 5s.;  
 Wildflower, 7s.; Letters from Head Quarters, 10s. 6d.; and  
 many other Works of the past and present season, Lists of  
 which may be obtained on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, New Oxford-street, London,  
 and Cross-street, Manchester.

## Mr. Bentley's

### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE FIFTH VOLUME of HORACE**  
 WALPOLE'S ENTIRE CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by  
 PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. 8vo. Portraits, 10s. 6d.  
 \* \* \* To be completed in eight volumes. The remaining  
 volumes will appear in quick succession.

**QUITS!** By the Author of "The  
 Initials." Second Edition. 3 vols.  
 "Whether viewed with reference to the skilful portraiture  
 of character, the dramatic complication of incidents, or the  
 vigour and elegance of the dialogue, 'Quits' is an admirable  
 novel. Witty, sententious, graphic, full of brilliant pictures  
 of life and manners, it is positively one of the best of modern  
 stories, and may be read with delightful interest from cover  
 to cover."—*Morning Post*.

**THE COURSE of TRUE LOVE**  
 NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH. By CHARLES READE.  
 Crown 8vo. 2s. boards; 3s. cloth. [This day.]

**THE BIRTHPLACE of the PROPHET.**  
**SINAI, the HEDJAZ, and SOUDAN:**  
 Wanderings around the Birthplace of the Prophet and  
 across the Ethiopian Desert, with Pictures of Arab Life.  
 By JAMES HAMILTON, Author of "Wanderings in  
 Northern Africa." Post 8vo. with Maps. 10s. 6d.

"A work of great importance—a valuable contribution to  
 the history and geography of a region associated with our  
 earliest studies, and for the classical scholar invested by the  
 oldest Greek historian with never-fading charms." —  
*Standard*.  
 "We cordially recommend this work to the public. It  
 will be found to contain a fund of information and much  
 excellent reading, supplied by a most agreeable and intel-  
 ligent traveller."—*Observer*.

Second Edition.—"Graven in letters of fire."—*Press*.  
**ANNE SHERWOOD.** Second Edition.

3 vols.  
 "Written in a style of bold and powerful invective, that  
 might have become a female Juvenal. It is a most remark-  
 able novel."—*Press*.  
 "Its deep passionate energy is like Charlotte Brontë's  
 'Jane Eyre.' —*John Bull*.  
 "The character of Anne Sherwood is masterly."—*Sun*.

**NEW WORK ON CHINA, &c.**  
**CHINA, AUSTRALIA, and the**  
**ISLANDS of the PACIFIC, in 1855-56.** By J. D'EWES,  
 Esq. Post 8vo. with Illustrations. 10s. 6d.  
 "This amusing volume presents us with truly interesting  
 records of Chinese manners and customs. The account of  
 Shanghai possesses especial interest just now."—*Literary*  
*Gazette*.

**NEW NOVEL UPON AMERICA and AMERICAN**  
**SOCIETY.**  
**QUINLAND; or, VARIETIES in**  
**AMERICAN LIFE.** 2 vols.

"Brisk, scenic, and entertaining."—*Athenæum*.  
 "Here we have every conceivable variety of American  
 life. Life in a clearing—life in an American village, and the  
 fashionable and dissipated life of large towns. We have  
 farmers, storekeepers, and gentlemen—physicians, lawyers,  
 and alchemists—hunters, horse-stealers, and usurers—  
 rogues mixing in council with keen attorneys, and ambitious  
 senators bribing unscrupulous journalists."—*Press*.

**MONARCHS RETIRED from BUSI-**  
**NESS.** By Dr. DORAN, Author of "Lives of the  
 Queens of England." Second Edition, revised. 2 vols.  
 post 8vo. with Portraits, 21s. [Just ready.]

**COMPLETION of FOX'S MEMOIRS.**  
**MEMOIRS and CORRESPONDENCE**  
 of CHARLES JAMES FOX. By the Right Hon. LORD  
 JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. Fourth and Concluding Volume.  
 8vo. 14s.  
 "Of great value. Casting considerable light on the history  
 of the last three years of Fox's stormy life. The Duke of  
 Portland's letters also have much interest."—*Press*.

## MR. BENTLEY'S NEW POPULAR SERIES.

Price 2s. each.

**SIX YEARS in INDIA—DELHI, the**  
**CITY of the GREAT MOGUL.** By Mrs. COLIN MAC-  
 KENZIE. Sixth Thousand.

**NEARER and DEARER.** By CUTH-  
 BERT BEDE, Author of "Verdant Green." Eleventh  
 Thousand. Crown 8vo. with 47 Illustrations.

**ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH.** By  
 Mrs. MOODIE. Fifth Thousand. Crown 8vo. with  
 Frontispiece.

**ASPEN COURT.** By SHIRLEY  
 BROOKS, Author of "Miss Violet and her Offers." Crown  
 8vo. [Just ready.]

**THE CONQUEST of CANADA.** By  
 MAJOR WARBURTON, R.A. M.P. Author of "Hochelega." Crown  
 8vo. [Just ready.]

London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street  
 (Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.)

Just published, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 1d.  
**STAMMERING, the CAUSE and CURE.**  
 By the Rev. W. W. CAZALET, A.M., Cantab.

Also, by the same Author.  
**On the RIGHT MANAGEMENT of the VOICE**  
 in SPEAKING and READING. Price 1s.; by post, 1s. 1d.  
 London: BOSWORTH and HARRISON, 215, Regent-street.

Now ready, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.  
**PROSTITUTION.** Considered in its Moral,  
 Social, and Sanitary Bearings, with a View to its Ame-  
 lioration and Regulation. By WM. ACTON, M.R.C.S., late  
 Surgeon to the Islington Dispensary.  
 London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

**THE ESTATE JOURNAL** Department  
 in THE FIELD, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S  
 NEWSPAPER, collects the amplest information respecting  
 Estates, Country Mansions, Sporting Quarters, &c., &c., for  
 Sale or to Let; it also gives a weekly account of the prices  
 realised by, and the names of purchasers of, Estates, &c.  
 Price 5d., or a copy for six stamps.  
 Office, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand.

**MR. HARVEY ON DEAFNESS.**  
 Second Edition, just published, fcap. 8vo. sewed, price 2s. 6d.,  
 by post 2s. 8d.

**THE EAR in HEALTH and DISEASE,**  
 with Practical Remarks on the Prevention of Deafness.  
 By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S.,  
 Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear,  
 Soho-square.  
 London: HENRY RENSLOW, 555, Strand.

**THE JOURNAL of SACRED LITERA-**  
**TURE and BIBLICAL RECORD.** Edited by the Rev.  
 HENRY BURGESS, LL.D., Ph.D., Curate of Clifton Reynes,  
 Member of the Royal Society of Literature, Translator of the  
 "Festal Letters of St. Athanasius," and the "Metrical Hymns  
 of Ephraem Syrus," and Editor of "The Clerical Journal."  
 Published Quarterly, on the 1st of January, April, July, and  
 October, price 5s. 6d. each number.

This Journal has now completed the Nineteenth Volume  
 from its establishment by the late Dr. Kitto. A new Series  
 was commenced in April 1855, ten numbers of which are now  
 completed. As the only work of the kind in Great Britain,  
 combining the results of the Biblical learning of men of all  
 parties and opinions, it is thought that this Journal deserves  
 the enlarged support of the Christian public. The following  
 contents of two recent numbers will give a fair estimate of  
 what may be expected by its readers.

#### CONTENTS OF NO. IX.:

Luther.  
 On the Coming of "The Shiloh."  
 The Last Year of our Lord's Ministry.  
 A Chapter on the Harmonising Gospels.  
 The Visit of the Magi: the Time and Place of its Occurrence.  
 On the Word "Hellenist," with especial Reference to  
 Acts x. 29.  
 Supposed Errors in the English Bible.  
 The State of the Heathen World considered in Relation to  
 Christianity.  
 CORRESPONDENCE:—Heb. v. 7, and ix. 16, 17; The *Codex*  
*Vaticanus*; Darius the Great; The Darius Hystaspes; On  
 Daniel and Ezra, compared with the Inscriptions at  
 Behistun; Biblical Chronology; On the Origin of the Word  
 "Sabbath;" Syriac Manuscripts; Teyler's Theological  
 Prize; On the Use of "Sheol;" Jewish Ideas of Inspira-  
 tion; Resurrection of the Saints; Solly on The Will.  
 Notices of Books.  
 Intelligence.  
 List of Publications.

#### CONTENTS OF NO. X.:

Apocalyptic Literature.  
 The Relation of our Lord Jesus Christ, as well to Joseph as to  
 Mary.  
 Jesus when Twelve Years Old, at Jerusalem, and in the  
 Temple.  
 Egyptian Dynasties.—No. II.  
 Brandis on the Assyrian Inscriptions and the Mode of Inter-  
 preting them.  
 Does the Bible need Retranslating?  
 Recent Researches in Chaldea and Susiana.  
 Analysis of the Emblems of St. John. Rev. v. vi.  
 CORRESPONDENCE:—Remarks on Hebrews v. 7; Remarks on  
 Hebrews ix. 16, 17; Revision of the English Bible; Biblical  
 Chronology; Darius the Mede; Annotations on certain  
 Passages in the Epistle to the Hebrews; Xenophon as an  
 Historian, and as the Writer of the Anabasis; On the Origin  
 of the Word "Sabbath."  
 Notices of Books.  
 Intelligence.  
 List of Publications.  
 No. XI. will be published on Oct. 1, and will contain an ex-  
 tensive Examination of the Greek Text of St. John, in refer-  
 ence to the New Version by five Clergymen; Strictures on  
 Professor Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," &c. &c.  
 London: ALEXANDER HEYLEN, Paternoster-row. Edinburgh:  
 W. OLIPHANT and SON. Dublin: S. B. OLDHAM.  
 All Communications for the Editor to be addressed to  
 Dr. BURGESS, Clifton Reynes, Newport Pagnel.

**HAVET'S FRENCH IN ONE VOLUME,**  
**ON A NEW PLAN.**

Large 8vo. strongly bound, price 6s.

## THE COMPLETE FRENCH CLASS-BOOK;

OR, GRAMMATICAL AND IDIOMATICAL FRENCH  
 MANUAL.  
 Prepared expressly for the use of English learners.

By A. HAVET,  
 French Master, Glasgow Athenæum, &c.

**THIS** theoretical and practical work,  
 which is in use in many Public and Private Schools, is  
 the only book required by beginners, being, at the same  
 time, adapted to the most advanced students. It contains—  
 1. A Progressive FRENCH READING-BOOK.  
 2. Copious VOCABULARIES.  
 3. A Complete ACCIDENCE and SYNTAX, exhibiting a con-  
 tinual comparison between the English and the French  
 languages.  
 4. FRENCH LESSONS illustrative of all the idioms.  
 5. Abundant EXERCISES.  
 6. FRENCH CONVERSATIONS upon all topics, &c.  
 \* \* \* A specimen of 16 pages forwarded free to any one applying  
 to Monsieur A. HAVET, Collegiate School, Glasgow.  
 London: DULAU and Co.; W. ALLAN; SIMPSON and Co.

LONDON: Printed by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 10, Park-road, Hamp-  
 stead (N.W.), in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office, 13,  
 Princes-street, New Turnstile, in the parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury,  
 and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street, Strand,  
 (W.C.), in the City of Westminster, on Thursday, October 1, 1857.  
 All communications and order to be addressed 29, ESSEX-STREET,  
 STRAND, London (W.C.)



RE.

CHOICE  
id.  
et.

oral,  
Ame-  
late

ment  
AN'S  
ecting  
c., for  
prices  
, &c.

is. Ed.

SE,  
ness.

Ear,

RA-

Rev.  
eynes,  
of the  
lymns  
l.

, and

olume  
Series  
e now  
ritain,  
of all  
serves  
owing  
ate of

ence.  
ce to

ion to

Coder  
s; On  
na at  
Word  
ogical  
spira-

n as to

n the

Inter-

rks on  
iblical  
ertain  
as an  
Drigin

an ex-  
refer-  
res on

urgh:

d to

ME,

CH

CH

s.

work,  
ools, is  
same  
ains—

a con-  
French

plying  
w.  
l Co.

Hamp-  
lice, 13,  
msbury,  
Strand,  
1857.—  
THREE.